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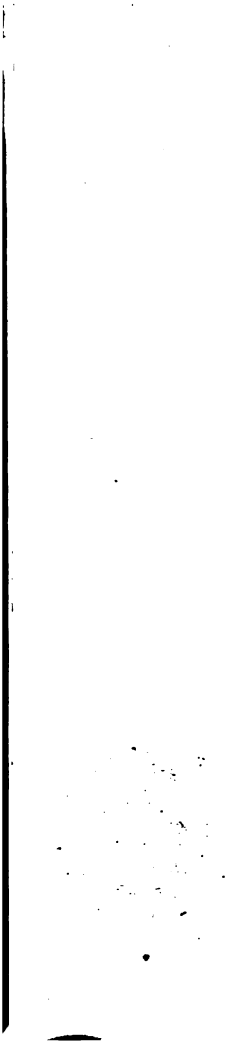


THE

AN OF FORTITUDE;

OR,

CHEDONI IN ENGLAND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By B. FRERE.

VOL. I.

——Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail!—— THOMSON.

Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a ſoul that, like an ample ſhield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more. DRYDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES WALLIS, NO. 46, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

1801.

T. Davison, Lombard-Street, White-Friars.

THE

MAN OF FORTITUDE.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

Ne vois-tu pas dans ces demeures ſombres
Ces traits de ſang, ce ſpectre et ces errantes ombres ?
VOLTAIRE.

THE inhabitants of the epiſcopal city of S . . . , in Germany, were thrown into the greateſt amazement, horror, and repentance, by an event which happened on the eve of the preceding day —Such an impreſſion had the horrid ſpectacle

left on their minds, that not one eye closed during the succeeding night, nor had yet one thought roved from the terrific subject. Master and servants, old and young, were indiscriminately collected in their respective dwellings: Terror stood paramount, absorbing every other sensation. As they dwelt on the blood-chilling event, the pale affrighted group startled at the least sound, which to their imagination conveyed a groan, or with a fearful eye turn towards the door, in instant expectation of the ghostly apparition.

As night drew on, consternation increased ten-fold: the sudden shrieks of the women; the haggard looks of the men; the dead silence at intervals in the streets; the universal gloom that prevailed, would have induced a stranger to believe, that a dreadful pestilence was raging in that, once, voluptuous and dissipated city.

But

But before we relate the ſtrange event, in order to throw ſome light on a ſubject ſo tremendouſly amazing, it will be neceſſary to unfold all the particulars we have as yet been able to collect.

CHAPTER II.

IN the year 1786, Rodolphus . . . . . of the houſe of M . . . . . became prince, ſovereign, and biſhop of the city of S . . . . and of its dependencies. Fully impreſſed with the high importance of the duty inculcating implicit obedience from the people to their *lawful* rulers, as God's viceregents, he concluded that his ſubjects were bound to bow to him with the moſt reverential ſubmiſſion, as he ſtood to them in the double light of their ſpiritual and temporal guide.

His courtiers failed not, of courſe, to enforce the doctrine of divine right; yet, notwithſtanding ſeveral princely proclamations to that effect, the people reſiſted with

with ſuch firmneſs the attempt to annul the ſmall ſhare of liberty they had hitherto enjoyed, that the prince found he had only increaſed their hate and fomented their diſcontent.——Rodolphus then thought it high time to call RELIGION to his aid.

But, alas! times were ſtrangely altered; Incredulity had made ſuch rapid proceſs, that the voice of Religion was ſeldom attended to: the churches were deſerted, ſince rendezvous and aſſignations could be more conveniently given at the theatre. Pleaſure and diſſipation held the ſway. Neither the bliſs of paradiſe could any longer tempt, nor the horrors of hell appal, the man who fought no greater bliſs than the enjoyment of beauty, nor any curſe ſo much to be deprecated as that of poverty.

Rodolphus beheld the increaſing evil

with a ſigh. He knew, for he was often told, that rebellion to the ſtate is the conſtant attendant to incredulity in religion. Yet he was not diſcouraged from bringing about a reformation: conſcious of the beneficial tendency of his motives, ſince HE was the firſt to reap the advantages from them, he publicly offered up his vows to Heaven. Proceſſions were made in all the churches for the interceſſion of the Deity, to open the eyes and ſoften the hearts of men; days of faſting were decreed; penances inflicted; outward humiliations enjoined.—Heaven beheld the proceſſions, witneſſed the faſting, felt for the penitents; gave credit for the humiliations—in ſhort, favourably accepted the pious vows and ſore tribulations of his *Serene* Highneſs.

CHAPTER III.

Be thy intent wicked or charitable?

SHAKSPEARE.

IN the convent of the Franciſcans lived a MONK—holy, as the conſecrated relic—prayer and meditation—worn, as the death's head over which ſtood his crucifix: his eyes, ſo often fixed on the ground, ever beheld a grave; and his feet, as he trod, ſeemed willing to ſink into it. To become a ſaint, he often ſcourged the man: he knelt and prayed; he ſighed and wept; became the ſcoff of the Irreligious, the confeſſor of the Devotees, the pity of the Philoſopher, and —— the Abbot of his convent.

He would often aſcend the pulpit.

—Thence, in a voice, moaning as the hollow wind that foretels the coming ſtorm, or in accents thundering with tremendous roar, perſonating the ſtorm itſelf, he would reproach his fellow-beings for their neglect of religious duties, animadvert on their vices, warn them of their danger, fulminate againſt their hardneſs of heart, and pronounce their final judgment.—Vain, however, were the ſanctity of his manners, the lacerations of his body, his expoſtulatory admonitions, his prophetic threatenings; ſtill, like St. John the Baptiſt, he preached in the wilderneſs.

One day, the church of his convent being unuſually filled, on account of a feſtival in which the Prince Biſhop officiated pontifically, attended by the heads of the clergy, the holy Monk, gaſping for breath, and in the utmoſt perturbation, was ſeen making his way to the pulpit with tottering and hurried ſteps. His bare hairy

boſom, as he ſighed, heaved dreadful, and his ſoul ſeemed agitated by ſome momentous impulſe: his monaſtic dreſs was in the greateſt diſorder, and drops of blood were ſtill trickling from the knotty parts of his *diſcipline* *, ſometimes on the pavement, ſometimes on his bare feet.

The ſurpriſe of the beholders was extreme. They waited in fearful ſuſpence the developement of the myſtery.

At length the holy Man aſcends the pulpit—ſtares wildly around—kneels and prays. After a ſhort time ſpent in devotion, he riſes, and fixing his eye on the lofty croſs that decorated the high altar, he on a ſudden ſets up a moſt diſmal and blood-chilling MOAN.—

The Ladies in the choir have done tittering: the Gentlemen's ruffled wriſts

* Scourge.

diſplay no longer the *brilliant* on their little finger: and the Dignitaries let fall both hands, which were before employed in drawing cloſer to their temples the ſalient angles of their full-blown and well-powdered periwigs!

"Oh"—cried the holy Man, dwelling upon the note, till his voice exhauſted ſunk and died away on the affrighted ear: then, reſuming his breath, he thus proceeded, after a ſecond moan and another pauſe.

"Oh—miſerable, deluded Wretches! oh—hardened Sinners!—alive to every pleaſure leading to deſtruction, dead to every admonition, to every warning againſt impending ruin!—tremble at the dreadful import of what I am going to unfold! hear what I am commanded from ABOVE to communicate. In vain [illegible] all that a mortal could to avert the [illegible]oaching judgment;

judgment; in vain did I faſt, did I pray: to nō purpoſe was this ſcourge ſtained with my blood.——Enemies of your God! ſlaves of the devil! hear through my voice, the voice of heaven!—

" SINNERS, ATTEND!

" Yet one week, one ſhort week from this day, at this very hour, in the metropolitan church of this city, a MIRACLE of a moſt tremendous nature will be performed. There, ye will hear and ſee, and, if ye dare, touch! My prophecy will be corroborated by the moſt awful—the moſt impreſſive of all teſtimonies. There and then ye will be told of your laſt hope. —But if, in contempt of that ſolemn warning; if, in deſpite of that terrific viſion, ye ſhould perſevere: if—Tremble, miſerable Wretches, tremble!—Your ſins are recorded in the book of reprobation. Already hovers over your heads the exterminating Miniſter of wrath: he only waits for the ſeal, the never-recalled ſeal

from the ſtern hand of immutable juſtice.—But ſhould THAT be affixed!—O Heaven! all hopes of partaking of thy bliſsful ſtate are for ever blaſted!—O Earth! burſt aſunder!—O Hell! hurl into thy frightful depths, inflict thy everlaſting tortures on ſinners, whom no warning could deter, whom no miracle could convert!"

He ſaid—and abruptly leaving the pulpit, hurried through the choir: thrice he ſtopped, claſped his hands, and lifted up his eyes to the vaulted roof.—Having reached the veſtry-door, he turned round, extended his hand, calling out in a deep ſolemn tone—PEOPLE, REMEMBER!—and vaniſhed.

One might eaſily imagine what an effect ſuch an addreſs had on the auditory.—His entrance, his manner, his voice, his prophecy, his exit, were well adapted to ſeize

ſeize the mind with dread. The guilty ſtood aghaſt: the gay felt the ſmile deſert their lips: the devotees knelt, prayed, and croſſed themſelves: even the philoſopher ſtartled; till calling to mind the degree of affinity in which enthuſiaſm ſtood to madneſs, his wonted ſerenity returned.

Inſenſibly the impreſſion wore off; the next opera *rehinged* the minds; and the uſual vices and follies, with the revolving hours, ſtill completed their giddy round.

At length the awful, myſterious day arrived. It was agreed upon in the polite circles to repair to the cathedral as a lounge, merely to ſee how the Monk could extricate himſelf from fulfilling his prophecy. As for the lower orders, no ſuch agreement was entered into; but it might be eaſily ſurmiſed, that the

church

church contained as many as could pro cure admiſſion ; and no admiſſion was de nied, but when the venerable edific could contain no more in its capaciou boſom.

CHAPTER IV.

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell.
SHAKSPEARE.

ON the ſecond of November, All-ſouls-day, funeral ſervices are performed for thoſe who had departed this life. It was already duſk. The congregation had met before the tapers were lighted. All was huſhed, ſave the organ, which now and then broke ſilence; and with a deep, ſwelling note, gradually dying away, prepared the mind for the terrific event.

As night came on, the gay parties which had aſſembled in the choir and in the principal parts of the church, dwelling on the ſubject which had ſummoned them thither, and recollecting the monk's impreſſive

impreſſive prophecy, felt, in ſpite of themſelves, their faces aſſume a ſerious aſpect, their minds yield to meditation, and their hearts throb with fear.

At length the tapers were gradually lighted; mean while the organ ſtruck up a ſolemn tune, and the choriſters, unſeen, ſung reſponſive.

The ſeveral orders of Monks now entered with ſlow-meaſured ſteps, two by two, holding lighted tapers. Having paraded round the choir, ſinging litanies, they repaired to their reſpective ſtalls. The Franciſcans alone knelt round the high altar, telling their beads in a devout, bending poſture. Under this altar was buried, twelve hundred years ago, the body of STEPHANUS BERNARDUS, firſt biſhop and patron of the city. In the centre, facing the *Euchariſt*, a place was reſerved for the Abbot.

In

In a ſhort time the holy Man made his appearance.

He advanced—not as deſcribed in the preceding chapter, agitated and convulſed; but ſlow-paced, reſigned, and wrapped in meditation; his body bent forward; his cowl, hanging upon his back, diſcovered his bald, penitential head; his eyes were fixed on the ground; his hands, laid acroſs his breaſt, enabled his finger-ends to touch each oppoſite ſhoulder; his *breviary* was ſtuck in his girdle, whence hung his *roſary* on one ſide, and on the other his ſcourge.

The Abbot proceeded to the place left vacant for him; there he knelt, and inwardly prayed for ſome moments.

The abſolute ſilence which then reigned in the whole nave of the venerable pile, and in every diſtant wing, was more calculated

lated to increaſe terror than to give reprieve. The eye viewed fearfully the ſurrounding objects, and whatever it beheld, the mind was ſtruck with additional awe.

In reſpect to the ſolemnity of the occaſion, the walls and pillars were clothed with black, upon which were painted here and there in white dead men's ſkulls, reſting upon two bones laid acroſs: a black veil hung likewiſe over every picture, whoſe gay colours would have broken through the ſombrous uniformity of the remainder: the altar itſelf was arrayed in the like ſable colours, and a large black cloth, like a pall that covers a bier, hung looſe from the altar over the ſteps that encircled it.

The Monk having finiſhed his oriſon, aroſe, and turning to the congregation, he thus ſternly addreſſed them:

" The

" The cuſtomary ſervice that for centuries has ſolemnized this day ſhall be diſpenſed with. It is a folly—it is an inſult to the Deity, for mortals, whoſe offences have led them to the brink of that hell which is ready to engulph them, to preſume to offer up their prayers for the relief of thoſe who ſuffer in purgatory.—No!—If you have any contrition for your paſt conduct, any dread of the doom to which you are reſerved through your crimes, pray for yourſelves, pray—for the moment is at hand.—I feel it approach!—O God! if, notwithſtanding ſo many forgiveneſſes, thou haſt ſtill mercy in ſtore, look down with pity on theſe, thy deluded creatures."

He ſaid, and turning to the altar again knelt, and with his monks, prayed audibly and fervently. The organ recommenced a ſolemn ſtrain, and was again anſwered by the choriſters.

Suddenly,

Suddenly, the Abbot ſtarting up, and ſtaring wildly round, exclaimed:

"The moment is come.—Prophanes! on your knees!—HARK!"

At that inſtant, from the interior of the altar, a trumpet ſounded: immediately underneath a rumbling noiſe was heard, like the uncementing and rolling of ponderous ſtones; as if the burſting grave was caſting up its contents: the black pall, which, covering the altar, hung down over the ſteps—ſwelled—heaved—and ſtood extended:—with a terrible exploſion, the altar ſhook and was rent in twain.—When, out of the gap, aroſe, clad in his winding ſheet, the venerable body of the canonized BISHOP.—

Not a hair darkened his brow or covered his head: his face, hands, and feet, exhibited the moſt deadly paleneſs; yet a ſad

a ſad meekneſs dwelt on his features, and the ſenſe of animation ſhone in the ſoft luſtre of his eye.

The Apparition ſtood a moment, viewing the dread-ſtruck multitude; gav ehis bleſſing; then advanced, or rather glided, in the centre of the choir: from thence with inaudible ſteps he proceeded to the pulpit. The Abbot, ſeizing a burning taper from the altar, followed him. As they advanced, flames of glory would now and then encircle the Biſhop's head, and betray the ſaint: whilſt the congregation, ſtruck with terror and amazement, fell on their faces and worſhipped.

Having aſcended the pulpit, the Saint once more gave his bleſſing, made the ſign of the croſs: then, in a voice floating upon the ear, like the mellow tone of a flute, heard afar in a calm ſummer's

mer's evening, thus greeted the congregation.

" O ye, my once beloved Flock! how comes it that harmleſs lambs are converted into devouring wolves? Could a ſaint in his bliſsful ſtate feel thoſe paſſions which agitate the human breaſt, with what anguiſh, with what heart-rending ſorrow, ſhould I behold in ye, the objects of my paternal ſolicitude, a degradation ſo ſhameful, a depravation ſo general!—Your crimes have kindled the wrath of Heaven. —Ere now ye would have been ſwept from the face of the earth. Moved by this holy man's prayers and mortification, I ventured to intercede in your behalf at the throne of the Almighty. After a mortal ſleep of twelve hundred years, he has allowed me once more to aſſume this earthly frame, and to riſe from the tomb, in order to warn ye of the terrible deſti-

nies

nies ye are preparing for yourſelves.—This more I can add.—If a ſudden and thorough reformation do not take place; if you ſtill adhere to earthly concerns; if ye ſtill refuſe to pay to your SOVEREIGN that implicit obedience which ye all owe him, as God's Viceregent, and as the Lord's anointed:—at the end of the third day from this hour, ye exiſt no longer, but in the everlaſting torments of hell.—O my People—as ye value your ſoul's welfare, liſten to the holy man to whom ye are indebted for this viſitation, fear God and *obey the Prince.*"

He ſpake, and leaving the pulpit, the heavenly viſitor returned to his tomb; but, before he entered it, he turned round, his face beaming with glory, beſtowed his laſt bleſſing on the congregation, and—ſunk into his grave.

Nothing now remained of the apparition,

tion, but a delicious odour, which pe fumed the whole church, and the in preſſion made on the minds of the b holders.

That impreſſion was profound.—He the moſt fervent prayers were uttere there, mingled with ſobs and groans, tea abundant flowed: now to each other the loudly confeſſed their ſins; then, violentl beating their breaſts, they cried out in contrite, piteous voice:

"Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxim culpa!"

Mean while, the Monks were ſtoutl ſcourging their backs with the knott ropes that hung from their girdles.

At that moment, a Perſon in the choi majeſtically riſing, and with an air of au thority waving his hand, as if to deſir attention

attention, by degrees put a ſtop to the prayers, tears, ſobs, groans, confeſſions, and ſcourging, and drew every eye upon him.'

As they viewed him, his preſence created the moſt flattering prepoſſeſſion in his favour, at the ſame time that by comparison they felt themſelves ſinking diminutive in their own eſtimation. He appeared between two and four and twenty years: his fine, tall, well-proportioned figure, excited admiration: his body reſted firm upon his well-contourned limbs: the hand of Misfortune had ſtamped with her mark his manly expreſſive countenance. Thus he captivated the affections, while he dazzled the ſight of the beholders.

The Stranger ſtood thus undaunted in the centre of the choir, amidſt theſe hordes of trembling penitents: on his face was ſtrongly marked the ſneer of contempt

with the ſwell of indignation.—A
ſhort pauſe, he thus began:

" Is it poſſible, O People! th
can be thus impoſed upon? Sha
ſanctity of the place give credit to
ception ſo groſs? Shall machinery ſc
wardly contrived as to raiſe a ſmil
theatre, in a *church*, ſtrike your
with terror? See you not into ſo im
a fraud; and will you ſuffer yourſe
be thus cheated out of your ſenſe
out of your political rights?—This
pet, which, unſeen, gave ſo ter
blaſt, any one among ye with gooc
could have performed as well, h
been concealed in the altar: the ru
noiſe you have heard, is unworthy
compared with the rolling of a w
wheel: a couple of iron rods leng
another in breadth, ſome packt
and a few palls, are ſufficient to eff
prodigy of the pull heaving and e

ing itſelf: there is nothing more wonderful in the altar ſeparating aſunder, than in the unbarring and unbolting of an old crazy door, turning upon its ruſty hinges. This ſaint, which after a ſound ſleep of twelve hundred years, pops out of his grave on an errand from heaven, is nothing more, I aſſure you, than a poor mortal, whoſe feet, hands, and face, are beſmeared with white paint, for the purpoſe of giving him a more ghoſtly appearance. As for the beams of glory, which irradiated the good Biſhop's bald pate and white-waſh'd phiz, you have ſeen at the theatre fifty times, and better prepared, that kind of chymical fire which blazes and burns not.—Theſe are then the mighty prodigies, upon the credit of which you are called upon to renounce, under pain of damnation, all earthly concerns; and to pay implicit obedience to your preſent ruler.—See ye not, O People! the drift of all this apparatus? Rouſe then from

your torpor; exert your reaſon, and wreak your vengeance on the hypocrites, who dare to attempt to enſlave you in the name of THAT GOD, who made all mankind free."

He ended. His harangue gave a new turn to the ideas of many: ſome were convinced; others dared not truſt themſelves to their returning reaſon: theſe heſitated, and the faith of thoſe was ſtill unimpaired. Yet, the Stranger's fine, expreſſive figure; his manly, melodious voice, and even the aſcendancy he aſſumed, prepoſſeſſed every one in his favour. So that thoſe who thought him wrong, yet wiſhed him right.

The pious Monk, ſhuddering, perceived that this counterplot of Satan was likely to defeat the purpoſe, that had called the holy Biſhop from the bliſsful regions. A new miracle, more tremendous than the former,

former, he judged immediately neceſſary, for the reſcue of his Highneſs's liege ſubjects from the fangs of his infernal Majeſty. At the moment the Stranger was reſuming his ſpeech, he hurried to him, his eyes rolling in their ſockets and flaming like meteors; his diſtorted face exhibiting every feature of horror, indignation, and menace!

"O thou abettor of the Devil!" thundered he, "who wiſheſt to aſſimilate theſe miſerable ſinners to thy ſtate of reprobation, and to conſign them to the fires of that hell, in which thou art eternally doomed to burn!—Thy foul attempt ſhall recoil on thyſelf.—Thy hour is come—yet a moment—upon this earth thou exiſteſt no longer.—O God of Heaven! hear the voice of thy ſervant, confirm the miſſion of thy ſaint, and defeat the machinations of thine enemy.—Let the

earth, this inſtant, ſwallow up the guilty."

Scarcely had he ſpoken, when the Stranger, who ſtood on the pavement facing the Monk, and bearing on his features the undiſmayed ſmile of contempt, ſunk into the ground and diſappeared! —Out of the pit that ingulphed him flames of the moſt terrific fire blazed around.

An univerſal ſhuddering ſeized the congregation: a low murmur, the offspring of terror and diſmay, ran through the whole building.

"Peace, Prophanes!" cried the Monk; "and now, that you may feel in their full effect theſe ſtupendous miracles, and that you may learn to eſcape the horrid torments in which the guilty wretch is now ingulphed,

ingulphed, hear the Rebrobate's laſt accents in his deſcent to Hell.

At that inſtant, their ears were aſſailed with theſe ſounds of horror:

"SPARE! OH! SPARE MY IMMORTAL SOUL!"

On the brink of the precipice ſtood ſome time the Monk in deep meditation: then facing the congregation, he ſaid, with the fervour of charity in his voice, and the ſmile of pity on his countenance—

"Oh, may the abandoned wretch find the flames that now encircle him, *that kind of chymical fire which blazes and burns not!*"

Here he pauſed; but ſoon reſuming:

"Any further expoſtulation muſt be

 needleſs.

needleſs. Depart and bear in mind what ye have heard and ſeen. Myſelf and my monks will paſs the night here in prayers for your welfare."

The Congregation then aroſe, and hurried through the church gates, ſhuddering at the poſſibility of being overtaken by ſome terrific viſion.

CHAPTER V.

A young Lady introduced.

THE terror and conſternation which the following night and ſucceeding day pervaded all ranks, have already been recorded in the firſt chapter of this eventful ſtory; it remains for us to notice a circumſtance, which, in times leſs alarming, would have excited no ſmall degree of curioſity and ſurpriſe.

ADELAÏDE VOLSEY, Marchioneſs of Barfeld, a young lady of great beauty and conſiderable fortune, as well as of the moſt exemplary conduct, had ſeveral times fainted and fallen into hyſterics ſince the fatal cataſtrophe. Yet it was known ſhe

had not, on that day, attended the chu
Scandal itſelf could hardly ſuggeſt a
ticular affection for the Stranger; ſince
had been a conſtant reſident in the ci
S . . . for the laſt twelve months, at le
whilſt *he* (at whoſe lodgings enqu
were made) was reported to have ent
it, for the firſt time, the day before.

Indeed, the perſons of the houſe ſp
of the unhappy man in the higheſt te
of praiſe, and enumerated ſeveral b
factions of his to perſons in diſtreſs; t
added, that his ſervant, having previc
diſcharged his maſter's account, had
ſconded, carrying with him every art
of value.

CHAPTER VI.

Ante pedes nemo ſpectat; Cœli ſcrutantur plagas.
Cicero.

UPON the morning of the fatal day predicted by the Monk, every one bearing in mind that at its cloſe their doom would be irrevocably fixed, the council-bell rang for the purpoſe of ſummoning to a general meeting the Nobility, the Clergy, in ſhort, every one who had a ſhare in the adminiſtration of the city. At eleven the meeting was opened, and before twelve the town had ſurrendered all its rights, privileges, &c. and taken, in a formula drawn up for the occaſion, a new oath of allegiance to his Serene Highneſs.

A Magiſtrate, who had been heretofore a ſtrenuous ſupporter of the people's rights, firſt propoſed the ſhameful ſurrender, which, with the exception of two voices, was carried unanimouſly. Such is the verſality of the mob, ſo little reliance can be placed on the affections of the people, that this Magiſtrate, who a week before would have been loaded with curſes for his apoſtacy, was now chaired in triumph to his habitation, whilſt the other two eſcaped with difficulty from falling a ſacrifice to the miſguided zeal and blind fury of that populace, of whom they were ſo lately the idols.

It is needleſs to add, that ſo ſatisfied was Heaven with the contrition and amendment of the people, that a further and indefinite reprieve was granted.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Marchioneſs of Barfeld, little intereſted in the reſult of the council deliberations, had left the city early in the preceding day, to take up her reſidence in a country-houſe ſhe poſſeſſed a few miles diſtant. In that peaceful retreat, her violent deſpair gave place to a ſorrow more ſedate; a long black veil ſhaded her beautiful face, and her fine elegant perſon was arrayed in the deepeſt mourning.

The Prince Biſhop, unaſſailable by the allurements of worldly grandeur, to ſuffer himſelf to be inveſted with the unlimited authority of a ſovereign, had need to call to his aid all his reſignation: indeed nothing leſs than what appeared to him the immediate

immediate will of Heaven, and to be ultimately conducive to his people's welfare could have induced him to ſubmit: thus too meek, too humble for ambitious exultation, he withdrew at night from his congratulating court, and, with all the placid diſpoſition of a ſaint, retired to his repoſe.

But after midnight, the attendants of the palace were obſerved in the utmoſt confuſion. The Abbot of the Franciſcans was in great hurry diſpached for. In the morning ſeveral of the ſervants were heard to declare, that the holy Monk, having ſpent the remainder of the night in prayer with the Biſhop, had withdrawn, bearing on his own features evident marks of perturbation.

Yet a freſh circumſtance tended to thicken the evil that hung over theſe myſterious tranſactions: the Marchioneſs's manſion,

nſion, which had been the receſs for row and mourning, ſuddenly became e ſcene of mirth and revelry.

It only remains for us to record, as aithful hiſtorians, that his Highneſs the Biſhop, impreſſed with a due ſenſe of the worth of the holy Monk, whom he had already made Abbot of his convent, and conſcious that a further extenſion of power muſt be highly beneficial to the ſpiritual intereſts of the Chriſtian world, made applications to the Pope for the promotion of the Franciſcan to the generalſhip of his order. His Holineſs, ever illuminated by the Holy Ghoſt, and ſwayed by the *ſtrong intereſt* the Biſhop had in the conclave, forthwith iſſued a bull to that effect.

A

MADAME LA MARQUISE DE

BARFELD.

MADAME,

ANIMÉ du zèle le plus p
pour tout ce qui touche feu mon maît
indigné de l'injuſtice qu'on oſe faire à
memoire du meilleur des hommes, enha
par le ſouvenir de la conſidération que v
lui avez toujours témoignée, j'oſe me flat
que vous voudrez bien pardonner la preſor
tion, qui me fait dédier à la perſonne q
eſtimait, qu'il révérait le plus ces mémoir
écrits de ſa main, et fidellement impri
du manuſcript que j'ai trouvé parmi
papiers, après le fatal cataſtrophe où il
parut d'une manière ſi étonnante.

TO

THE MARCHIONESS OF

BARFELD.

MADAM,

ANIMATED by the pureſt zeal in every thing which concerns my late maſter, indignant at the injuſtice that has been done to the memory of the beſt of men, and emboldened by the remembrance of that regard you have always teſtified for him, I dare to flatter myſelf that you will pardon my preſumption, in dedicating to the perſon whom he moſt eſteemed and revered, theſe memoirs, written by himſelf, and correctly printed from the manuſcript I found among his papers, after the fatal cataſtrophe that ſnatched him away in ſo aſtoniſhing a manner.

Another

Une autre raiſon me porte à mettre à la tête de ces Memoirs le reſpectable nom de la Marquiſe de Barfeld.

Tout mort qu'il eſt, même, quand ne ſachant où repoſent ſes cendres, ſon fidèle domeſtique eſt privé du plaiſir de pleurer ſur ſa tombe, et que les malheureux qu'il a ſoulagés ne peuvent s'écrier, ici repoſe notre meilleur ami, *la haine, l'acharnement de ſes ennemis ne ſe ſont point ralentis. Du centre de la ville, où cette ſcène affreuſe s'eſt paſſée, la colomnie et le ſcandal ſe ſont repandus aux points les plus reculés de l'Allemagne. Même en Suiſſe, où je me ſuis refugié, les fauſſetés les plus noires, les anecdotes les plus atroces, chaque jour allegées contre cet homme bienfaiſant, allument mon indignation, & m'ont déterminé, en publiant ces Memoires, à oppoſer la vérité au menſonge, & à faire contraſter le portrait de l'homme vertueux, calomnié,*

Another reaſon induces me to place at the head of theſe Memoirs the reſpectable name of the Marchioneſs of Barfeld.

While ignorant of the place of his interment, his faithful ſervant is deprived of the comfort of weeping over his tomb, and the wretched whom he comforted, of exclaiming, *here repoſes the beſt of our friends*, his death has not aſſuaged the hatred and rage of his enemies. From the centre of that city, where the deplorable ſcene took place, calumny and ſcandal have ſpread to the furtheſt part of Germany. Even in Switzerland, whither I fled, the blackeſt falſehoods and the moſt atrocious ſtories, every day circulated concerning this benevolent man, raiſe my indignation, and have determined me, by publiſhing theſe Memoirs, to oppoſe truth to falſehood, and to contraſt the portrait of the virtuous man, calumniated, with

calomnié, avec les traits de ſes infâmes di-f famateurs.

Mais, Madame, ce n'eſt que ſous les auſpices de votre reſpectable nom que je puis eſpérer de réuſſir. La vérité reclamée par Baptiſte Loiſeau ne toucherait perſonne : elle perſuadera les plus incrédules, elle intéreſera tout le monde, preſentée par vos mains.

J'ai l'honneur d'être avec les ſentimens du plus profond reſpect, avec le devouement le plus ſincère,

Madame,

Votre très humble,

très obéiſſant ſerviteur,

BAPISTE LOISEAU.

with the characters of his infamous defamers.

But, Madam, it is only under the auſpices of your reſpectable name that I can hope to ſucceed. Truth from the pen of Baptiſt Loiſeau would make no impreſſion. It will perſuade the moſt incredulous, it will intereſt every one, when preſented by your hands.

I have the honour to be with the profoundeſt reſpect and ſincereſt devotion,

MADAM,

Your moſt humble,

moſt obedient ſervant,

BAPTIST LOISEAU.

ADVERTISEMENT

OF THE EDITOR.

THE Reader will perceive by foregoing dedication of Baptiſt I ſeau to the Marchioneſs of Barl that this faithful ſervant took the method, then in his power, to rel the memory of his late maſter f the calumny, as he thought, of em tered foes. Indeed the Memoirs publiſhed ſo ſtrongly bore the ſtam truth, ſo ingenuous were his occaſi comments, his enthuſiaſtic love for maſter appears ſo ſincere, that nu bers of his readers were convinced the unfortunate man could not be conſummate villain the prieſth were ſo deſirous of repreſenting, the people ſo ready to believe. On

other hand, Loiſeau's inability to account for the late myſterious event, together with the obvious triumph of his opponents, whilſt it perplexed the candid, could but afford matter of triumph to the prepoſſeſſed.

Far from being able to afford Loiſeau the aſſiſtance her teſtimony could give, the Marchioneſs was, at that time, deprived, by adverſe and untoward circumſtances, of the knowledge even of the exiſtence of theſe Memoirs. Subſequent events, however, have rendered them uſeleſs, and enabled the Editor to correct ſeveral miſtakes Loiſeau could not avoid at the time of his publication, the ſubſtance of which the reader will find in the following chapters.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,
Ut priſca gens mortalium :
Paturna rura bobus exercet ſuis,
Solutus omni fœnore, &c. HORACE.

IN the city of one of the counties included in the Oxford circuit, had lived for centuries the BARCLAY family. The offices they occaſionally filled were reſpectable. A moderate property, tranſmitted unimpaired from father to ſon, allowed them to affix to their name the title of Eſquire. They lived without ambition, practiſed the virtue of moderation,

tion, except on gala days, when the old Engliſh cuſtom of getting compl drunk was moſt ſtrictly adhered to. were reſpectfully bowed to by the chanic, received an hearty ſhake each country 'ſquire, and were ever noured with a ſlight compliment *en ſant* from the neighbouring nobility. election times, indeed, theſe triflin kens of regard would increaſe to co enquiries, and liberal proffers of ſer The Barclays were not cafuiſts enou ſcrutiniſe the ſincerity of theſe pr ſions: bleſſed in a moderate ſhare of ſenſe, each of them took the world went for three or four ſcore years the expiration of which, they cloſed routine of their unchequered life, and in peace.

We here heſitate not to affirm, th larger ſhare of happineſs fell to their than the man of pleaſure enjoys, who, gi

in the vortex his opulence has created, finds no home in the ever-changing ſcene, diſcovers no friend in the ever-ſmiling countenance, feels the inanity of his coſtly gratifications, and meets *ennui* and ſpleen on the very goal his ambition has reached: for happineſs is the daughter of content, and content ſprings only from peace of mind, which never dwells with the ambitious, and turns from the ſlave of opinion.

A circumſtance which the friends of Mr. George Barclay called *lucky*, thruſted that gentleman out of the obſcure, yet ſmooth, path of life his anceſtors had followed, and, by dazzling his eyes with the glare of ambition, blinded him to the comforts *they* had derived from moderation.

At Oxford he got acquainted with a young nobleman, who, by the influence

of powerful relations, was ſoon after diſpached to India, for the purpoſe of repairing his fortune, greatly deranged by the prodigality of his predeceſſor. What benefit ſo inexperienced a youth could confer on the Britiſh intereſt in that remote part of the globe, it would puzzle wiſer men than myſelf to diſcover: yet the views his friends had in ſending him twelve thouſand miles from his native home, to all appearances would have been completely fulfilled, could but his health (which, by the bye, made no part of their ſpeculation) have withſtood the climate. But the authority which the puny boy held over others, could not impart one atom of ſtrength into his conſtitution, and the gold he amaſſed could not prolong his life a ſingle day. He died a victim to the forecaſt of his parents, and a freſh inſtance of the folly reſulting from worldly wiſdom.

Previous to his embarkation, he induced Mr. Barclay to accompany him as his friend, or, in other words, as his *protogé*. The latter remained in India ſeveral years after the death of his protector.

At length 'Squire Barclay returns to England, quite a nabob. He ſhows his purſe: gets into Parliament.—Boaſts of his intereſt: is created a Baronet. With the recommendation of the three requiſites, money, intereſt, and title, he aſpires at the hand of a ſtateſman's daughter, who had juſt ſtepped into power: his ſuit is ſucceſsful. To make up for the ſmallneſs of his wife's portion, great and inſtant preferment is expected. Unluckily, the great man is turned out of office before the expiration of the honey-moon. Sir George, who prided himſelf upon the acuteneſs of his politics, thought himſelf over-reached.—He never afterwards forgave his father-in-law.

How unfair, how unreaſonable is man! Ever attempting to impoſe upon others, yet highly offended, when the impoſition falls on himſelf.

Sir George carried his reſentment ſtill further.—He hated his wife, and from that period took no pains to conceal his hatred.

Thus does the mean, abject man blend cruelty with cowardice. Not daring to carry his reſentment to the principal in the miſchief, he wroaks his vengeance on the hapleſs being he holds in his power.

From this miſerable connection a ſon was born. Ten years after, Sir George, whoſe corpulency had ſwollen to a moſt extraordinary bulk, gave up the ghoſt. The pulſe of life was fairly choaked up by the redundancy ariſing from what epicures

cures dignify with the appellation of *good living*.—Had Sir George, previous to his deceaſe, been deſirous of giving his ſon a ſtriking inſtance of the ſuperiority of *wholeſome* over *good* living, he might have taken him to his native ſhire. There, among his numerous couſins, whoſe ruddy and chearful countenances promiſed to double the number of years during which *he* was ſuffered to breathe, he might ſay to the youth:—to live healthy and contented, of them you muſt learn: of me, you can learn but to grow bloated, diſeaſed, and to die.

CHAPTER II.

Le demon de la propriété infecte tout ce qu'il touche.
ROUSSEAU.

AS ſoon as Sir Thomas Barclay came of age, he found at his ſole diſpoſal a fortune amounting to upwards of half a million ſterling. Nurſed in the boſom of opulence, and unpractiſed in the hardſhips of ſelf-denial, by giving way to his paſſions, he ſoon proved to the world how truly poor a man may be, notwithſtanding he owns ſo immenſe a fortune. I ſhall not enumerate the many channels, through which the wealth of the prodigal flows into the pocket of the ſharper, ſparkles in the attire of the ſultana of the day, and feeds thoſe important idlers ycelpt *artiſts*.

It

It is ſufficient to ſay, that ever eager to gratify the whim of the moment, ever impatient of the leaſt delay, yet, never ſatisfied even in the attainment of his wiſh, Sir Thomas might be ſaid to prove himſelf the reverſe of that ancient philoſopher, who boaſted that he poſſeſſed Laïs, without her poſſeſſing him.

There is ſurely matter of conſolation for thoſe who are by poverty inured to ſelf-denial, when they reflect, that the very panders who miniſter to the pleaſures of the wealthy, feel far greater ſatisfaction in receiving the rewards of their infamous ſervices, than the pampered idols whoſe propenſities they ſeek to gratify.

The conſequence of ſuch a life of diſſipation was, that Sir Thomas, who dreamt of ideal pleaſure, awoke to real pain. His fortune was gone. Peſtered by *duns* in the morning; ſeeking in the evening

thoſe friends who formerly ſought him; courting the reluctant ſmile from the face of him who had dwelt upon his; from the frowns of a pityleſs world, no ſelf to retire within in ſearch of conſolation; a more miſerable mortal exiſted not, among the numerous ſwarms of fictitious beings civiliſed life has engendered.

Sir Thomas had likewiſe taſted the ſweets of marriage. In the early enjoyment of his fortune, he was ſo captivated by the charms of a young Swiſs lady, of inferior fortune, that after ſeveral ſucceſsleſs attempts to bring her to his own terms, with his uſual impetuoſity he urged marriage; this laſt propoſal was liſtened and agreed to. In the courſe of a few months, however, the wedded couple became, to uſe Mr. Sheridan's expreſſion, *mere man and wife* *.

* School for Scandal.

This

This marriage, although it excited the envy of Sir Thomas's female acquaintances, proved the bane of Lady Barclay's life. When a maiden, care had never corroded her heart: the few diverſions that fell within her humble ſphere, ever met her in high ſpirits to enjoy them: ſhe could laugh, ſhe could ſing—ſhe could do neither, when Lady Barclay. Such was the temper of her huſband, the poiſon of opulence had ſo completely embittered every ſource of content, that her death, which happened twelve years after her marriage, may be conſidered as a fortunate circumſtance. She had born the Baronet a male child, the hero of theſe memoirs.

Soon after his wife's death, Sir Thomas's circumſtances became ſo deſperate, in ſuch a high threatening tone did his creditors deliver their accounts, that the baronet, to free himſelf from their mer-

cileſs fangs, reſolved to make a bol puſh.

Parliament had been diſſolved. Si Thomas ſtood candidate for a venal bc rough. To gain the day, he collected a his forces: contrary to military practic he poured them upon his own greed party; yet ſuch inceſſant fire did his ant goniſt keep up from the heavy artiller he had brought into the field, that S Thomas was at length defeated. He fa himſelf in France, out of the reach of h creditors, before his ſucceſsful opponen had been fairly chaired in triumph, throug the ſtreets of the noiſy, glutted, and dc ſpicable borough.

I ſhall cloſe this ſhort ſketch of the Ba clay family with the following reflection by which Rouſſeau concludes his differt tion upon taſte, in the fourth book of h *Emile*, the whole of which performanc

I recon

I recommend to the peruſal of my readers, as unexcelled for ſublimity of genius, beauty of language, manlineſs of ſentiment, depth of thought, ſtrength of argument, and elucidation of nature.

On m'objectera ſans doute que de tels amuſemens ſont à la portée de tous les hommes, et qu'on n'a pas beſoin d'être riche pour les goûter. C'eſt préciſément à quoi-j'en voulois venir. On a du plaiſir quand on en veut avoir; c'eſt l'opinion ſeule qui rend tout difficile, et qui chaſſe le bonheur devant nous. Il eſt cent fois plus aiſé d'être heureux que de le paroître.

L'homme

It will doubtleſs be alleged, that ſuch amuſements are within the reach of every man, and can be procured and enjoyed without riches. This is preciſely the point I would wiſh to enforce. Pleaſure is to be had by him who wills it. Opinion alone renders every thing difficult, and deprives us of happineſs. It is a hundred times eaſier to be happy than to appear ſo. The man of taſte,

L'homme de goût et vraiment voluptue
n'a que faire de richeſſes ; il lui ſu
d'être libre et ſon maître. Quiconque jo
de la ſanté, et ne manque pas du nec
ſaire, s'il s'arrache de ſon cœur les bie
de l'opinion, eſt aſſez riche : c'eſt *l'au
mediocritas* d'Horace. Gens à ceſ
fort ! cherchez donc quelqu'autre empl
à votre opulence ; car pour le plaiſir el
n'eſt bonne à rien.

---

taſte, the truly voluptuous man, requires not riches; l
wiſhes only to be free and his own maſter. Whoev
enjoys health, the neceſſaries of life, with a heart fr
from the deſire of imaginary gratifications, is ric
enough : he poſſeſſes the *aurea mediocritas* of Horac
—Accumulators of wealth ! ſeek then ſome other em
ployment for your opulence, it has no value in th
purchaſe of real pleaſure.

CHAPTER III.

THE ſpot where Sir Thomas Barclay was now compelled to take up his reſidence, conſiſted of a ſmall eſtate in one of the wildeſt parts of Switzerland, about the yearly value of one hundred pounds ſterling: being his wife's jointure, he could enjoy it only till the majority of his ſon.

The poſt-chaiſe which from Calais conveyed them thither, beſides the baronet, contained his ſon Edmund and his late wife's waiting-woman. During the tedious journey, Sir Thomas, wrapt in gloomy meditation, would now and then ſtartle the woman and child by exclaiming:

"Was

" Was ever an unfortunate *dog* ſo c pletely curſed as I am !"

Again, brooding over paſt tran tions, ſtung with ſome painful recoll tion, he would, ſtriking his forehead, t break out:

" What a damned fool I muſt h been !"

In ſuch a temper, more ſoured by th croſs accidents uſually attending trav ling, he at length reached the end of journey. The Gothic habitation, the ſt neſs that ſurrounded it, its want of rep without and uncomfortable ſtate with rendered the more ſo from its being lo uninhabited, compared with the gay ſcer and elegant villas he had quitted, incre ed his ſpleen. His exclamations and cur broke out with more vehemence th ever.

In this diſmal abode, and in a ſtate of mind yet more wretched, did this miſerable ſelf-tormenter paſs his days, turning from the pleaſures yet within his reach, and ever repining after thoſe he had loſt. His child became inſupportable to him: he never could behold him without ſelf-reproach. To keep him entirely out of his ſight, he had him ſent as a boarder to the pedagogue of a neighbouring village.

The reader will naturally expect ſome terrific object to ariſe from this caſtle. Alas! he will be moſt grievouſly diſappointed. It had neither moat, drawbridge, turrets, nor battlements.—I doubt whether Mrs Radcliffe herſelf could make it *frown*.

CHAPTER IV.

Our Hero's firſt Exploit.

A MILE from the ſchool where
mund boarded, on the declivity of an
lock, in a ſouthern aſpect, ſtood a n
cottage. One of thoſe trout-ſtreams,
common in Switzerland, meandered fr
the orchard through the garden. T
whole was incloſed by a hedge of h
and hawthorn, intermingled with hon
ſuckles and ſweet-briar. The cott
was clothed with ſo luxuriant a vine, t
had not the windows been kept cl
from its ſpreading power, it would h
had more the appearance of a bower th
a dwelling. The garden—oh wha
tempta

temptation for ſchool boys! The garden was truly a terreſtrial Paradiſe.

The earlier part of June had begun. Now glowed with ſcarlet, tempered with white, the fineſt cherries that ever called forth the thieving diſpoſitions of a youngſter. Beneath upon a ſlope, flanked by rows of ambroſial raſpberries, hung fragrant, too heavy for their ſtalks, ſtrawberries as tempting to the eye as they were delicious to the taſte. The apricot had already mellowed its pale green with a tinge of the yellow: the plumb, almoſt ſwollen to its full ſize, ſeemed ambitious to be claſſed among the vernal productions: the peach itſelf had begun to acquire upon its down that purple hue, harbinger of its ripeneſs. The borders of the flower-plats and kitchen garden were lined with currant and gooſeberry buſhes, rich in colour, and exuberant in produce.

The

The evening was as calm as tl
had been fair; all nature ſeemed tc
a pauſe to view the majeſtic deſcent
father of light, when the owner
charming ſpot left his cottage to ta
evening walk. He held a book
hand, which he ſeemed attentively
ruſe. Now and then withdrawi
eye from the book, he would che
pace and deeply ponder on what
read.

He was ſuddenly ſtartled by the
of footſteps and the ruſtling of leav
looking about him, he ſpied ſome
youthful plunderers making their e
at the ſame time he heard the bran
the trees ſhake with uncommon vi
and felt himſelf pelted by the rapid
his own fruit:—he looked up, and
the remainder of the party, ſliding
with wonderful agility.

The old man's philoſophy could not withſtand this double provocation. His faireſt flowers had been trod: beſides the loſs of fruit, the trees had been materially injured by the eagerneſs of pillage: in ſhort, his garden wore now the aſpect of deſolation. A pole ſtood by.—The enraged owner ſeized it; but before he could diſengage it from the twinings of the kidney-bean, the hoſtile party had fled, ſave the youngeſt of the band; who was caught in the act of puſhing through the hedge. Some ſmart pinching of his ear, together with his fright, made him cry out moſt piteouſly. Edmund Barclay, then about eleven years old, in his flight heard the ſhrill accents. He ſtopped to liſten.—The ſignals of diſtreſs were repeated. He heſitates no longer, haſtens to the ſpot, and preſents himſelf before the angry old man:

"Don't

" Don't beat that child," h
" it was I brought him here."

The man beheld the intrud
pinched ear felt immediate re
looked at him again.—Surprife f
anger, and the chaſtiſing hand, qu
hold, reſted upon the ſhoulde
trembling culprit. Once more
veyed Edmund. His features rela
a ſmile, and again wore their wo
nevolence.

He never had before beheld ſo
intereſting a child.—His eye ſpark
animation ; his open countenance
with intelligence, and denoted
blended with generoſity ; his ro
and ivory teeth beſpoke a ſound,
conſtitution : his auburn locks,
in a queue, according to the Fr
ſhion, too prevalent in Switzerla

ed freely and gracefully; his bare neck and open boſom, not muffled up in a cloſe waiſtcoat and huge cravat, exhibited the uncommon fairneſs of his ſkin: one of his ſtockings was down, the other falling; the thorns of the hedge had marked in bloody characters his hands and legs: in one coat pocket was a huge pear more recommendable for its ſize than ripeneſs, with a part of its bough ſtaring out; the other pocket being filled with leſſer fruit.

Thus ſtood Edmund. The old man, won by the beauty of his perſon and the generoſity of his action, aſhamed beſides of the anger he had been betrayed into, after gently reprimanding them for indulging their inclinations in ſo unwarrantable a manner, and aſſuring them they ſhould be regaled with fruit whenever they would make it a requeſt, ſuffered them to depart.

CHAPTER V.

Remote from towns, he ran his godly race.
GOLDS

CHARLES FRANCOIS DAUBIGNE h
the preſent period reached his fi
year. Born in Paris of parents in n
rate circumſtances, unambitious to inc
his patrimony by courting fortune, h
indulged his taſte in the purſuit of li
ture, and received, as well as defe
the appellation of a man of letters.
bent of his genius, leading him to enc
and inveſtigation, his repugnance to
for granted what his reaſon could no
quieſce in, had induced him to join t
philoſophers who by their writings
waging war againſt the theologians

the government of the times, and who had prepared, and at length effected, the overthrow of the ancient *régime*. His boldneſs in publiſhing his opinions attracted the notice of government: he was ſent to the château de Vincennes. After a year's confinement, he was liberated on condition of expatriating himſelf. Daubigné retired to Switzerland with his ſlender fortune, built the cottage, created the garden, and planted the orchard; pleaſed with his ſtudies, ſatisfied with his *gouvernante*, and, above all, happy in himſelf.

In this retirement, Daubigné, grown cooler by age and wiſer by experience, enjoyed his own opinions in ſilence, without attempting again to intrude them upon others. He had beſides diſcovered, that by the preſent mode of bringing up the human race, whether at home or in a ſeminary, the ſeeds of prejudice are ſown ſo

early into the mind, ſuch deep roots they are ſuffered to take, ſtrengthened by every day's occurrences, that, in eradicating one, ten perhaps more pernicious will ſpring up in its ſtead. Viewing therefore man as incorrigible, he no longer ſought to make proſelytes.

Daubigné's ſecluded life, his non-attendance at places of public worſhip, procured him the appellation of *conjuror* among the villagers, and he was branded with the name of *atheiſt* by the more learned, but no leſs miſtaken, rector of the pariſh. Yet another difference exiſted between the parſon and his pariſhioners; namely, that the benevolent conduct of the ſtranger removed by degrees his neighbours' prejudices againſt him, whereas Doctor Staunch ſtill adhered moſt pertinaciouſly to the opinion he had firſt conceived.—And why ſo? becauſe forſooth Daubigné made no ſcruple to ſet charity

above

above faith.—Juſtice, however, compels us to unfold the whole truth. Daubigné was—will ye forgive me, ye partiſans of the numerous ſects ſcattered over this globe?—Daubigné was—a DEIST!

At his firſt ſettling in theſe parts, he had frequently to undergo the penance of Doctor Staunch's viſits. The doctor being fond of arguments, and divinity his text, Daubigné, who had then made a reſolution, which he ſtrictly adhered to, never to diſpute in matters of religion, conſcious how awful the theme, how inadequate the faculty of man to inveſtigate a ſubject ſo highly ſublime, and ſo eminently profound, patiently allowed the doctor to wander at his leiſure, and to perplex himſelf more and more in the intricate maze.

So obſtinate a ſilence was highly diſpleaſing to Dr. Staunch; becauſe, al-

though fond of holding forth, he v
the Frenchman now and then to ſt
objection, that he might have the
faction of refuting it;—like thoſe
fights, where part of the Britiſh t
are called the French army, mere
the purpoſe of being defeated, and a
ing a bloodleſs victory to their oppo
Beſides, in ſpite of the high opinion
tained of his own eloquence, the
was ſhrewd enough to ſuſpect, tha
ſilence of Daubigné did not by any
imply acquieſcence; and in that ſuſ
he was certainly not miſtaken.

One advantage, however, the ſh
reaped from his forbearance. The d
diſguſted at his behaviour, had not
during many years previous to tl
adventure in the garden, obtruded h
upon his more agreeable purſuits.

CHAPTER VI.

Man of the Cloſet, and the Man of the World.

N his return to his cottage, his ima-
tion ſtill dwelling on the graceful Eng-
child, Daubigné felt a vacuum he had
been before ſenſible of. He perceiv-
omething was yet wanting to his hap-
ſs. He retired early to his chamber;
inſtead of going to reſt, he continued
ad the ſame book he had peruſed in
garden. At the end of every page he
more and more convinced of the pro-
ty of the plan he had formed with
ect to Edmund Barclay. He fell
ep with the reſolution of putting it in
cution on the morrow. The child had
him his country, his father's name,

and where he was now at ſchool.—
next morning Daubigné repaired thit
he enquired for the maſter. The follov
converſation paſſed between them.

DAUBIGNE. "Pray, Mr. Ferule, l
you not in your ſchool an Engliſh la
the name of Edmund Barclay?"

FERULE. "I have, ſir."

DAUBIGNE. "And pray, ſir, w
ſort of a boy is he?"

FERULE. "Oh, ſir, he is a v
ſtrange, unaccountable child; but, for
I can do, I am afraid he will come to
good."

DAUBIGNE. "What is your reaſon
having ſo bad an opinion of him?"

FERULE. "Why, ſir, he is a moſt
reſpect

reſpectful, rebellious lad. When the parents of my pupils come to the ſchool, I am deſirous of producing him, on account of his being a native of England, for it is fit they ſhould know how far my fame as a teacher extends; but no conſideration can prevail upon him to take off his hat, make his bow, and do the uſual obeiſance of a well-bred child; unleſs, ſays he, they do the ſame by him. Such rude behaviour brings diſcredit to a ſchool, you know."

DAUBIGNE. "But have you to complain of his behaviour to you?"

FERULE. "Oh yes, I have, ſir. Sometimes he dares to contend with me about the *ſciences* I have taught him: he now and then acts in contempt of my authority: and I begin to loſe my influence over his comrades:—but if he goes

on this rate, he ſhall not ſtay much long in my houſe, I aſſure you."

DAUBIGNE. "At leaſt, Mr. Feru you have no reaſon to complain of l want of improvement in learning."

FERULE. "Why, ſir, it is this a that: it is all fits and ſtarts. He does r go on in the regular way. He will lea the paſſive mood, before I am come the verb active; and when I am expla ing ſomething new to him, and expoundi thereon, he will have the impertinen to interrupt me in the middle of a diſcourſe, by ſaying that he underſtar me already."

DAUBIGNE. "But how does he ſta in the opinion of his comrades?"

FERULE. "Faith, ſir, I verily belie th

that they love him more than they fear me.—But I'll ſoon put a ſtop to all that: I'll certainly take him back to his father: I'll have the regularity and diſcipline of my ſchool no longer broken through by ſuch an innovating, troubleſome, little raſcal."

Daubigné requeſted to ſee the child. He was accordingly uſhered in.

"Maſter Barclay," cried the pedagogue, "here is a gentleman who has the goodneſs—ſirrah, why don't you bow to the gentleman? Hav'n't I bidden you fifty times to—"

"Oh, that I will," cried Edmund as ſoon as he recogniſed Daubigné, throwing himſelf into his arms, "and thank him alſo for his kindneſs of yeſterday."

"How! now! What miſchief have you again been upon? Hardly a day paſſes

without ſome complaint being brougl againſt you."

Edmund was ſilent.

"Speak, ſir. I inſiſt upon knowin what you did yeſterday."

"I won't tell it you."

"Fetch me a rod this inſtant."

Daubigné interfered.

"And now, pray, pretty maſter ſtubborn, what is the reaſon you will not tell it me?"

"Becauſe you would not be the better, and I ſhould certainly be the worſe, for your knowledge of it."

"Very well, ſir; very well, you ſaucy dog, I have done with you: I'll take you this

his bleſſed morning back to your father: I will not be troubled any more with ſo incorrigible a little raſcal."

"True," ſaid the poor boy, hanging down his head while tears gliſtened in his eye, "I ſhall be as cruelly treated at my father's as I am here."

Daubigné took his leave, fully determined to perſevere in his ſcheme.

In his way to the château, he collected all the arguments he could deviſe, to prevail upon the baronet to grant him the requeſt he had ſet his heart upon. Arrived at the gate, he enquired for Sir Thomas, and requeſted to ſpeak to him. Having delivered his name, he was deſired to wait. He did ſo a conſiderable time, before they introduced him into the preſence of the baronet.

Here follows the dialogue
the man of the cloſet and the ma
world.

Sir Thomas. (Lounging in a
a toothpicker in one hand, a whi
kerchief in the other; ſupercilio
veying the ſtranger from head t
"Well, Miſter—what is your
with me?"

Daubigne. (Drawing a c
none was offered to him, and ſeat
ſelf.) "Sir Thomas, I have a favo
of you."

Sir Thomas. (Colouring at
dom of Daubigné's behaviour.)
favour can you expect from me,

Daubigne. "As you valu
ſon's welfare, I truſt you will no
my requeſt."

SIR THOMAS. "Explain yourſelf, ſir."

DAUBIGNE. "Sir Thomas, I have taken a ſtrong liking to your ſon."

SIR THOMAS. "You do my ſon and myſelf infinite honour."

DAUBIGNE. "I think he is a moſt promiſing lad."

SIR THOMAS. "Sir, a partiality ſo flattering to my ſon and myſelf ought to make us both exceſſively proud."

DAUBIGNE. "He is very unkindly treated at the ſchool where he is. I am afraid he does not meet with thoſe attentions which are due to ſo intelligent, ſo well-diſpos'd a child, who, beſides, is a foreigner."

SIR THOMAS. "Well, how can I help that?"

DAUBIGNE.

DAUBIGNE. (Colouring in his turn at ſo unfeeling a queſtion.) "Why, ſir, if *you* cannot, I can."

SIR THOMAS. "As how, ſir?"

DAUBIGNE. "With your leave, I'll take him to my home; I'll treat him with kindneſs; I'll inſtruct him with patience: and, without preſumption, I am more able to perform this than his preſent maſter."

SIR THOMAS. "And what then will you make of him?"

DAUBIGNE. "Sir—I'll make a MAN of him."

SIR THOMAS. (Smiling.) "What! old boy? you are not going to leave him your caſh, are you?"

DAUBIGNE.

DAUBIGNE. " No, ſir, but I will do more."

SIR THOMAS. " How can that be?"

"I will," cried Daubigné with warmth, ull of his Emilius*—" I will bring him up s Nature intended. He ſhall poſſeſs all er bleſſings, freed from the ſhackles of pinion. He ſhall be healthy, ſtrong, and ive. The viciſſitudes of fortune and imate ſhall paſs unheeded by him. He all not only exiſt, he ſhall live. Inde- ndent of others, maſter of himſelf, he ll acknowledge no law, but that of ne- ſſity; no ſway, but that of reaſon. He ll be good from nature, and virtuous ough principle. His wealth ſhall be with- him, wherever he goes. Each moment it flies ſhall be his. Capable of love,

* The reader will now perceive, that Rouſſeau's tiſe on Education was the book Daubigné ſo at- ively peruſed in his garden.

capable

capable of friendſhip; happy in the re
lection of the paſt, happy in the en
ment of the preſent; he ſhall behol
the perſpective but ſcenes of happine

Sir Thomas. "Well, ſir, all th
very fine. But you doubtleſs expect
reward for your trouble. I muſt, how
give you to underſtand—"

Daubigne. "Sir Thomas, I req
no other gratification than that of ha
my requeſt granted. I ſhall be ſuffici
rewarded, if I find in your ſon a gra
heart."

Sir Thomas. "Well, ſir, all I
ſay is, that you certainly talk very fai

Daubigne. "Then, ſir, I hope
comply with my requeſt."

Sir Thomas. "Look you, ſi

ſhall ſend for my ſon this evening, if I find things ſuch as you repreſent them. And ſince you are ſo kind as to offer to take into your own hands the trouble of his education, my heavy avocations denying me the time neceſſary for that purpoſe, *I'll take another opportunity to talk to you further on that ſubject.*"

Daubigné now roſe to take his leave, clearly of opinion, that to gain his ſuit with ſuch a man, he muſt employ engines more powerful than thoſe of mere reaſon.

The baronet, who had not ſince waſted a thought upon the ſubject of the above dialogue, received ſome time after the following letter.

" SIR,

" SIR,

" THANKFUL for the favour you hav *almoſt* granted me, I am willing to mak the beſt return in my power. With grie I hear that pecuniary embarraſſments com pel you to poſtpone thoſe improvement your country-ſeat requires. If the loan c two hundred louis, bearing the uſual in tereſt, can in any way accommodate you they are very much at your ſervice; from

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

C. F. DAUBIGNE.

No ſooner had the baronet peruſed thi letter, than he prepared to ſet out imme diatel

diately for Mr. Ferule's ſchool, when he met in the paſſage the pedagogue himſelf, who, as he held the reluctant boy, came full of wrath to complain of him to his father, becauſe, in undergoing too ſevere a puniſhment for a ſlight offence, the child had lifted up his ſacrilegious hand againſt his maſter, and actually returned blow for blow.

But now the tables were entirely turned in favour of Edmund: ſo that Mr. Ferule, who at former times would have been authoriſed to reiterate the caſtigation, was turned out of doors with every mark of ignominy.

Immediately after, Sir Thomas attended by his ſon repaired to Daubigné's cottage, where the exchange was made in due form to the ſatisfaction of all parties.

I here inform the reader, that in the future

future courſe of this performance I
introduce this unnatural, unfeeling fa
as ſeldom as I can. I diſlike to deſc
little mean characters, almoſt as muc
I diſlike to deal with them; and I
didly avow, that I prefer a Catiline, i
the horrors of his crimes, to a Sir Thc
Barclay, with all the turpitude of
meanneſs.

CHAPTER VII.

No ſooner was the orthodox Dr. Staunch appriſed of the tranſfer of Edmund Barclay, from the pedagogue's ſchool to the dwelling of the infidel Daubigné, than he haſtened to the baronet to remonſtrate againſt ſo prepoſterous a meaſure; but his zeal for the ſpiritual intereſts of the child not carrying him ſo far as to induce him to outbid Daubigné in price, he was heard with perfect apathy. Left to his former method of loudly lamenting the Frenchman's lack of religion, and of glancing at him in the pulpit, he now tried by every underhand practice to renew the ſcandalous ſcene that ſome years ago had diſgraced the paſtor and inhabitants

tants of *Motiers Travers* *; but in the laſt reſource of zealots, he like failed. Daubigné, who had too perf contempt for the man to feel uneal any thing he did or ſaid, continued unabated ardour to make, as he had miſed the baronet, a man of his chil

The means of obtaining this deſir end the reader will be acquainted v and at the ſame time perfectly convi of their efficacy, by peruſing Rouſſe admirable treatiſe on education. For

* The citizen of Geneva, flying from the pe tions the publiſhing of his *Emile* drew upon him the French government, returned to Switzerlan native country, and took refuge in that pariſh; was ſoon driven from thence by the intollerant ſpi its paſtor, M. Monmollin, who ſo ſucceſsfully w ed upon the minds of the fanatic inhabitants, whenever the illuſtrious fugitive went abroad, he abuſed by the tongues that begged *his alms*, and ſt by the hands that received them.

part, I am clearly of opinion that a child of moderate capacity, educated from its birth by an intelligent, enlightened, and ſedulous inſtructor, according to the ſyſtem recommended in that treatiſe, at years of manhood would be alone truly great among his degenerate contemporaries, and could become their maſter with leſs trouble than it coſts him to remain his own *.

Peruſe the lives of the greateſt heroes hiſtory records. Is there one whom, in true heroiſm, Emilius does not ſurpaſs? Who that has taſted of felicity, ever enjoyed ſo pure and ſo laſting as Emilius?—Which, among the numerous portraitures of faultleſs characters the prolific fancy of noveliſts has drawn, can be compared to Emilius?—Who would not rather be

* Il deviendroit leur maître avec moins de peine qu'il n'en eût à reſter le ſien.—EMILE.

Emilius

Emilius than even Sir *Charles Gr*
ſon?

The reader, however, will not fi
Edmund that perfection of nature Er
attained. Whatever zeal and t
Daubigné diſplayed, completely to
ceed in a ſyſtem of education, or, in
words, to make the moſt of every gift
receives from his Maker, the pupil,
his cradle to years of manhood, mu
ceaſe to be under the eye and directi
his governor. But Edmund, who a
period was nearly twelve years old,
who, like other children of his age,
already imbibed, and in ſome me
partaken of the vices of the world,
notwithſtanding his excellent diſpo
remain far inferior to the pupil of I
ſeau.

CHAPTER VIII.

An early, but a ſlight Acquaintance.

PREVIOUS to Edmund being an inmate of the cottage, the only perſons Daubigné was always glad to ſee, and whoſe viſits he ever returned with pleaſure, were Mrs. Volſey and her niece ADELAIDE. Mrs. Volſey was a good, inoffenſive woman: ſhe had a hand for charity and a heart for friendſhip: ſhe heard the tongue of the ſlanderer with that reluctance ſhe would have witneſſed the killing of a chicken: but her indulgent, yielding temper, undignified by a firm, ſteady mind, made her more beloved than reſpected.

Her neice, as ſhe grew up, diſpl
fine a figure, a countenance ſo ex
of ſenſibility and intelligence—her
ſhape became ſo elegantly propor
that, even at an early age, ſhe ba
to become that excellent, beautifi
man, ſhe ſince realiſed both in
and mind. Bereft of parents and
tune, ſhe dwelt in a Gothic manſi
family-ſeat of her anceſtors, under t
tection of her aunt, who doated o
but at whoſe diſeaſe the eſtate de
to another branch of the family.

As ſhe grew up in beauty and
tue, Daubigné beheld in her the
of his *Emile*. With ſatisfaction h
ſidered that her fortune could
bar to the connection. When he
did not require her preſence, atten
Baptiſt Loiſeau, the foſter broth
ſeldom failed to repair to the cotta
there enjoyed thoſe hours of

which wiſdom, tempered by goodneſs, can convey to the heart of innocence.

It was ſurely affecting to behold, in a fine ſummer evening, the good old man, attended by both his pupils, pointing out to them the beauties of nature. Often in winter, ſeated in his arm-chair, holding Adelaide on his knee, while Edmund attentive leaned upon the back of his ſeat, Dubigné enumerated with rapture the many bleſſings within our reach.

"O my children!" would he exclaim, "what thanks do we owe to that almighty Being, who, among his numerous creatures, has placed man in the firſt rank? If we had to chooſe our ſtation in the order of beings, what choice could we make preferable to the rank in which we now ſtand? Of what exceſs of folly, of what ingratitude are we then guilty, when, by a miſuſe of the faculties given

to promote our well-being, we empl
them to our ruin?—O my children! I
lieve in the experience of a man w
during the ſpace of forty years has oft
felt at the ſame time the frowns of t
world and the applauſe of his conſcien
Believe me, a life well ſpent ever finds
own reward. Edmund, be thou the frien
the protector of Adelaide. Adelaide,
thou findeſt in Edmund thoſe virtues t
heart poſſeſſes, give him the beſt reco
pence an honeſt man can obtain on t
earth.—Your love, founded on mutu
eſteem, will be the ſource of your joy
and the ſolace in all your ſorrows."

Were the heart of my reader pu
enough, with what delight could I dw
upon thoſe ſcenes of innocence and ha
pineſs which now ſurround the you
couple, who growing more lovely as th
grow in years, are the more endeared
each other. But I know the taſte of n

conten

contemporaries. In this age of refinement and egotiſm, *ſenſibility* is in the mouth of every one, and ſcarcely in the heart of any. Rapid ſucceſſion of events muſt be introduced to keep awake the languid mind. The moſt terrific ſcenes muſt be invented to kindle the leaſt ſpark of feeling; and the epithet of *intolerable ſtuff* is attached to the ſimple tale, that in former times would have drawn tears of ſympathy from the eyes of the unlettered reader.

I will therefore haſten to the eventful parts of this hiſtory, after I have related one more youthful feat, that tends to exhibit my hero's *fortitude*;—the virtue which in the courſe of the performance he will have moſt occaſion to call forth.

CHAPTER IX.

" Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes whi
doſt glare with." SHAK

AT the cloſe of a diſmal winter
ing, Edmund, having ſpent the
the caſtle, had taken his leave; L
with a lanthorn was to attend him
cottage. But the ſnow fell in ſuch
flakes, driven with rapidity by th
lence of the wind, that Baptiſt req
and Mrs. Volſey inſiſted, that he
paſs the night at the château wi
other children, who were likewi
tained by the inclemency of the we
Soon after the old lady retired to re
the youthful gueſts, in the compa
Loiſeau and the houſekeeper, ſeated

ſelves round the old-faſhioned chimney, in which blazed a good ſparkling wood fire. The uſual converſation of a Chriſtmas-eve now began; and numerous ſtories of ghoſts and goblins were related; to the increaſing terror of the other children, but to the utter diſbelief of Edmund, who, true to the maxims of his preceptor, ſhewed no ſigns of fear. He very naturally and ingeniouſly accounted for ſome of the ſtories, and aſcribed the remainder to the effects of a weak and credulous imagination. Loiſeau liſtened to him, but ſaid nothing.

When the children had retired to their apartments, Edmund, who, according to the happy diſpoſition of his age, had ſoon fallen into a profound ſleep, was abruptly awakened by a violent ſhaking, and by a deep continued groan. Aſtoniſhed, he ſat up in his bed, and beheld with amazement the terrific head of a ſpectre. Invi-

ſible were his remaining parts; but b
of fire glared through its ſockets, and
large diſtended mouth vomited flam
After a moment's conſideration, our h
ſeizing his chamber utenſil, contents a
all he flung at the goblin. Down w
horrid claſh ſunk the phantom by the we
aimed blow, and the blaze of its ey
and mouth was extinguiſhed for ever.

E'en thus by David's ſling Goliah fell.

Edmund now heard the ſound of ſte
hurrying out of the room, as if this v
liant feat had put a legion of devils
flight. For ſome time he remained
the ſame poſition liſtening; but findi
all was again quiet, he turned hi
ſelf on the other ſide, and renewed l
ſleep.

The morning ſun witneſſed the hav
he had made.—The pot in fragments w
ſcattered about the room; its conten
bath

bathed the fractured ſkull of a—*Pumkin.* Some of the candle-ends ſtill adhered to the holes made in the ſaid pumkin through which they had blazed, and the lofty periwig-ſtand that had ſupported the phantom's head was now inglorioufly meaſuring the ground.

Loiſeau, who from his firſt knowledge of our hero had felt great partiality for him, was glad he thus came off victorious from the terrific trial: his attachment to Edmund increaſed, to which a better and further acquaintance only added ſtrength. Familiarity breeds contempt, ſays the proverb. I know not a more bitter ſatire on man than the truth of that obſervation: for to a virtuous mind familiarity only breeds eſteem.—I now reſume my narrative.

CHAPTER X.

Edmund's firſt Miſfortune.

EDMUND BARCLAY wanted but a few months to complete his twentieth year the age fixed upon by Daubigné when with the conſent of Mrs. Volſey, and the tacit, but more expreſſive one of the bluſhing maid, he was to receive the hand of his Adelaide.

One day, in Mrs. Volſey's apartment the hours glided away unperceived by the lovely pair, for love was their theme when their golden dream was diſſolved by the arrival of Daubigné's gouvernante —ſhe entered in great hurry and conſter-

nation

nation, attended by a labouring man, and followed by Loiſeau.

"Oh, ſir," cried the woman as ſhe beheld Edmund, "for God's ſake, help! ſave my poor maſter. They have taken him away."

"What," cried Edmund, leaping from his ſeat, "what do you mean?"

"They have torn him from me! they have forced him from his houſe! —oh the villains have broken my heart!"

Here her ſobs and tears interrupted her narrative. It was with difficulty that young Barclay could at length gather the following particulars.

As the gouvernante was ſpinning in the kitchen, four men, alighting from their

horſes, opened the garden gate, and
out ceremony were making to the h
She roſe to enquire about their er
but had ſcarcely opened the door,
ſhe was ſeized by theſe men, who h
gagged her mouth, confined her wit
hands bound in an adjoining cloſet.
then proceeded to Daubigné's
whence, in ſpite of his remonſtr
they forced him through the garde
poſt-chaiſe then came up, in whic
was ſecured, and immediately after
they drove off with great ſpeed.

The perplexity and agitation o
mund were extreme.

" Don't you know," enquire
checking himſelf, " whither they
to take him ?"

" Oh, yes, ſir, Though they g
my mouth, they did not ſtop my e

heard they were to carry him again to that horrid *Château de Vincennes.*"

"Impoſſible!" cried Edmund, haſtily pacing the room. "They will not, they cannot take him to Vincennes. French juriſdiction ſurely does not extend to Switzerland."

"Yes, they will. My poor maſter will end his days in a miſerable dungeon. Oh the villains! It was ſurely not to confine good, harmleſs people that priſons were built.—Well, ſince he is gone, I don't care what becomes of me, nor how ſoon I die."

"But, when did this happen?"

"More than four hours ſince, ſir, I ſhould be ſtill locked in the cloſet, if this good man, who accidentally call'd at the houſe, had not releaſed me."

Now

Now Loiſeau, whom Edmund at the firſt melancholy tidings had diſpatched to the cottage, entered the room breathleſs. He confirmed the ſad news: he added, that a crowd had gathered round the houſe, and that ſeveral men affirmed, that they had ſeen the travellers turn into the high road that leads to *Franche Comté*.

Here a painful ſilence for ſome moments enſued.—Edmund, thoughtful and agitated, was haſtily pacing the room: Mrs. Volſey more than once had occaſion to hold her handkerchief to her eye. Adelaide, who ſtood beſide her, longed to fall on her boſom, and to burſt in tears; yet, for fear of increaſing her lover's agitation, ſhe ſtifled every outward emotion. Loiſeau kept his eye upon Edmund, expecting, and wiſhing to receive an order to haſten to Daubigné's aſſiſtance. And the attendants, by their ſympathiſing countenances,

countenances, ſhowed how much the old man had gained upon their love.

At length Edmund approaches Adelaide—he takes her hand, wiſtfully looking in her face—

"Adelaide," ſays he, in a tender, yet firm voice, "forgive me—but my duty to my friend, my benefactor, requires——"

"Go," interrupted the exalted woman, whoſe heart beat in uniſon with his—"Go, Edmund, diſcharge the debt of friendſhip.—Let our mutual love pay that tribute to gratitude."

Edmund, enraptured to find in his lovely bride ſo congenial a ſoul, caught her in his arms as ſhe was ſinking on her aunt's boſom.—The kiſs he then took from

from her lips almoſt repaid him for th pang of ſeparation.

After taking an affectionate leave o Mrs. Volſey, notwithſtanding the dark neſs of the night, attended by Loiſeau he haſtened in purſuit of the villains.

Edmund made no doubt that, if h had the good fortune to overtake them before they left the Swiſs territory, by raiſing the hue and cry, he might ea ſily effect the reſcue of his friend; bu the men, to elude the purſuit they ex pected, had ſtruck out of the highwa that leads to Beſançon, and by followin a bye-road, arrived at Arbois ſafe wit their priſoner.

Edmund on reaching the borders o France diſmounted, grief and diſappoint ment in his heart. Loiſeau, who ob

ſerve

rved him, was preparing to follow his xample.

" Don't alight, Baptiſt: return with the horſes to the caſtle—tell Adelaide" —here he was for a moment unable to continue—" tell her that I ſhould abhor myſelf, were I to enjoy her love, whilſt my poor old friend mourns in a dungeon."

Loiſeau remonſtrated.

" Believe, my friend, this reſolution coſts me many a pang; but more I ſhould certainly feel, were I to ſwerve from my duty."

" At leaſt, ſir, allow me to attend you."

" Baptiſt, I ſhould be glad of your company; but your preſence is indiſpenſable

ſable at the caſtle. The ladies ſtand in need of a friend and protector: they will find both in your courage and fidelity.—So give me your hand, and receive my farewel till better times."

"But, ſir, you ſurely do not intend to walk to Paris? Why not take one of theſe horſes?"

"Baptiſt," replied he with a ſmile that poorly concealed his emotion, "I think I can beat a horſe in the long run. And now, my good friend, once for all, adieu! adieu!"

So ſaying, he turned haſtily round to conceal the ſtarting tear, and walked away in his quickeſt pace.

Loiſeau, equally affected, remained on the ſpot, his eye fixed on Edmund till a turn in the road concealed him from his ſight.

ight. He then with a heavy heart returned to the caſtle.

Edmund proceeded till he had reached the higheſt ſpot of an aſcent; he then turned round—gave a laſt look to happy Switzerland—heaved a ſigh—ſhed a tear—and purſued his journey.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

:rpetrate an act more black, more horrid,
ı e'er the Sun caſt eye on, than e'er tears
cleanſe from its foul ſtain, than e'er ſweet Mercy
intercede for, or than Hell can puniſh.

MILLER.

OULD this performance fall into hands of ſome of our faſhionables, e greateſt exertions during the live- day can ſcarcely prevent their lan- : from ſinking into total inaction, ı what an air of contempt would they t my Edmund! They might convey their

their cenſure in ſuch terms as theſe: mere vulgar, pedeſtrian hero! intole ſtuff! away with ſuch traſh. Giv thoſe delightful novels where Lor ſteps into Lady B's chariot, where intrigue commences in Hyde-park, is ried on at the opera, and concludes maſquerade. Faſhionable people ſh only read what is faſhionably penned,

To all this I can only reply, th vulgarly think that a pedeſtrian has n greater reaſon to exult in the vigor c natural vehicles, than a duke to p himſelf upon the cattle that draw pent-up box, and the gold-laced me which attend it. Impreſſed with idea *, and unmoved by the fear of qualms the beforementioned delicate

* See in the fifth book of Emile the charmi negyric Rouſſeau makes on travelling on foot.

may be ſubject to, I hereby proceed
y narrative.

few years before that period of our
ry to which we are arrived, a man
very ſingular caſt appeared in the
hbourhood of Daubigné's cottage.
ſuppoſed natural offspring of a prieſt
one of his fair penitents, he was
n the foundling-hoſpital transferred to
harity-ſchool under the name of Al-
ert. Arrived at years of diſcretion, he
ertook to deal out to others that in-
ction he had received; but his gloomy,
re temper ſo much diſpleaſed the
ents of his pupils, that his ſchool
n exhibited "a beggarly ſhow of
pty benches."

An out-caſt of ſociety, Albert thought
was juſtified by ſelf-defence to infringe
ir laws, which, by illegitimating his
th, had deprived him of the right of
ſucceſſion.

ſucceſſion. To ſecure himſelf in the enjoyment of a theft to a conſiderable amount, he took refuge in Switzerland and aſſumed the name of SHROUDER.

The peculiar characteriſtics of his perſon and the ſingularity of his behaviour attracted general notice.—His ſtature was tall and not ill proportioned; his ſinewy raw-boned limbs denoted ſtrength; his thick eye-brows ſhaded a ferocious, deeply furrowed countenance, and gave irreſiſtible horror to his frowns; his black curly hair played wildly about his head; his gait, either uncommonly ſlow or exceſſively quick, betrayed the perturbated ſtate of his mind. He delighted to penetrate the darkeſt receſs of a foreſt, to plunge into the deepeſt glen, or to ſtand muſing upon the almoſt inacceſſible brow of a peak.—In dark tempeſtuous nights, from which the reſt of mortals were glad to ſhelter under the hoſpitable roof, he would

uld ſtalk forth from his haunt, ſullen
l ſad, mingling his glooms with the
rors of a ſcowling ſky: as he emerged
m the foreſt or ſunk in the vale, his
m was ſuch as imagination embodies
of phantoms whoſe approach the wind,
deep, ſullen notes, howls forth to the
ening ear. The traveller ſhrunk aghaſt
he caught his dark ferocious aſpect.
is penſive mood, taciturn and unſocial
bit, made him paſs in the minds of the
nple inhabitants for a *wiſe* and *learned*
an. His ſtock of learning, ſuch as he
d derived from the ſeminary where he
d been educated, could be but ſlender.
s for *his* wiſdom, if wiſdom be the art
acquiring happineſs, it was ſtill more
fective; but this man certainly poſſeſſed
undaunted courage, a boldneſs of con-
ption, an energy of mind, a tranſcen-
ncy of genius, which, had they been
rected to virtuous purpoſes, would have
tained from mankind the homage paid

to the ſublimeſt heroiſm. But the fa
Shrouder was devoured with ambi
born in the loweſt rank of ſociety,
ſight of wealth, excellence, or happi
diſtilled every day freſh drops of ga
his envious heart: all his thoughts
bent with unwearied perſeverance o
viſing means of attaining to granc
his gloomy imagination ſuggeſted to
no other luxury, than the pleaſu
commanding and tyranniſing over o

Finding that Switzerland was nc
beſt theatre to promote his ſcheme
quitted that country and repaired to
But in that pleaſurable, intriguing
his unſocial diſpoſition rendered him
to ſucceed. The ſight of the fair
not ſmooth his brow; his neck di
bend at the appearance of a great
ſonage; his ſoul, capable of pla
and executing the moſt daring c
deſpiſed his fellow men for the litt

their vices. Had he been placed at e helm of government, he would have ven a new face to the ſtate, and perhaps Eürope: ſituated as he was, he could ot obtain, with all his talents and perſe-rance, the mere ſituation of a clerk in me paltry office.—He was on the point f leaving the capital, when a circumſtance pened to him a field for action.

An unprincipled writer had publiſhed performance replete with obſcenity, apiety, and abuſe of the adminiſtration; otwithſtanding theſe recommendations o public notice, in order to give it ſtill a uicker ſale, and at the ſame time to creen himſelf from detection, he impu-ently affixed to the title page the name f Daubigné. This ſcandalous perform-nce made too great a ſenſation to eſcape he notice of government. A reward of wenty thouſand livres was offered for ap-rehending the ſuppoſed author. This ſum

was too tempting to be withſtood
perſon in Albert's diſtreſſed circumſt
Spurred by penury, and in ſome m
influenced by the averſion he bo
Daubigné, whoſe penetrating ey
ſeen through him, he reſolved to ea
reward, notwithſtanding the dang
muſt incur in violating the rights
independent country to come at hi
tim. He communicated his plan t
deſperadoes, who agreed to accon
him; and in the courſe of this expe
having diſplayed a courage, ſkill, an
ſeverance, that would have done cr
a better cauſe, he ſaw his priſoner
lodged in the *Château de Vincenne*
former habitation.

Albert, of whom ambition, not av
was the idol, wiſhing beſides to com
at any future period the ſervices
confederates, generouſly rewarded
with one thouſand livres each, five

d more than the ſtipulated ſum. Yet: ɔ of theſe men was not ſatisfied: he iſted, that having ſhared the dånger the expedition, he ought likewiſe to ırtake equally of the reward. High ords enſued. Shrouder, whoſe paſſions, hen rouſed, were, to uſe a forcible epi- het of modern France, truly *volcanic*, hew a dagger, and ſlew his opponent. The police took cognizance of the crime; he was therefore under the neceſſity of ſe- creting himſelf, bearing in his boſom that worm which, after the firſt murder, never fails to feed on the heart, even of the moſt atrocious aſſaſſin.

Having made the reader thus far ac- quainted with Shrouder, we ſhall for the preſent diſmiſs him, and attend our hero in his journey to Paris.

CHAPTER II.

Du ſang, bête feroce! Qu'en veux-tu faire? L
tu boire? Rous

PAINFUL were the ſenſations of
mund as he journeyed to Beſançon. Fo
firſt time in his life he found himſe
an unknown country, unattended.
open, generous diſpoſition, accuſtome
welcome with a ſmile his friends and
quaintances, now beheld only thoſe
pulſive countenances which, as they p
him, ſeemed to ſay—" I know you
you are nothing to me."

With that kind of heavineſs and
preſſion of heart, he reached the ca
of *Franche-comté*. In that city his nu

rous enquiries after his loſt friend were attended with no ſucceſs. Early the next morning he purſued his journey. He had already paced ſeveral miles loſt in reflection, when on lifting up his eyes he beheld that ſublime ſpectacle which Nature exhibits daily to our terreſtrial globe, but which unthankful man heeds not.—The fiery and purple clouds that inflamed the eaſt had diſappeared; now the ſun, in unclouded majeſty, began his glorious aſcent to gild one of thoſe beautiful days which in the month of May he ſo often diſpenſes to the happy climate of France.

The better to enjoy a ſight at once ſo grand and ſo affecting, Edmund quitted the dreary track of the high road, and repaired to a grove he ſpied at ſome diſtance, whoſe moſſy turf by a gentle ſlope reached the rapid ſtream of the winding *Doubs*.

In that charming ſpot, while the
above chanted their morning conce
in the ecſtaſy of gratitude, his eyes b
ed with tears of tenderneſs, breathed
his thanks to the almighty Beſtow
life. Every barſher thought yield
reflections placid and mild as the
morning: his roving fancy, aſce
from pleaſure to delight, had plac
lovely Adelaide by his ſide to enjoy
him and to heighten the beauty
ſcene.—Ye ſelf-tormenting wretche
are ſtill at this hour ſacrificing fortu
principles * at the gaming table; w
whether winner or loſer, the demon
vetouſneſs alike torments:—ye impr
and already emaciated youths, who
arms of proſtitutes are now bartering
health for the pleaſure of a moment

* On commence par être dupe;
On finit par être fripon.

MADAME DESHOULI

enti

entailing upon yourſelves thoſe tortures that never fail to excruciate both the body and mind of a worn-out debauchee: —ſay, if in the moſt favourable of fortune's deceitful moments, during the quickeſt ſting of voluptuous pleaſure, the ſenſations ye then felt can be compared to the delight in which Edmund is now loſt?

But ſoon, alas! this delight was to vaniſh.—Let the face of nature be ever ſo beautiful, the villany of man diſtorts and blackens every object.

Edmund was awaken from his reverie by voices from an adjoining dingle. He liſtened.—The claſhing of ſwords ſoon convinced him, that if, like him, they had out-riſen the ſun, their motive was murder. He fled to prevent the perpetration of a crime; but had ſcarcely reached the

ſpot, when one of the dueliſts, by a ſ
ſperate plunge, lodged his ſword in
body of his antagoniſt; then withdraw
the reeking blade, he approached
corpſe, applied his handkerchief to
bleeding wound, and rubbing with it c
ſide of his face, he preſented to the ſp
tators his bloody cheek, exclaiming wi
infernal exultation:

"Gentlemen!—thus does the m
of *honour* waſh away the ſtain of
blow."

The ſeconds themſelves were ſhock
at ſo brutal an act.

But Edmund!—the young, the bra
the generous Edmund—could not repr
his indignant feelings.

"Infamous miſcreant! never did

n

moſt ferocious aſſaſſin commit ſo barbarous, ſo deteſtable a deed."

"Sir," ſaid the duelling hero, "I inſiſt upon inſtant ſatisfaction for ſo unprovoked an outrage."

Saying this, he pointed his ſword at the young man's breaſt.

"Satisfaction!" cried Edmund, ſuddenly graſping the blade in the middle, and cloſing upon his adverſary—"Satisfaction! The only ſatisfaction thou ſhouldeſt receive from me, would be to be trampled upon as the vileſt reptile."

As he ſpoke, he daſhed him on the ground, wreſted the ſword from his graſp, placed it under his foot, ſnapped it in two, flung away the pieces, and quietly walked off.

Scarcely, however, had he reached the high road, when he was hailed by a perſon on horſeback.

"Sir," ſaid the ſtranger, "I come in the name of my friend, whom you have inſulted in ſo unwarrantable a manner, to demand the ſatisfaction due from one *gentleman* to another."

"How, ſir! That ſcoundrel your friend! and do you, notwithſtanding the traits of ferocity he has exhibited, continue to avow him as ſuch?"

"Sir, I am a man of honour."

"A man of honour ſcorns to countenance a vile or mean act; ſo, ſir, I have nothing further to ſay to you."

He was then turning round to purſue his journey.

"But

"But I have," ſaid the man riding up to him. "My friend cannot, ought not, to put up with ſo groſs an inſult."

"Pray, ſir, what were *your* feelings when this friend of yours preſented to us his blood-ſtained cheek?"

"Sir, my feelings are totally out of the queſtion."

"True, ſir. And as a ſecond, under whoſe auſpices duels are fought, I ought to aſk your pardon for ſuppoſing you capable of *human* feelings."

"Sir, I told you before I am a man of honour."

"The ſelf-aſſertion of a perſon who, having witneſſed ſuch a ſcene, undertakes

ſuch

such an errand, is the worst testimony th
can be given."

"Very well, sir; I understand yo
—Though my errand does not suffer n
to act as a principal, this I inform yo
if you refuse to give my friend the sati
faction he requires, you shall fight me, b
G—!"

"I *shall* fight you! who or what sh
compel me?"

"The laws of honour, sir."

"The laws of murderers, you mean."

"As a gentleman, sir."

"I am no gentleman."

"You are no gentleman!—You are n
gentleman! what are you then?"

"I en

"I endeavour to be a MAN. But he wretch who abides by your laws, or is guided by your opinions, muſt previouſly forfeit all pretenſions to manhood."

So ſaying, our hero indignantly turned from him and purſued his journey.

The man of honour tarried ſome time, conſidering what line of conduct he ſhould purſue with ſo ſtubborn a character. Anger ſuggeſted the manual chaſtiſement of a caning or horſe-whipping; but Prudence, not to call it Fear, whiſpered that ſome danger might follow the attempt: from this dilemma he was delivered by Honour, who gave it as his opinion, that it was beneath him, as a *gentleman*, to come in contact with a fellow who ſtood ſelf-confeſſed a plebeian. This argument

was

was concluſive: the man of honour turned in conſequence to his honoural friend, and acquainted him with the ſult of his embaſſy.

CHAPTER III.

——— To his own breaſt,
Thus conſcience turns th' aſſaſſin's knife;
And makes him deeply feel the ſtab he gave.

ANON.

ARRIVED within a day's march of his journey's end, Edmund put up for the night at a village inn, and made one of thoſe hearty meals on coarſe fare, which none but pedeſtrians can well reliſh.

Tempted by the ſerene beauty of the evening, he afterwards ſauntered about the neighbouring grounds. A large pile of building chiefly attracted his notice; thither he repaired. Although the night

was

was faſt cloſing, he could eaſily jud by its ruinous ſtate that it was uninhab ed. The roofs had almoſt every-whe fallen in: what with the ravages of tir and the depredations of the neighbouri peaſantry, the walls were ſo decayed a ſo damaged, that they could ſcarcely pr tect a ſhelter-ſeeking traveller from t pelting of the ſtorm. Yet a part of o of the wings of this ſpacious building h better withſtood the ſap of time. A na row ſtone ſtaircaſe wound up to th chambers above.

Edmund, having indulged himſelf i that pleaſing, melancholic contemplatic which the ſight of fallen grandeur, re dered venerable by the mould of ages, i ſpires, was prompted by curioſity to e plore thoſe rooms.

He aſcended the ſtairs, and entered th firſt apartment without obſtruction, i

do

door having been carried away: he thence proceeded to the next with as little difficulty. But, as this latter room received its light from the windows of the former, and as the ſun had already ſet, it was impoſſible for our adventurer to diſtinguiſh objects. He was therefore preparing to depart, when he fancied he heard a man breathe.—He ſtood ſtill in a liſtening attitude; and was ſoon convinced that a perſon was ſleeping not far from him. His reſpiration was one while heavy, painful, and deeply fetched; then ſuddenly became panting, hurried, and broken. He ſeemed under the agitation of ſome oppreſſive dream. In a ſhort time Edmund's ear was ſtruck with theſe words, ſtrongly aſpirated, though diſjointed;

"LOOK!—LOOK—HOW HE BLEEDS!—WHY DID I STAB HIM?—OH!—"

Theſe

Theſe ſounds, ſo dreadfully accen
agitated Edmund's heart with horror.

" Who is there ?" cried he.

The man ſtartled from his ſleep, and
claimed—" Ah, I am betrayed !"

" Who is there ?" repeated Edmu
after a ſhort pauſe.

No anſwer was made; but, as he ſt
liſtening, he thought the perſon wa
ther making towards him, or ſoftly eſ
ing his eſcape.

" Whoever you are," cried yo
Barclay, " for your own ſake, keep
diſtance."

But all again was quiet.

Edmund remained ſome time on

ſpot, uncertain whether to proceed or withdraw; but conſidering it would be highly imprudent to attempt at ſo dangerous a time, and in a ſtrange country, the developement of a myſtery in which, to all likelihood, he was in no ways concerned, he began cautiouſly to retreat.

When he had reached the landing-place, unconſcious that it was connected with two flights of ſtairs, he went down the one oppoſite to that he had aſcended. To his great ſurpriſe, he found himſelf in conſequence excluded from the open air, and quite in the dark. After ſeveral fruitleſs attempts to reconnoitre the ſpot, he was going to retrace his ſteps, when the twinkling of a light flaſhed through the obſcurity. Again it ſhot—again it vaniſhed—and appeared again.

Edmund, in watching the light, perceived

ceived it move round him. A harſh noiſ againſt the wall was then heard, as ſome of its ſtones were removing. A ſlid ing door in the wainſcot was afterward drawn; and through the aperture on hero beheld a hand holding a lanthorn The head of the perſon carefully muffle up then appeared.—After ſurveying th ſpot in fearful anxiety, he cautiouſly bega to make his way through the ſliding door.

Edmund, placed behind a heap of ſtones had luckily eſcaped his prying regards By the light the lanthorn afforded, h could diſcern that he was in a ſpacious hall, the floor of which was encumbered by numerous fragments from the decayed walls: ſome of theſe fragments had been piled up here and there in heaps of un equal ſize.

nan, having effected his paſſage,
explore every part of the apart-
olding a lanthorn in one hand,
dagger in the other. Now and
ſtartled and looked aghaſt in
affright, as he fancied he heard
s or ſaw the form of ſome terrific

ero, who obſerved all his motions,
that he muſt be unavoidably ſoon
red; he therefore reſolved to take
ge of the ſurprife his ſudden ap-
e muſt create, to overpower this
vhom by the words he uttered in
mber above, by his garb, and the
n he held, he could conſider but in
ht of an aſſaſſin.

nund now viewed him making di-
though ſlowly, to the ſpot where he
oncealed. To entice his neareſt

ap-

approach, he nooked himself as closely as he could in a corner the heap of stones afforded. By the increase of the light, then judging the favourable moment, he sprung upon the stranger, strongly grasped the hand that held the dagger, and wrenched it from its hold.—He had picked up the lanthorn, and applied it to the face of the man, before the latter had recovered from his surprise and terror.

"Who are you?" said Edmund sternly.

Although no reply was made, he had no need to repeat the question; for, as the rays of the lanthorn darted full on the dark features of the man, Edmund with astonishment recognised SHROUDER.

"Shrouder! is it you?—How came you here?"

"I might

"I might as well aſk how *you* came here," was the ſullen reply.

"As *my* conſcience is free from guilt, I will inform you. This evening I reached *Nurnare* in my way to Paris. Rambling the environs, this mouldering caſtle attracted my notice. I aſcended to the rooms above. There I heard ſuch words eſcape the lips of a man in his ſleep—Ah, Shrouder!—The meeting of you ſo ſoon after in this ſame forlorn building, at ſuch a time, in ſuch a garb, with ſuch a weapon, makes me but too certain that you were the man who uttered the dreadful ſounds."

"What then did I ſay?"

"Shall I repeat the words?"

"You might as well: I ſhall be then as knowing as yourſelf."

" *Look!—Look—how he bleeds!- Why did I ſtab him?—Oh!*—Wherefo doſt thou ſhrink and ſtand aghaſt?—A that appalled countenance, that addition horror with which it is overſpread, plain mark thee guilty."

Albert had in reality retreated ſom paces in diſmay; but another motive i creaſed the blaze of his fiery eyes, an more than darkened his countenance. H was haſtily rummaging his boſom, in ſearc of ſome weapon that might rid him of perſon who could deliver him to th arm of juſtice. Edmund, who kept hi eye ſteadily upon him, comprehended hi deſign.

" Hark ye, Shrouder," ſaid he, liftin up the poignard he had wrenched fro him, " if you attempt to remove you hand from your boſom, you are a dea man. I ſee you are full ripe to wal

awa

way one murder with the blood of another *."

Shrouder frowned, but complied.

" What motive brings you to Paris?" ſullenly enquired he after a ſhort ſilence.

" My friend and benefactor, François Daubigné has been torn from his dwelling, and forcibly carried to that city by the villany of ſome ruffians."

Here the features of Albert, like the flaſh of lightning that ſhoots through the gloom, wore the ghaſtly ſmile of infernal exultation.

" Surely you did not leave your ſweet-

* Il lave dans le ſang ſes bras enſanglantés.
RACINE.

heart Adelaide, to run to the reſcu
old muſty fellow, who has alrea
foot in the grave."

"I do but my duty."

"Moſt heroically ſaid.—But c
know whither they took him?" en
he with the complaiſance ariſing fr
ward ſatisfaction.

"I underſtand that he has been
mitted to the *Château de Vincenne*
what alleged offence I am utte
norant; but perhaps you can
me."

Albert was ſilent.

"If you know any particulars co
ing Daubigné, I would be thankful
diſcloſure."

Albert was ſtill ſilent; yet the exulting ile of a fiend ſtill dwelt on his fea-es.

" Speak.—Are you acquainted with e cauſe of his arreſt?—Why will you t anſwer?"

At that inſtant, their ears were aſſailed ith the noiſe of approaching ſteps with-t. As they liſtened, Shrouder's counte-nce became gradually more ferocious: ery muſcle was worked up by terror, eſperation, and revenge.

" Ah, villain! thou betrayeſt me," e ſuddenly exclaimed, aiming at the oung man a blow with the dagger he ad in his boſom; then flung himſelf hrough the ſliding door. Our hero, ſa-isfied with warding off the blow, did ot think it prudent to purſue this ruffian.

The men without now began to b
open the maſſy door that had been ba
for ages. As ſoon as it fell, the
ruſhed in, calling upon Edmund, DE
LE ROI, to ſurrender himſelf.

Our hero, who had calmly waited
appearance, ſaid ſmiling:

"My good friends, you miſtake
man."

"We will not take your word
that," ſaid the officer. "At all ev
you muſt do us the honour of acc
panying us to the inn, and to-mr
our miſtake will end, I am afraid,
having you committed to the *Conc
gerie.*"

"I tell you," cried Edmund, w
the men were tying his hands behind
bac

ack—" I tell you that the perſon you are robably ſeeking has made his eſcape hrough this opening leſs than ten ninutes ago."

" A likely ſtory truly! What a pretty contrivance! As well tell me your name is not Shrouder.—Soldiers, lead him on."

Edmund, perceiving that any attempt to undeceive ſo confident and ſo conceited a man muſt be unavailing, ſuffered himſelf to be led back to the inn where he had ſupped, without adding another word, and totally unmoved by the coarſe, unfeeling jokes the memory of his guards ſo liberally ſupplied them with.

After a long examination, his perſon not anſwering in one inſtance the deſcription given of Shrouder, he was at length liberated: the concurrent teſ-

timony of two men having been viouſly delivered, who ſwore he w the murderer they were in ſearch Edmund the next day reached Paris out further accident.

CHAPTER IV.

the Divinity that ſtirs within us;
Heaven itſelf that points out an hereafter,
intimates eternity to man. ADDISON.

E moment Edmund reached Paris,
ed by impatience, he flew to Vin-
s, and with a palpitating heart en-
d for François Daubigné. The one-
ed Cerberus of this dreary abode
nded his order of admittance. None
; produced, the door was immedi-
recloſed with violence, leaving Ed-
l mournfully to retrace back his
to Paris.

took up his lodging at an *hotel*
. Finding himſelf, as it were, iſo-
in that immenſe city, he began to

look round him. Although what he
held generally excited his ſurpriſe, of
provoked his indignation, and ſometi
afforded him pleaſure, yet his mind,
virtuous to be ſeduced by the ſophi
of vice, and too pure to be corrupted
a taſte for debauch, never ſuffered him
loſe ſight of the motive of his journ
By dint of perſeverance, firmneſs, and
that intereſt a young man of amia
manners and generous diſpoſition ne
fails to excite, he at length obtained
order of admiſſion within the precin
of the château.

Without loſing a moment, he haſt
to Vincennes, arrives, ſhews his ord
demands and obtains admittance.
follows his ſurly guide from gate to g
from court to court. When they
reached the interior of this ſpaci
building, at the deep tone of a bell
fellow, with a countenance equally
biddi

bidding, preſents himſelf, and who, having exchanged a few whiſpers with his guide, beckons Edmund to enter a ſmall adjoining room, abſolutely dark, though it was then mid-day. The youth waited in ſilence with his two guides, till the entrance of a third with a light. They then proceeded to ſearch our hero leſt he ſhould have concealed any weapon of deſtruction, any inſtrument of eſcape.

Silently and ſlowly he afterwards followed one of theſe men up the maſſy ſtaircaſe that led to Daubigné's apartment. The heart of the generous youth, that a few minutes before had expanded with joy, was now depreſſed by ſights of woe and ſcenes of miſery. The clanking of chains ſounded in his ear like the laſhes of the executioner; the ponderous doors turning upon their hinges, ſeemed the opening and cloſing of the tomb; and the emaciated, woe-worn objects,

as they ſilently paſſed him, appeared li
the ſpectres of the departed.

Arrived at Daubigné's dungeon, t
turnkey having unbolted the door, thru
ed Edmund through the opening, a
again turning the bolt, retired witho
ſaying one word.

It might be naturally ſurmiſed, th
Edmund, at the ſight of his benefacto
would have inſtantly flown into his arms
yet what he had witneſſed, and what h
now beheld, ſo effectually gave a new tur
to his feelings, that he was fixed to th
ſpot, viewing the venerable ſufferer wit
folded arms, and eyes ſwimming in tear
while his countenance was now inflame
with indignation, now ſoftened into pity

Daubigné was ſitting, in a muſin
mood, at the further end of the room
near a ſmall oak table, oppoſite the gra
ec

l caſement, through which the light ould but partially glimmer. At the un-olting of the door he had turned an al-noſt hopeleſs eye; but upon ſeeing only one perſon, which his weak ſight miſtook at that diſtance for the turnkey, he re-ſumed his meditation.

He was clad in a looſe night-gown, a kind of fur cap covered his head; upon the table were a few books, ſome paper, and an ink-ſtand. By the light that play-ed on his features, Edmund could read on his emaciated and benevolent counte-nance the placid reſignation of the ſage, with the firm innocence of virtue.—Yet ſomething more ſublime—ſomething that, without oſtentation, ſeemed beyond the reach of human power, was diſcernible. —Daubigné ſmiled!—Yes, he ſmiled, as if injuſtice, oppreſſion, miſery—the hor-rors of a priſon, were unfelt.

No

No longer able to contain the vari emotions that agitated his ſoul, Edmu ſprung at his feet.

" Oh, Daubigné! the friend, the p tector, the father of my youth.—Oh, benefactor! do I behold you again!—b alas! in what place!"

As he pronounced theſe words, l head ſunk on the old man's knees, a he burſt in tears.

Daubigné, at firſt amazed, could on exclaim, " My Edmund! my child!" a bending his venerable head, he threw h arms over the youth's neck. But r covering a little from his emotion—

" Oh, riſe, my ſon! my Edmund, riſ Let me behold that countenance, let m converſe with that mind, let me fe that heart, whence all my delight late flowe

owed. Excellent young man," continued he when their firſt effuſions had abated, " to forſake thy friends, to leave thine Adelaide, to diſregard the inconvenience of a long and tedious journey, for the purpoſe of haſtening to the relief of thine oppreſſed old friend !"

" O my father ! how loſt to all feeling muſt the barbarians be, who could tear you from your ſweet retreat, thus to ſhorten your days in the horrors of a dungeon like this !"

" Whatever were their intentions, I forgive them ; nay, I ought to thank them. Hear me, Edmund ; yes, I thank thoſe who, by ſhortening the remainder of a tranſitory and chequered happineſs, have haſtened the beginning of that felicity which will never end. Hear me yet," continued he, ſeeing Edmund was going to interrupt him, " thou haſt often heard me

me at the cottage deliver my ſentimen
on the immortality of the ſoul. Th
reaſonings of philoſophers, but ſtill mo
the voice within, had convinced me o
the reality of that greateſt of all divi
gifts; yet, in the indolence of a life o
eaſe, I diſcanted on the ſubject wit
that coldneſs, that indifference, wit
which abſtract truths are uſually main
tained. It was reſerved for misfortun
the privation of bodily comforts, the i
juſtice of man, to excite in me th
warmth, that enthuſiaſm, thoſe rapturou
acknowledgments, with which the con
viction, the full-felt perſuaſion of the ex
iſtence of that heavenly boon ought t
inſpire the human mind. Oh, my Ed
mund! if nothing but what is material
if nothing but what is periſhable, com
poſe the *whole* of our being, why, inde
pendently of that extreme contraſt be
tween matter and thought—why, if th
nature of man be but ONE—do I feel my

ſel

rising beyond human reach, when
thing tends to oppress me as a
? Why, still on this side the grave,
I throw off the yoke of necessity,
h man, as a *mere mortal*, has ever
? Why, if so near total annihilation,
see so far beyond my existence, and
ly, by anticipation, view the blissful
ective? Mere chimera will it be
The silly dreams of that delusive
which leads to the regions of fancy,
every other bliss is withheld?
, my friend! if the enviable state of
I now enjoy be but the work of
, why do I derive as much benefit as
were real? Besides, the hope of a
presupposes its existence; yet so
n I from deducing the state of a fu-
xistence from the premises of hope,
consider, that I feel hope itself to
at an emanation from the immor-
of the soul. Yes, Edmund, if the
were not immortal, hope would
have existed."

As Edmund liſtened, his eyes were bedewed with tears, his heart caught the ſentiments of the virtuous ſufferer, and his admiration increaſed to enthuſiaſm. During that ſhort interval it might have been ſaid, that, like his friend, he felt in himſelf nothing human.

"Oh my father!" exclaimed the ardent youth, preſſing the old man in his arms, "what foretaſte of heaven have you given me! from this inſtant I bid adieu to the world. I will never quit you. This is your dwelling—it ſhall be mine. This priſon with you becomes a paradiſe."

"Edmund, the warmth of thy affection delights me; but how unworthy of thy friendſhip, were I to ſuffer thee to forego, for my ſake, thoſe proſpects of happineſs which await thee even in this world. Thy youth, thy virtues, the love of thine Adelaide, deſtine thee for better purpoſes.

purpoſes. Go, my ſon, fulfil all my expectations; give to thy neighbours the example of conjugal felicity. I will detain thee only one fortnight, part of which ſhall be employed in conveying over to thee my little eſtate in Switzerland. In that happy ſpot may thy children bloſſom with all their parents' virtues!"

Edmund's entreaties could only prevail upon Daubigné to prolong his ſtay to one month, but he would by no means ſuffer the young man to be a ſharer in his confinement. In order to obtain his compliance, he told him that by proper applications to the tribunals, the miniſter, or *lieutenant de police*, his enlargement might be effected. This conſideration induced Edmund to deſiſt. He at length took his leave, fully determined to employ inſtantly every poſſible means to procure the releaſe of his friend.

CHAP-

CHAPTER V.

THE ſanguine, inexperienced y
fondly conceived, that on a mere
ration of his innocence, Daubigné
be confronted with his accuſer, a
releaſe the immediate conſequence.
lying on this idea, he demanded aud
of the lieutenant de police, appear
the miniſter's levee with the aſſuran
conſcious innocence. He pleade
cauſe of his friend with a vivaci
warmth, a freedom, which, thou
created ſurpriſe, did not excite di
ſure.

Why is it ſaid, that men in pow
offended by the delivery of truth?

cauſe thoſe who pretend to convey its dictates, are only expoſing, under its name, their own prejudices; becauſe they are intent on gratifying their vanity or malice, by a diſplay of their knowledge, or by the pleaſure of rebuke: laſtly, becauſe the giver of advice is only ſolicitous about his private intereſt, whilſt his known previous conduct belies the ſincerity of his profeſſions. But the effuſions from a heart like Edmund's muſt diſpoſe every one in his favour. He is eloquent; he intereſts, becauſe what he ſays he feels. Great art and perſeverance will, it is true, enable the crafty, ſelfiſh man, to influence even the callous and the wary, and to make them ultimately ſubſervient to their views; but it is the peculiar attribute of true virtue, as well as of true beauty, to inſpire intereſt, and to create reſpect at firſt ſight.

Edmund,

Edmund, however, ſucceeded not i what he ſo ardently deſired. The goc will which an audience of a few minut created, was ſoon done away by num rous applications of a different nature theſe again were moſtly abſorbed by th perpetual attentions miniſters give to the own affairs. So true it is, that where the perſonal intereſt is not in ſome meaſu concerned in granting a requeſt, lon unwearied perſeverance alone in the ap plications can, in any degree, give to ſuit a ſucceſsful iſſue.

Edmund failed not to repeat daily t Daubigné the aſſurances he had obtaine of ſpeedy redreſs. Although Daubign did not place much reliance on ſuch pro miſes, yet he forbore to depreſs the youn man's ſpirits by intimating his diſtruſt.

Thus did our hero ſpend the greate part of the month; the morning in urg

ing his requeſt, the evening in making his report to his friend. The celebrated Diderot, who had been confined in the ſame priſon, received, in the like manner, the viſits of the citizen of Geneva, who, on his way to the château, compoſed that maſterly performance which obtained the prize from the academy of Dijon—" Si le Rétabliſſement des Arts et des Sciences a contribué à épurer, ou à corrompre les Mœurs "—and firſt held up his name to celebrity.

One day, Edmund was prevented from proceeding to his friend's apartment by the turnkey, who told him that his order of admiſſion was no longer valid, and that, whether Daubigné was ſtill a priſoner in the château or elſewhere, he could not be ſpoken with. Some time elapſed before Edmund, recovering from his ſurpriſe, learnt that a conſpiracy having been formed by a number of the priſoners to effect

their

their eſcape, it had been timely diſcove ed; that government had given orders diſperſe them in different gaols, and th no acceſs, on any account, ſhould granted to the remainder.

Our hero returned to Paris inflame with indignation. He uttered his com plaints with an intrepidity borderin upon raſhneſs; he called Heaven an Earth to witneſs the injuſtice done hi friend:—he was attended to by no one.

The miniſters and ſupporters of th court party had too much employmen given them by the ſpirit of inſurrection then breaking out in every part of th kingdom, to be ſolicitous about redreſ ing the wrongs of an obſcure man o letters. As a laſt reſource, Edmund ap plied to a magiſtrate of the popular ſide He was gravely told, that at the preſent awful criſis, when the liberties of millions were

rere at ſtake, it was highly ſelfiſh in him o deplore the unjuſt detention of an in-ividual. He was therefore diſmiſſed, vith an exhortation to prove himſelf a ɔetter patriot for the future.

But the ladies of theſe ſtateſmen and ɔhilanthropiſts—albeit their hearts were ɔot of that capacious nature to entitle hem to the appellation of coſmopolites—ɔet, whether our hero was an aſſertor of the *ɔivine* rights of kings, or an advocate for he *natural* rights of man, they, in either ɔaſe, conſidered him as able to give proofs of manhood. Upon that ſcore he ɔet with a more encouraging reception.

Had not the image of his Adelaide in-ɔruded itſelf whenever he beheld their ɔharms; had not the melody of her voice ſtill dwelt upon his ear, even when they ɔoke; had not the recollection of her ɔirtues repelled the attacks of their co-

quetry; the warmth of his conf
must have at length brought him t
to so many opportunities afforded,
much encouragement given. Th
sequence was, that the frail fair o
finding in our hero the *active* citiz
fondly expected, and unwilling to
go a longer mortification, bestow
where their hearts, or rather the
sons, dismissing, with contempt, E
and his complaint. Thus disap
in all his expectations, and ever
quainted with the place of Dau
confinement, he had resolved to
but a few days longer in Paris,
scene, the details of which shall
lute these pages, and which displ
in all its metropolitan turpitude
sioned his immediate departure.

In reaching the street from tha
of infamy, the image of the pure,
artless Adelaide, so forcibly stru

mind in contraſt with the abominable ſcene he had juſt witneſſed; the ſimplicity, the innocence of the happy country in which ſhe dwelt, ſo much diſguſted him with the varniſhed vices and foul corruption of the *great city*, that, agitated equally with tenderneſs and indignation, he vehemently exclaimed:

" Adieu, Paris! ville célébré! ville de bruit, de fumée, et de boue; où les femmes ne croient plus à l'honneur, ni les hommes à la vertu. Adieu, Paris: je cherche l'amour, le bonheur, l'innocence; je ne ſerai jamais aſſez loin de toi *."

Adieu, Paris! celebrated city! The abode of noiſe, ſmoke, and dirt; where women no longer believe in honour, nor men in virtue. Adieu, Paris: I ſeek love, happineſs, innocence; I can never be too far diſtant from thy walls.

* Rousseau.

CHAPTER VII.

ALTHOUGH to the effects c
nation might be aſcribed Edmur
den reſolution to return to Swi
yet it was long ſince he had give
hopes of obtaining acceſs to D
Deprived of the ſolace of friendſ
guſted at the vices and unſeduce
allurements of the great city, i
natural for his heart to yield to
geſtions of his love, that it might
conjectured, that the laſt-relatec
ture haſtened but a few days his i
departure. But notwithſtanding
patience to return to his Adel
progreſs to her country was ne
ſlow. His finances, which at hi
ture Mrs. Volſey's generoſity had

d, were after ſo long a ſtay in Paris reduced to the loweſt ebb. To defray therefore the expences of his journey, he occaſionally applied himſelf to the trade he had learned *.

Whilſt our hero is, in every ſenſe of the word, *working* his way to Switzerland, we will take this opportunity to impart to our readers *ſome* of the events which have happened during his abſence.

* Que des coquins menent les grandes affaires; peu vous importe: cela ne vous empêchera pas, vous, dans votre vie obſcure, d'être honnête homme et d'avoir du pain. Vous entrez dans la première boutique du metier que vous avez apris. "Maître, j'ai beſoin d'ouvrage." "Compagnon, mettez-vous là, travaillez." Avant que l'heure du dinner ſoit venue vous avez gagné votre dinner: ſi vous êtes diligent et ſobre, avant que huit jours ſe paſſent vous aurez de quoi vivre huit autres jours. Vous avez vecu libre, ſain, vrai, laborieux, juſte: ce n'eſt pas perdre ſon tems que d'en gagner ainſi.

EMILE, tom. II. liv. 3.

Baptiſt Loiſeau had ſcareely ret
with the horſes from attending
Barclay in his purſuit of Shroude
his party, when Mrs. Volſey recei
letter from her ſiſter, the Marchion
Barfeld, dated S... in Germany. Thi
was at the point of death; ſhe ear
requeſted the preſence of her dear and
ſiſter to cloſe her eyes. Mrs. Volſey i
diately ſet out for that city, accomp
by her niece, her houſe-keeper, an
tended by Loiſeau. The marchioneſs,
held out longer than her phyſicians
pected, breathed her laſt in the ar
her ſiſter, to whom ſhe bequeathed he
tenſive manor with all its dependenc

The acceſſion of Mrs. Volſey,
Marchioneſs of Barfeld, to ſo large a
tune, neceſſarily prolonged her ſta
Germany more than ſhe wiſhed, as
deſire was to return and end her da
Switzerland, for the attentions and

de

derneſs of her lovely niece were more grateful to her heart than all the reſpect and importance ſhe derived from theſe new acquirements.

That lady had not been long in Germany; when Shrouder, whoſe eſcape from the ruined caſtle at Tournare we have related, arrived in Switzerland. Fearful of being recogniſed, he was one night ſkulking about Mrs. Volſey's manſion. Perceiving that it was uninhabited, he contrived to get through the window into one of the apartments, where he took up his lodging for the night. Sauntering the next morning about the rooms, he perceived ſeveral letters upon a table: without the leaſt ſcruple he broke their ſeals and peruſed them. Some were from Edmund Barclay, who, ignorant of the ladies' removal, addreſſed them to "Mrs. Volſey, Monmare Caſtle, Switzerland:" others, directed to the ſame place, came from Mrs.

Volſey and her niece, who, as none of Edmund's letters reached them, knew not how to direct to him at Paris.

Although theſe letters contained little elſe than expreſſions of regard, reſpect, friendſhip, &c. Albert, acquainted with circumſtances which we ſhall divulge in due time and place, conceived they could be highly conducive to his purpoſe. Furniſhed with theſe documents, he feared not to repair to the city of S . . ., although in that very place he committed the theft we ſlightly mentioned in the firſt chapter of this book.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nobody at Home.

MANY months had elapſed ſince Albert's departure from Switzerland, when Edmund Barclay, at the cloſe of a November evening, came within view of the caſtle of Monmare. The delightful anticipatings which had beguiled the tedioufneſs of the journey would have now riſen to the extreme, had he not felt his mind depreſſed by a gloomy preſentiment, from the unaccountable circumſtance of his letters being all unanſwered.

Agitated between contending emotions, he reached the front of the manſion. With a palpitating heart he knocked at the

gate :—no approaching ſteps anſwered
call. With no better ſucceſs did he
peat his ſummons. Alarmed at the ſt
neſs without and within, he looked up
the well-known apartments, in expe
tion of catching the taper's chearful r
but perceived not the ſlighteſt indicat
of their being inhabited. In vain did
repair to the kitchen and out-offices
was ſtill all ſilence, all ſolitude ;—
even the barking of the houſe-dog anſw
ed his holloing voice.

With a heart torn by anxiety, he haſ
ed for information to the only cott
which ſtood between the manſion and
village. Here again he called and knoc
to no purpoſe. The peaſant and his w
had gone to a neighbouring fair, lea
their children to the care of a relatio
the neighbourhood. Edmund again
appointed, returned to the manſion. A
ſeveral fruitleſs attempts to make hin

he

heard, he forced his way into the houſe in the ſame manner Albert had done. Notwithſtanding the darkneſs which then prevailed, he carefully ſearched every apartment; but could only diſcover that it was uninhabited, and the greater part of the furniture had been removed. At length, overpowered by fatigue, he ſunk upon a bundle of ſtraw in a ſervant's room, and, in ſpite of the anxiety and vexation of his mind, ſoon fell into a profound ſleep.

CHAPTER IX.

A goblin damn'd. SHAKSP

HIS ſleep, at firſt ſound and balmy
dually yielded to the gloomy forebo
of his mind. In the middle of the
he awoke, ſtartled by ſome horrid d
Scarcely had he recovered his recolle
when he heard ſeveral perſons aſcen
ſtairs, and turn into the apartmen
neath him: their ſteps were ſlow
heavy, as if encumbered with
weighty burden. This appeared
more probable, as in their return
lightly deſcended the ſtairs.

In a few moments all was again
Edmund, at firſt undetermined how t

now aroſe, and went down to the next ſtory. The room which he recogniſed as the apartment of his Adelaide, and which a few hours before was, as well as the reſt of the houſe, involved in total darkneſs, was now, to his extreme ſurpriſe, in the middle of the night completely illuminated. He entered:—but the object which preſented itſelf rivetted him to the ſpot.—Every function of his body, every ſenſation of his ſoul was ſuſpended; a deadly chilling ſtopped the circulation of his blood: without having fainted, and, in an erect poſture, he appeared annihilated.—On a table, ſurrounded by large ſable wax tapers, lay a coffin, covered by a black cloth reaching the ground.

When recovering from this ſtupor, the dread of the worſt that could betide him quickened his heart to every racking ſenſation.—Twice, urged by deſpair, he attempted

tempted to lift up the pall, and
ver, by the plate on the coffin,
his Adelaide—twice the dread
rid certainty withheld his arm.
this excruciating ſuſpence,
heard ſteps aſcending the ſtair
ing reſolution to make enquiries
precipitation withdrew behind
ſuſpended in a corner of the ap

A young lady of the moſt eleg
and arrayed in deep mourning, nov
eagerly approached the coffin, t
ing to her female attendants, by
of her hand bade them withdra

Oh, Edmund! what were the
of thy heart, how enviable thy
when ſo ſuddenly revived from t
of loſing for ever thy richeſt tre
the beautiful mourner thou
thine.—But, huſh! ſhe ſpeaks!

"

ecious remains of an ever-beloved
' ſoftly breathed Adelaide, mourn-
wing the coffin, " let me take one
; let me behold once more thoſe
whoſe image will ever live in my

e ſpoke, ſhe ſlowly removed a part
pall, lifted up the lid, and in ſilent
gazed on the countenance of her
d aunt. Then recollecting her
lorn ſituation, ſhe continued, her
imming in tears:

thou! from whom I experienced
tenderneſs of a mother, who didſt
d protect my infancy, who guideſt
ps in the dawn of unfolding rea-
whoſe boſom ſhall thy friendleſs
le now find repoſe? Under whoſe
an ſhe ſhelter from the ſnares of
fidious? Alas! my other friends
one; my laſt, my beſt friend re-
mained;

mained; but now from the orphan g
ſpirit is likewiſe fled."

She could ſay no more, but kn
by the coffin, ſhe reclined her he
the edge of the table. Her tear
ſobs, beſpoke the abundance o
grief.

"No!" ſaid the deeply-affecte
mund, kneeling by her, and takin
hand—"No! thine Edmund, at
lives for thee."

He was proceeding; but the te
amazed Adelaide ſhrunk from his
uttered a piercing ſhriek, and ſunk
ground.

Her lover aſtoniſhed at her actio
exceſſively alarmed, haſtened to affo
all poſſible relief. He had already
her on the neareſt chair, when he fel

touched by a kind of wand, and as he ned round, a deep-toned voice awfully nounced the portentous word—FOR-AR!

Edmund then beheld a tall figure, com-etely clad in a loose black gown that ept the ground. The face of the ob-t was concealed by a veil of the same lour reaching his girdle.

"Who art thou?—Whence comest ou?—Why this disguise?"

"FORBEAR! I CHARGE THEE, FOR-AR!" was the awful reply.

"To thine admonition, in that con-aling and treacherous garb, I shall not end. But, by Heaven! I'll know who ou art!"

At the same time, whilst his left arm still

ſtill ſupported the fainting maid, by ſudden ſpring with his right, he tore the veil;—the veil that, to his amaz ment and horror, had concealed the fle leſs, worm-eaten head of a ſkeleto whoſe eyes alone rolled alive in their h low ſockets.

The hitherto undaunted Edmu ſhrunk from the hideous form, at th ſame time that Adelaide, recoverin from her ſwoon, and looking eagerly f her lover, met the horrid features of th fiend, fixing on her his glaring eye With a dreadful ſcream again ſhe ſun on the floor, and her eyes cloſed appa rently for ever.

"OH! HADST THOU BUT FORBORNE!"

Pronounced in a ſepulchral voice th ſpectre, pointing to the inanimate Ade laide.

"Miſcreant!"

"Miſcreant!" cried Edmund maddened by diſpair, and ſpringing upon the phantom as he attempted to withdraw, "for this thou ſhalt moſt ſeverely atone."

However, in the ſtruggle that enſued, the enraged lover met with the moſt vigorous reſiſtance; but having, at length, forced his opponent cloſe to the wall, he firmly fixed his left hand under the phantom's chin, with his right tore off the maſk—and Shrouder's countenance flaſhed on his ſight.

The rage that flew in the face of that ruffian, and tortured every muſcle, gave him an aſpect truly infernal;—the maſk he had worn was leſs hideous.

Ora tument via, nigreſcunt ſanguine venæ,
Lumina Gorgoneo ſævius igne micant. OVID.

"Ah, monſter!" cried Edmund, recovering

It was not till he had been told, that th violent hyſterics that convulſed her we abating, that he could be prevailed upo to take ſome refreſhment.

At four o'clock in the evening, he re ceived a preſſing note from Dr. Staunt requeſting his immediate attendance at th parſonage. Judging by the tenor of th note that he might receive from the doc tor a diſcloſure of the late myſterion tranſactions, he reſolved to comply, not withſtanding the diſlike he ever had t the doctrines and manners of the man yet it was paſt five before he could reſolv to quit the houſe.

The clock ſtruck ſix upon his arrival t the doctor's. Croſſing the garden, h perceived a man ſkulking behind th yews, as if unwilling to be known. Ou hero fancied that this man bore ſome re ſemblance to Shrouder; but the dec crepuſcul

: which at ſuch an hour cloſes
t that ſeaſon, induced him to
t he was moſt likely deceived.
topping therefore to enquire, he
ctly to the houſe.

rincipal reaſons had prompted
ich to requeſt young Barclay's
e parſonage. The one we ſhall
oſe, the other at a more oppor-
ſion.

ſence of Daubigné from his little
gether with its remaining ſo
aimed, ſtrengthened a hope he
ied, that, by ſkilful manœuvres,
igement of it might fall to his
: he moreover humbly conceiv-
i part of its revenue, converted
ivate uſe, under the authority of
, would flow into a more pious
than if the whole had been
e diſpoſal of a deiſtical unbe-
liever.

liever. To bring about his godly
he had, a month ago, convened a
of his brethren; he opened the b
with proper comments, interſperſe
dark hints, the whole gloſſed over
oſtentatious diſplay of religious zeal
reſolution of the venerable aſſembl
in conſequence, that the eſtate ſho
ſequeſtered for the benefit of the p
the pariſh of Monmare, under the
intendence of Dr. Staunch; until
claimed by the owner or his lawful

Now the doctor ſuſpected wha
really the caſe; namely, that Daubig
actually conveyed over the eſtate
pupil: but in his converſation wi
young man he diſcoyered, to his
relief, that Edmund was not fur
with the conveyance. For when
times tendered to him by Daubigné a
cennes, he had abſolutely refuſed t
it, alleging, that it would be time e

ceive it on the day of his depar-

. Staunch, who had managed this
rence with great art and penetra-
displayed his ſkill in evading trouble-
queſtions, and in extracting from
hero, by a cautious circumlocution,
ever he wiſhed to know, having
riſe evinced his dexterity by pro-
ng, unſuſpected, the converſation to
tmoſt length, for a reaſon, it would
t preſent inconvenient to us to diſ-
, at length ſuffered him to depart.

CHAPTER XI.

IT was almoſt nine, when Edm
reached the manſion. Though every
and door were thrown open, yet, to
great ſurpriſe, the ſame ſtillneſs he
remarked the preceding night every-wh
prevailed; the ſame darkneſs involved
houſe, ſave the room in which M
Volſey was laid. He entered, ſearc
every part:—an abſolute ſilence reig
throughout. All the attendants had
parted: to his inexpreſſible ſorrow, A
laide was likewiſe gone! But the co
containing the remains of her aunt w
ſtill in the ſame apartment, where the
duced tapers caſt a gloomy glare round t
lifeleſs corſe.

Unal

Unable to account for ſo many ſtrange circumſtances, his mind, firm as it was, yielded to the momentary influence of ſuperſtition. It ſeemed that awful myſteries were working round him, portentous of ſome dreadful event. Pacing the room in great agitation, he ſpied a letter on the mantle-piece. It was directed to him: he eagerly broke the ſeal, and at firſt glance recogniſed the hand of Adelaide.—It ran thus:

"My good friend!

"For after an acquaintance of ſo many years I muſt allow myſelf the conſolation of calling you by that name;—nay, Edmund, I go further, and acknowledge that I ſtill love you. That love, however, it is my duty, as it will be my pride, to conquer. But after peruſing this letter, ſhould you ſtill perſevere in your ſuit, contempt alone will at once effect my cure: for I ſhould no longer conſider you as the

companion of my childhood and t
ject of my firſt affections, but as
adventurer, whoſe only object is th
tune of the perſon whom he profe
love.

" Edmund, the days of roman
paſt. In my reſidence at the co
S . . . in Germany, I have acquired
knowledge of the world. The ranl
inveſted with, the title I hold, the f
I am miſtreſs of, have enlarged and
a more dignified turn to my id
Fooliſh indeed ſhould I be, to defe
reaſonable expectations of grande
moſt boundleſs, merely for the p
of keeping a faith, pledged at
when my narrowed mind ſaw i
whole univerſe no object worthie
yourſelf.

" Edmund, I am thus explicit, t
violently ſevering our union, it may

enewed. This declaration coſt me
a pang; but I owed it to my dig-
—In juſtice to yourſelf, I ought to be
t.—Adieu, then—For ever, adieu!—
fortune, my intereſt, is at your com-
d; my love, alas! you ſtill poſſeſs;
ny perſon, I ſolemnly aver, ſhall never
ours.

" A. V."

P. S. It may afford you ſome ſatiſ-
on to hear that I am, in a great de-
, recovered from the ſhock of this
ning."

a peruſing this fatal letter, the unfor-
ate lover could hardly believe his eyes.
it the artleſs, the diſintereſted Ade-
e ſhould have penned ſo cold, ſo falſe
tter, replete with ſentiments ſhe ever
orred, appeared impoſſible; yet it cer-
ly was her hand-writing, which, for
beauty of its characters, was very dif-

ficult to imitate. He now recollected the look ſhe gave him in this very apartment, when he knelt by her ſide: it was not ſuch a look, and he felt ſo at the time, as he expected to receive from his beloved Adelaide after ſo long an abſence. This ſudden departure beſides ſpoke for itſelf; it put an end to all his doubts, and aſcertained the reality of misfortune. With a body haraſſed by the fatigues he had undergone—with a heart torn by the recollection of paſt events, and bleeding afreſh by this laſt and ſevereſt blow—with a mind grown melancholy, and tinctured with additional gloom by the diſmal object within his ſight, he became almoſt diſtracted. He raved—ſhed tears—then ſtood ſilent and motionleſs. Again, in a tranſport of rage, he would leave this hated ſpot, and wander till hunger and fatigue ſhould ſink him into the welcome arms of death. A fit of tenderneſs then would ſucceed; one while endeavouring

to

tenuate her guilt, then curſing him-
or preſuming to imagine her guilty;
he proofs of her faithleſſneſs again
d conviction, and the paroxyſms of
ge would return with redoubled vio-

length, prompted by a new im-
, hurrying to the coffin, he removed
d.—

Happy woman!" he exclaimed, vio-
claſping his hands—" Not ſo cruel
ang that brought thee to the grave,
oſe I now ſuffer, and which thou
dſt have felt hadſt thou lived and
d thine Adelaide, the girl of thy
—and, alas! of my own—ſet at nought
y leſſons, thine examples of virtue,
become at once a pattern of falſehood
perfidy."

aving pronounced thoſe words, with

a vacant ſtare he held his eye on th corpſe: but his attention was ſoon ar reſted by a new circumſtance of horror.

Something liquid fell upon the pal face of the departed.—It was blood!— Edmund ſhuddered.—A ſecond drop ſuc ceeded, followed by others.—With trepi dation he ſeized a taper, and held it to the cieling, to diſcover whence it flowed —Several drops diſtilled upon the flame —The light ſparkled, hiſſed, and was ex tinguiſhed.

" What new horrors are yet in re ſerve?" cried Edmund, bidding defiance " Be they ſuch as to threaten to ſtrike me with total annihilation, ſtill will I lift up the myſterious veil!"

With ſullen reſolution he then ſeized another taper, and, deſperately reſigned aſcended to the room he had occupied the

night before, from the floor of which the blood iſſued.

As he was about to break open the door, a ſecret horror arreſted his arm.—He ſtood irreſolute, as if by this ſingle act his doom would be irrevocably fixed.—He liſtened—no human voice, no groans iſſued from the apartment: ſave the hollow wind, which ſighed dolefully on his ear, the ſame ſtillneſs, the ſame ſolitude ſeemed to prevail in it as in every other part of the building. At length, aſhamed of his weakneſs, he ſuddenly forced his way into the chamber.

The heap of ſtraw was ſtill there; and he could not diſcover any thing that might enable him to account for this horrid phenomenon, when, on fixing his eye upon the ſtraw, he fancied he perceived it heave and ſink.—Without changing his poſition, he held the light cloſer.—A low

ſound,

found, like the breathing of a pe
faintly reached his ear.—A more ob
motion of the ſtraw, accompanied
ruſtling noiſe, now put it beyond d
that ſome living object lay conceale
neath the heap.

The young man immediately beg
remove the bundles. In a ſhort tir
diſcovered the body of a man, welt
in his blood, which iſſued from ſe
ſtabs and cuts he had received in
direction.

" Shall I," ſaid Edmund, in c
to mind his own ſorrows—" ſhall I
this wretch to life, and by ſo doing, e
him to feel freſh torments in this
world?—or by kindly haſtening his d
make him for ever inſenſible to the
pions that now torture me?"

But that inſtinct of humanity,
ſtre

tches forth the arm even of the moſt
ious aſſaſſin, for the ſupport of a
ſon in the act of fainting, ſoon brought
back to more natural ſentiments.

e gently lifted up the corſe, and car-
it to the apartment below, which
ded better accommodation. In per-
ing this act of humanity, he already
temporary relief; but his grief and
iſhment were extreme, when, after
iad ſtopped the bleeding of the
ids, and waſhed the man's face
the blood that disfigured it, in this
led wretch he diſcovered Adelaide
y's foſter-brother, the faithful Bap-
oiſeau.

e warmth of friendſhip was now
l to the zeal of humanity for effecting
ecovery of his patient. Theſe two
s will ever have on the man of feel-
he effect of Orpheus's ſtrains in the
regions

regions below: they will ſuſpend his ſo
rows, pour balm into his wounded minc
and give him an intereſt in the well-bein
of others, while he is careleſs about hi
own exiſtence.

Although his wearied limbs requir
repoſe, the amiable young man ſat up a
night by his friend, watching every tur
obſerving every ſymptom: early in th
morning he hurried to the village, engage
for nurſe a good woman he had previouſl
known, gave orders for a ſurgeon to b
immediately procured, returned with th
nurſe to the château, committed his p
tient to her charge, aſſiſted her in provi
ing a good bed in another apartment
which they carried him, and then fallin
upon a mattreſs, Edmund ſunk to repo

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER a long and uninterrupted ſleep, he awoke greatly refreſhed, and went directly to Loiſeau's apartment. The nurſe gave him a moſt favourable account of the patient. The ſurgeon had examined and probed the wounds, none of which he declared to be mortal. Although exceedingly enfeebled by the loſs of blood, Baptiſt had recovered the uſe of ſpeech; but had then fallen into a gentle ſleep.

The reader does not expect, nor indeed would he be gratified, with a daily bulletin of Loiſeau's ſtate of health till his recovery; let it is ſuffice to ſay, that through

through the ſkill of the ſur
care of the nurſe, with the fr
ſoothing attendance of Edmur
than four months he was abl
abroad.

During one of their bedſide
tions, Loiſeau gave him an a
what befel him ſince their l
which account we ſhall thus ab

Soon after the deceaſe of
chioneſs of Barfeld, Mrs. Volſey
inherited her title and fortune
languid and ſpiritleſs. It wa
perceived that ſhe would not lo
her ſiſter. She bequeathed the
her extenſive property to her
niece. Loiſeau, who had been d
in the life-time of Mrs. Volſe
left information reſpecting the
ſeveral diſtant eſtates, returne
city of S . . . the day before A

departure for Switzerland, to ſee the body of her aunt depoſited in the family vault of her anceſtors. He was prevented from proceeding into the hotel of his young lady by the porter, who delivered a note from her, in which ſhe thanked him for his paſt ſervices, and diſpenſed him with future ones: the reaſon given for a conduct ſo replete with ingratitude was, that finding it adviſeable to break off all connection with Edmund Barclay, ſhe had reſolved upon diſmiſſing every ſervant whoſe preſence would bring him to her recollection. On the evening of the ſame day, as he was watching at the gates of the hotel, in hopes of getting acceſs to the marchioneſs, he was ſurrounded by a party of huſſars, who, without alleging the leaſt reaſon, conducted him to the city priſon. He contrived, however, to obtain his releaſe three days after; but learning that the marchioneſs

marchioneſs had departed to Switzerland, he haſtened to the ſame country, with the determination to receive his diſmiſſal, but from her own mouth. Arriving in the evening at the caſtle, he obſerved ſervants harneſſing the carriage-horſes, as if to begin a new journey, and heard much noiſe and buſtle in the houſe, to which he was proceeding; but was ſtopped and ſeized by ſome ruffians, who forced him up ſtairs into the chamber in which Edmund had ſlept the night before. Their intention was to confine him, ſo as to prevent him from counteracting a ſcheme they were then executing; Loiſeau, however, ſtruggled ſo violently, that having got his hands free, he drew his cutlaſs, and in the conteſt that enſued wounded ſome of his opponents, but at length overpowered by numbers, exhauſted by his exertions, and weakened by the loſs of blood,

d, he fell overcome. The villains ; to conceal, at leaſt for ſome time, bloody deed, covered him with bundles of ſtraw, and left him to his

CHAPTER XIII.

BAPTIST LOISEAU being now declare out of danger, every attachment that hel Edmund to the continent was ſevered His father, Sir Thomas Barclay, had diſ appeared years ago, no one knew whither Daubigné ſeemed irrevocably doomed to end his days in the dungeons of his op preſſors: the faithleſs Adelaide had re nounced him:—it was his determination therefore to viſit his native country. He put up for ſale his patrimony in Switzer land, greatly reduced through the delapi dations of his father and the careleſſnef of the truſtees; diſcharged a number c debts, ſome of which his father had n bluſhed to contract with the meaneſt i dividuals; induced Loiſeau to accept ſo

louis, and with the remaining hundred fighing as he turned from the château, ſhedding a tear of tender and grateful recollection on quitting the cottage, he took an affectionate leave of this faithful ſervant, and ſet out for England.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

T. Davifon,
White-Friars.

THE

MAN OF FORTITUDE;

OR,

SCHEDONI IN ENGLAND.

THE

N OF FORTITUDE;

OR,

'EDONI IN ENGLAND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By B. FRERE.

VOL. II.

———Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail!——— THOMSON.

et Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
have a ſoul that, like an ample ſhield,
an take in all, and verge enough for more. DRYDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES WALLIS, NO. 46, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

1801.

T. Davison, Lombard-Street, White-Friars.

THE

MAN OF FORTITUDE.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein our Hiſtory goes back.

FIELDING.

THE exceſſive partiality and tenderneſs we feel for our heroine, compel us to devote the opening of this book to the juſtification of her character from the obloquy of ſome of the late events, as yet miſrepreſented. But in order to render her ample juſtice, it will be neceſſary to

recur to a much earlier period than th preſent.

Rodolphus, Abbé of C . . . . , pre vious to his being nominated Prince Biſhop of the city of S . . . , was won to ſpend a part of the year on an eſtat he poſſeſſed in Switzerland. As an old acquaintance with Mrs. Volſey, he ofte viſited Monmare Caſtle, attracted thithe by the riſing charms of Adelaide, o whom he became, what is generally termed, in love. He had likewiſe a ſlight knowledge of Edmund Barclay, from the latter's almoſt daily attendance at the manſion. Shrouder, at that time in Switzerland, won by the abbé's credit and opulence, ſo far overcame his ſtubborn diſpoſition as to make obſequious advances, in order to attract the notice of ſo conſiderable a perſonage, in which he in a great meaſure ſucceeded. But the abbé being afterwards called

to

o the princely ſee of S...., ſoon forgot his love for Adelaide, his intimacy with Mrs. Volſey, and his promiſes to Shrouder.

However, when Albert, after his flight from Paris, had, in the abſence of the family, broken into Monmare Caſtle, by the letters he found, he learnt the arrival of Mrs. Volſey and her neice at the city of S...., the death of the Marchioneſs of Barfeld, the return of the biſhop's partiality for Miſs Volſey, with that young lady's utter averſion to him, &c. Albert underſtood by all this, that could he be any way inſtrumental in promoting the prince's ſuit, he might, at the ſame time, rapidly promote his own intereſt; he therefore haſtened, as we have related, to the city of S..

The more effectually to avoid being ecogniſed as the author of the theft he

[illegible] whole emaciation and
complexion, owing to the ſpleen
appointed ambition, with which
inceſſantly devoured, were natur
cribed to the rigorous effects of p
tial mortification.

Yet—ſtrange, though not unu
fect of the human mind!—while
by his well-ſupported hypocriſy, o
the approbation of the monks, a
gained an aſcendancy over the
mind, he became himſelf a dup
own impoſture. He began to fe
verence for religion he had ever

dark workings of his mind; and ever powerfully biaſſed by perſonal motives, he ſoon perceived that, with a diſpoſition like his, the receſs of a cloiſter was the moſt eligible ſpot for rearing the ſcaffold to future eminence.

In the mean time, little elſe was talked of in the city of S . . . , than the gallantries of their biſhop to the lovely ſtranger. Shrouder knew by the letters he had brought with him, how unſucceſsful his highneſs's ſuit had hitherto been. Could he be but fortunate enough to adminiſter to the prince's weakneſs, he made not the leaſt doubt of obtaining his favour and patronage.

" Say you ſo?—But how?—
you do, I will heap countleſs
upon you.—But how can that be
about?"

" Firſt of all, we muſt get this
fellow out of the way."

" Surely you do not mean to
him?"

" My lord, the holy religion
feſs forbids ſo foul a deed, were
natural feelings abhorrent of th
ſhedding blood."

" It is well. Explain then you

" In the firſt place, my lord,
ſee by the epiſtles of theſe rom
vers, that they are entirely ign
what has befallen each other, a
of their reſpective places of abo

"

"Well?"

"I ſhall hereafter impart to your highneſs the reaſons that detain this Edmund Barclay in Paris; I ſhall likewiſe give you an inſight of this young man's ſingular character: I can moreover with truth aſſert, that no one is better acquainted with the concerns of the preſent Marchioneſs of Barfeld and her lovely neice than your devoted ſervant.——"

"I underſtand you; proceed."

"Acting therefore upon that knowledge, it will be no difficult taſk to forge an account of the death of this Barclay, ſo as to make it highly credible to whomſoever it concerns; and ſhould this foreigner venture into your highneſs's dominions, by previouſly ſending an accurate deſcription of his perſon to the pro-

per officers, he will be at his first appe
ance arrested and secured. By this c
trivance, your highness, freed from
only rival to be dreaded, prevents
sacrilegious transfer of the lady from
lap of the Holy Church to the arm
an English heretic."

Rodolphus warmly approved the pl
After a further conversation, Albert
turned to the convent, and forged an
count of Edmund's death, which
transmitted to a confederate at Paris,
the purpose of being sent by the po
Adelaide in a letter bearing the Pari
mark.

This young lady, far from being i
sible to the bishop's insulting gallan
or attending to suggestions in his fav
by persons in his interest, was enti
taken up with performing every f
duty to her dying aunt. One mor

fit

ting by her bedside, and tenderly enquiring how she felt herself, Miss Volmy received the following letter, dated thus:

"MADAM,

"I AM extremely grieved that the only circumstance which brings me to your notice, is the relation I am going to make, by the dying commands of Mr. Edmund Barclay, of the fatal catastrophe that has put an end to his life.

"This young gentleman, with whom I had contracted a friendship, had left Switzerland, as you know, for the purpose of endeavouring to procure the release of a friend of his, Mr. François Aubigné, accused of being the author of a pamphlet hostile to government, and at that time immured in the Château de Vincennes. Notwithstanding every kind

kind of application, Mr. Barcl
not ſucceed in obtaining acc
friend. But on the 17th of laſ
in making his cuſtomary viſit to
ſon walls, he unfortunately met
of the *Marechauſsée*, who were
ing that gentleman to anothe
He requeſted the officer to a
one moment's converſation witl
ſoner. This ſlight favour was r
nied him. Mr. Barclay inſi
again met with a repulſe. Hi
enſued; when in forcing his w
Daubigné, he received from th
ſword a plunge in his body
brought him to the ground,
eighteen hours after occaſi
death.

" In relating this unfortun
contre, I hope, madam, that
give me every credit for the go

my intentions, and believe me when I assure you that I am, with great respect,

" Madam,

" your most obedient,

Rue du Bac, " humble Servant,

No. 17. " JEAN FOURNIER."

The unfortunate maid had no sooner cast her eye upon the first paragraph of his letter than her aunt was excessively alarmed by the sudden alteration of her countenance, and much more so by the subsequent vehemence of her grief; but she was herself almost equally shocked, when apprised of the fatal tidings. It is not our intention to distress the reader's feelings, by minutely describing every anguish of Adelaide's sorrow. Let it be only said, that she believed her lover dead, and bewailed him as such. At a time when her grief was still unabated, her aunt died in her arms.

Deprived

Deprived of the two only that endeared life to her, the ſ title ſhe inherited brought no alleviation to her ſorrows. In of her grief, ſhe determined her aunt's funeral in Switzerla adieu to the pleaſures of the v to confine her reſidence to th Monmare.

Her intended departure gav to another conference betwe and Rodolphus, who was fearf her for ever, were ſhe once t dominions. The monk und follow the fair mourner to Sv and, *at all events*, to bring he the city of S.... The re miſed in caſe of ſucceſs was h tion to the abbotſhip of his con vacant by the death of the olc

The three females whom

m

marchioneſs ſelected to attend her in the journey, were already ſold to the intereſt of the biſhop: the principal of them had beſides other powerful motives to act in conjunction with Shrouder. She had been the confidential ſervant of the firſt marchioneſs; ſhe hated Adelaide, on whoſe account ſhe fancied the legacy left her had been curtailed; and laſtly, ſhe left behind an admirer of her charms, who, in return, had won her heart; therefore an eternal reſidence in an unfrequented part of Switzerland, could, by no means, be agreeable to her preſent diſpoſition, nor, we believe, was ever congenial to her taſte.

But Albert wiſely judged that no bribe whatever could induce Loiſeau to deſert his duty. The monk had, for no very honourable purpoſes, taught himſelf to ape exactly the *fac ſimile* of every hand he wiſhed to counterfeit. The diſmiſſal

in

in writing which Loiſeau rec
return to the city, this faithful
had no other doubt of its comi
his young lady than that whi
from the ſtrange declaration w
companied it. To remove ever
he had reſolved to receive his
but from her own mouth. Alb
had commiſſioned the porter of t
to watch all his motions, was t
ceſſitated to obtain from the p
order for his arreſt, which was
as we have already related.

Although the marchioneſs w
ouſly diſappointed by the ab
Loiſeau, for the letter ſhe wrote
haſten his return had been inte
and deprived of her late aunt'
keeper, whom a ſevere illneſs
to her bed, ſhe heſitated not to fol
Switzerland the herſe containing
mains of her departed relation.

party, the officer of which had received orders to obey him in every particular, then began their journey, taking care never entirely to lose sight of Adelaide's carriage. As for himself, known only to the officer of the troop, he chose to travel alone.

The events which followed have been already narrated in the preceding Book; but it is necessary to account for the strange disguise which Shrouder adopted.

The long sweeping gown and black veil, at the same time that it answered his desire of being concealed even from those of his own party, were calculated to inspire the simple and credulous inhabitants of the country with that dread and reverence they ever feel at the sight of a conjurer, when arrayed in his sable and mysterious attire. But should the archioness, notwithstanding, refuse to return,

return to the city of S. . . . ,
ſhe obtain the aſſiſtance of ſo
more courageous inhabitants,
no doubt but that the hideo
could immediately aſſume, 1
the moment, deprive the poor
ſenſes, and petrify her delivere
action; laſtly, the adoption
diſguiſe was congenial to the
that daring, gloomy mind, whi
ed in horrors, and courted t
clouded tempeſtuous night,
ſhrunk from the open beau
ſerene day.

But when he ſo unexpecte
Edmund Barclay, the man
dreaded the moſt, kneeling
mazed Adelaide, and belying, l
ſence, the report of his death;
the young lady's immediate
poſtponed the explanation, wh
wiſe muſt have enſued, he

every thing ought to be rifked to
nt its taking place. He then ſtalk-
t of the cloſet, wherein he was con-
l, and gave occaſion to the lament-
cene we have related.

e Franciſcan eſcaping from ſo im-
it a danger, judged that not a mo-
was to be loſt for carrying back the
ig, and afterwards delirious, Ade-
to the city of S.... But it was firſt
ary to get Edmund out of the way.
it view, he repaired to the parſon-
told Doctor Staunch, that if proper
ires were not immediately taken,
s greatly to be feared, that the blind
lity of the marchioneſs, would at
duce her to throw her perſon and
ne into the arms of a vile unbe-
, the pupil of the infidel Daubigné;
the doctor's interpoſition became
ly neceſſary; that if the doctor
d requeſt a conference with Ed-

mund

mund Barclay, upon this, ‹
ſubject, he would avail hir
young man's abſence to ha
conveyed to the city of S . . .
by an eſſential ſervice would
ed to the prince biſhop; a
highneſs, though of a diffe
ſion, would not fail being d
ble of the obligation.

Notwithſtanding the oppo
tiſte Loiſeau, Albert complet
ed in carrying back the paſſi
to the city of S . . ., leaving on
piece of Mrs. Volſey's apa
letter, penned with ſuch infi
ſkill, and which ſo forcibly di
mund's mind.

The enamoured biſhop fait
good his promiſe, by nomina
abbot of the Franciſcans, w
ſumed the name of Father Am

, who cared not whether he was head of a regiment, the driver of ſlaves, or the chief monk of a nt, provided he could command and niſe over his fellow-creatures, may d to have, for the preſent, attained ight of his ambition.

CHAPTER III.

ADELAIDE was conveyed to her h
in ſo deplorable a ſtate of mind, that
moſt ſerious apprehenſions were
tertained for her life. A conſidera
time elapſed before ſhe recovered
ſenſes; but, when recollecting the
cumſtances that had deprived her
them, an univerſal tremor pervaded
frame; a cry of horror often eſcaped h
as ſhe fancied ſhe beheld again
hideous form. Though her rea
would aſcribe the tranſient ſight ſhe h
of her departed lover as the effect of
incoherent dream, ſhe *felt*, notwithſta
ing, that his voice, his appearance m
have been more than imaginary, t
wh

when endeavouring to account for theſe ſtrange events, ſhe bewildered herſelf in conjectures: her mind yielded to the preſſure of the gloomy ſubject, and a relapſe often enſued. Save the caſtle of Monmare, under whoſe roof no conſideration on earth could now induce her to dwell, every other habitation was to her a matter of indifference: ſhe remained at S.... merely becauſe ſhe had been carried there; but, penſive and dejected, heard with perfect apathy relations of the gay ſcenes that were acting around her. To gratify his paſſion, the enamoured biſhop ere now would have reſorted to violence, had not Shrouder, whoſe intemperate ambition could no longer remain ſatisfied with his preſent ſtation, opened a new field for action.

Rodolphus had been highly incenſed againſt the city council on account of ſome of their late deciſions, which, in

his opinion, trenched upon his prerogative. The monk, who had acquired over his biſhop all the aſcendancy which a ſtrong mind naturally acquires over a weak one, prevailed upon his highneſs to take meaſures for rendering his power abſolute:—an undertaking the more hazardous, as the popular tide at that time ran in favour of the council.

To effect their purpoſe, upon the failure of weaker attempts, Shrouder formed and executed that bold ſcheme which opened this performance, and which is of a piece with the diſguiſe he appeared in at Monmare; but when all the circumſtances are conſidered, and when the reader is acquainted with the ſeveral ſprings put in motion*, we think he will conclude, that no better plan could be adopted, for giving to their views a ſucceſs ſo prompt and ſo efficacious.

* See CHAP. XI. of this Book.

Pre-

Previous, however, to our deſcribing the machinery ſo artfully contrived, and the ſubſequent events, we muſt attend our hero in his journey to his native country.

CHAPTER IV.

Fortis, et in ſeipſo totus terres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:
In quem manca ruit ſemper Fortuna.

Hor

THE man bleſſed with a feeling he
yet deprived of a firm mind, like the
cious, but pliant, full-eared corn, bend
every preſſure, is the ſport of every bre
the callous-hearted man, whatever be
mental powers, reſembles the col
marble column; we admire its ſtren
and ſhape; but from its cold touch
ſhelterleſs capital we turn to the l
bower, and to the warm cottage.
alone, is perfect in his nature, whoſe e
gies of mind are tempered by the ſo
feelings; he then receives uncorru

he ſun of proſperity; and though often
:xpoſed to, is never borne down by the
blaſt of adverſe fortune: he bears about
him, for himſelf and for others, every
lower that ſweetens the path of life—
every fruit that invigorates him chear-
fully to reach the end of his career.

—Thus Edmund.—

Though the recollection of paſt events
often marred his preſent enjoyment, and
though a ſigh of tenderneſs would now
and then check the riſing ſmile, his for-
titude ſoon enabled him to recover his
equipoiſe, and he could almoſt as eaſily
direct the operations of his mind, as com-
mand the functions of his body. Even
at that time, when the freſhneſs of his
wound quickened his heart to the moſt
poignant ſorrow, and ſeemed to diſtend
every faculty of his ſoul, he could rouſe
the energies of his mind by a flattering,
yet faithful, recapitulation of the nume-
rous bleſſings ſtill within his reach.

"What! becauſe a faithleſs woman deſerts me, am I tamely to reſign myſelf to deſpair? Is every other bliſs withheld?—That, in my blind confidence, I eſteemed her as a model of perfection—that I loved her almoſt to adoration, my heart, ſtill bleeding at her loſs, will ever atteſt.—But why not rather rejoice, that before I had been indiſſolubly wedded to her fate, her perfidy has broken the ſpell of her charms?—Fooliſh man! thus to diſregard Nature's numerous gifts, to turn from the many enjoyments to which, *as a man*, ſhe invites thee, for the purpoſe of ſacrificing at the altar of one faithleſs beauty, the remaining charms of her ſex, and the flattering tenders of friendſhip from thine own.—See, the ſun ſhines upon thee; round the wide horiſon Nature ſmiling diſplays her munificence; thy conſtitution, unimpaired by age or exceſs, enables thy limbs to explore her treaſures, and thy palate to reliſh her preſents.—

With

'ith freedom, health, youth, and ſtrength, hat elſe is wanting to complete thy fe-ity, but a guiltleſs conſcience, and a ind unſeduced by the pageantry of ealth?—THESE you likewiſe poſſeſs, id ſtill will you repine?—Ah, unleſs ou are a mere ſlave to an unworthy af-ction, unleſs your childiſh heart rejects very other delight, becauſe one ſingle bject is removed from your graſp, plea-re and happineſs are your own from at moment you will it."

A paſſion however which he had ever eriſhed, and which increaſed with the ogreſs of his journey, tended power-lly to weaken the effects of diſappoint- love. This paſſion was the love of his untry.

This fond partiality, which ſo long an ſence had increaſed, was ſanctioned by e authority of eminent writers on the

continent, who had paſſed ſuch very
encomiums on the Britiſh nation, a
induce a belief, that the contagio
continental peſtilency died on the
that ſurround that happy iſland,
nurſery of heroes, the country of p
ſophers, and the aſylum of liberty.
the wretched Europeans hailed the
unexplored Canaries by the name o
Fortunate Iſlands, where peace, pl
and happineſs, were ſuppoſed to d
becauſe their own ſoil exhibited
ſcenes of warfare, oppreſſion, and
lation.

Often as our hero journeyed alon
would repeat with rapture theſe lin
Voltaire in praiſe of his native cou

En voyant l'Angleterre, en ſecret il admire

à ſes pieds enchainant les deſtins,
ſon regne étonnait les humains.
beth ; elle dont la prudence
à ſon gré fit pancher la balance ;
ſon joug à l'Anglais indompté,
ni ſervir, ni vivre en liberté.
ſous ſon regne ont oublié leurs pertes ;
peaux feconds les plaines ſont couvertes ;
le leurs blés, les mers de leurs vaiſſeaux,
ts ſur la terre, ils ſont rois ſur les eaux.
nperieuſe, aſſerviſſant Neptune,
l'univers appele la fortune.
; barbare eſt le centre des arts,
du monde, et le temple de Mars.
: Weſtminſter on voit paraître enſemblé
rs etonnés du nœud qui les raſſemble.
du peuple, et les grands, et le roi,
erêt, réunis par la loi.
embres ſacrés de ce corps invincible ;
. lui-même, à ſes voiſins terrible.
ſque le peuple, inſtruit dans ſon devoir,
tant qu'il doit, le ſouverain pouvoir :
, loſqu'un roi, doux, juſte, et politique,
tant qu'il doit, la liberté publique !

LA HENRIADE, CHAP. I.

was ſtill more delighted with

the numerous lines upon the ſame ſubject, which his favourite Thomſon has ſcattered over his beautiful poem of the Seaſons (a copy of which Edmund had taken with him), becauſe the poet's genius here glows with the patriot's fire.

Edmund, in no haſte to reach the end of his journey, was too enthuſiaſtic an admirer of Nature, not to deviate often from the beaten track, for the pleaſure of examining and admiring every beauty and wonder that came within his view. By this mode of travelling, ſo ſimilar to that which Rouſſeau recommends, and which we again invite the reader to peruſe in the fifth book of his Emilé, he enjoyed much, and made daily but little way. He took up his humble lodging for the night with a light heart and a keen appetite, then ſunk into a calm, undiſturbed repoſe, the refreſhing recompence of the day's exerciſe.

CHAPTER V.

A mere Dialogue.

ONE fine autumn morning, Edmund, in his walk from St. Omer to Calais, for the purpoſe of eating his breakfaſt, ſeated himſelf on a ſmall bank, facing the road, which received the ſun's earlieſt rays. He had for canopy a buſh of hawthorns and blackberry-briars, a group of luſty elms roſe behind; at his feet iſſued a ſmall, clear rill, which however was ſoon loſt in the cavities of the road. Whilſt he was in that ſituation, eating his French-roll, and culling now and then ſome of the berries, a ſplendid equipage drove by, attended by a number of livery-men. The gentleman within, as he paſſed, ſeemed to notice him with ſome attention.

Edmund having finiſhed his meal, reſumed his march, and overtook the ſame vehicle, then going on at a ſlow pace. On one ſide of the carriage was a perſon leaning upon two crutches, carefully wrapt up, eſpecially about the feet and legs: he was ſupported by a couple of attendants, who helped him to hobble on, which he did with great difficulty, puffing and blowing at every exertion.

Edmund, in paſſing this miſerable human object, beheld it with pity. He was ſoon after hailed by a ſervant, who informed him, that *His Grace* was deſirous of ſpeaking to him.

" What aſſiſtance can I poſſibly give your maſter?" ſaid Edmund, aſtoniſhed at the meſſage.

He however turned back in compliance, and beheld the great man with his

crutches, and upheld by his attendants, gravely waiting his approach.

"Young man," ſaid the piteous object, calling upon its features every line of ducal importance, "are you a native of France?"

"No, ſir; I am an Engliſhman."

"Are you ſo! I am glad of that. In that caſe, we'll converſe in Engliſh."

Edmund had been too fond of his country to forget its language: he had the more eaſily kept up the practice, as Daubigné, who in his youth had ſpent a couple of years in England, was able to hold with him an Engliſh converſation, in which both took great pleaſure.

"Were you not the perſon I ſaw, an hour ago, on the road ſide, who ſeemed ſo well to reliſh his breakfaſt?"

"Ye

"Yes, sir, it was probably myself."

"You have an excellent appetite, young man."

"I never eat but when I am hungry."

"But how do you contrive to get hungry?"

"By taking exercise, and by being guilty of no excess."

Oh, could I have but such a stomach! (thought the noble duke); but it was unbecoming his dignity to express the wish.—"What part of France do you come from?"

"I come from Switzerland."

"From Switzerland!"

"Yes, sir."

"Indeed!

"Indeed!—But by what conveyance did you undertake ſo long a journey?"

"By my own."

Here the noble perſonage fell into a moſt egregious miſtake. Edmund's laſt words, together with his independent mien, eaſy and unawed, even in the preſence of a duke, made him conjecture that he was holding converſe with ſome perſon of importance, perhaps of equal weight with himſelf, in the political ſcale.

"May I crave your name, ſir?"

"My name is Edmund Barclay."

"A near relation of the Earl of Berkeley, I ſuppoſe?"

"Not in the leaſt, ſir."

"Berkely

"Berkely—Berkely.—Powell, do you know any other family of conſequence of that name?"

"No, my lord. I am ſorry I cannot inform your grace."

The nobleman now ſurveyed our hero with ſome ſuſpicion, who thinking his curioſity ſatisfied, was taking his leave, by kindly wiſhing him a good day, and better health.

"Stay, ſtay, turn back."

The young man complied, with that kind of indulgence with which he would have humoured a child.

"It is very ſingular, that having a carriage of your own, you chooſe to travel on foot."

"I did

"I did not tell you, I had a carriage of my own."

"What am I then to underſtand?"

"My legs are my vehicle."

"What, did you journey ſo many hundred miles on foot?"

"I did, ſir."

"Oh, could I have ſuch legs!" again ſighed his grace, viewing his own gouty limbs.—"You ſeem an active, well made man. Pray, how old are you?"

"I am two-and-twenty."

"I too had once that age. Have you ever been ſick or indiſpoſed?"

"Never ſince I can remember."

"What

" What would I give to be bleſſed with ſuch health!" another ſilent wiſh. " But how came you to acquire ſo ſound a conſtitution?"

" By purſuing the ſame regimen as I do to acquire an appetite:—by taking exerciſe, and by committing no kind of exceſs."

" Oh had I but followed the ſame diet!" Here painful recollection and preſent infirmities got the better of aſſumed importance; and the wiſh was audibly uttered.—" Hark ye, Edmund. You have won my fancy. You appear a open, generous, well-diſpoſed lad. *You ſee what I am.* I am a duke, a peer of Great Britain. I have intereſt, power, and opulence, to ſerve you. From this moment I receive you into my houſehold: moreover, ſhould your future conduct give me reaſon to be ſatisfied with you, I will

take further notice of you, I will your fortune."

kindly thank your grace," replied oung man, with the ſmile of inde- ence, " but having no need of what an beſtow, I prefer remaining my maſter."

ying this, he bowed, and purſued his ney.

he noble perſonage remained aſto- d, confounded, and highly diſpleaſed. hen peeviſhly ordered his ſervants to him up into his carriage; and not- ſtanding his coronet, the number of ervants, his intereſt, power, and opu- e, he found out, for the firſt time, he was a very poor mortal indeed.

dmund arrived at Calais, immediately t on board the packet-boat, and the

next morning, to his great ſatisfaction, was landed on Britiſh ground. He then with the curioſity of a traveller, and a the exultation of a patriot, proceeded a his leiſure to London.

CHAP

CHAPTER VI.

Victory! Damnation!

(General Hatrey to the French Convention.)

NEWSPAPERS.

EDMUND had not been long in London before he was called upon to exhibit himſelf in a boxing attitude. A fellow, coming from a pot-houſe, elbowed him with ſuch ſudden violence, that he was nearly thruſt from the pavement into the street. His calm expoſtulation only drew upon him the anſwer of "You be d—, you French dog." Conceiving the man intoxicated, he did not condeſcend to reply, but walked on. He was, however, followed, and ſoon very dexterouſly tumbled into the fair middle of the gutter. Our hero then walked up to the fellow, who, delighted at the ſplaſh he had occaſioned, with a broad grin was enjoying the

the fun, not in the leaſt ſuſpecting t
a Frenchman had ſpirit for revenge.
vigorous blow which fairly knocked
down, ſoon convinced him of his miſt
He however roſe in great fury, overt
Edmund, and inſiſted with many o
and damns, that the French ſon o
b—— ſhould inſtantly fight him for
or money; and to prove how much
was in earneſt, began to pull off
clothes, calling upon the other, wi
hearty curſe, to ſtrip likewiſe

By this time, from every ſhop, ſ
ſhamble, and pot-houſe, iſſued, with g
eagerneſs and in high expectation,
prentices, ſhopmen, butchers and th
boys, lackeys, recruits, tiplers, idl
blackguards of every deſcription, w
with loud vociferation began immediat
to form a ring round the two opponen
which conſiderably increaſed by the
rival of every paſſing *amateur* of kno
down-blows.

It was ſoon perceived, however, that here was no certainty of a battle, for one of the heroes appeared rather *ſhy*: they then endeavoured to chear up his ſpirits by theſe and other equally efficacious incentives:—

"What be'ſt afraid at, man. D— me, fight him. I bet ten pounds you'll beat him. He has uſed you ill, d— me, and curſe me if he goes off in this manner. I'll pick you up.—I'll be your ſecond.—I'll ſee fair play, by G—!"

We, as impartial hiſtorians, would aſcribe to generous feelings, and to the indignation of ſeeing a ſtranger ill treated, the conduct of the mob in thus ſiding with the party they conceived the weaker, were we not apprehenſive that the fear of being deprived of ſo entertaining a ſpectacle as a hard-fought battle was ſo predominant in them as to abſorb every other conſideration.

During

During all this noiſe of "A fi
fight! Where? Here—Stand off—
the ring—He ſhall fight him—H
not—Damn me—Damn you—I b
—I bet that;—our hero, maſter of h
calmly ſaid to his angry opponent

"You have groſsly inſulted me,
out the leaſt provocation on my p
ſtruck you. You deſerve worſe;
do not chooſe to expoſe myſelf befc
mob like a wild beaſt."

He then endeavoured to make h
through the ring; but the fellow
cloſe to him, venting an oath, a cu
a blaſt, at every word, and at laſt ſe
hit Edmund on the face. The
man, no longer able to maſter his
then faced his opponent; and the
ing of feet, clapping of hands, and
of joy, now proclaimed that the
was actually begun.

w before Fate, or rather Time, de-
s on which ſide Victory will take her
, let us endeavour to ſurmiſe the
by giving a deſcription of the two
atants.

mund was tall, well proportioned,
, ſinewy, and clear-headed: the
about ſix years older, and ſomewhat
the middle ſize, was thickſet, luſty,
l drinker, a ſtout workman, and an
t boxer. Edmund had not the leaſt
ledge of the pugiliſts' art, but hav-
ever committed exceſs of any kind,
nd unimpaired, enabled him to pro-
violent exertions to an uncommon
of time; he was, *beſides*, as well as
ponent, of the *Engliſh* breed *.

he courſe of this long and well-con-

* remark is inſerted with a view to reconcile
er to the event of the battle.

teſted battle, our hero fought ſo reſolu
and in ſo collected a manner, with
activity and force he dealt his blows,
though he felt in ſundry places the
and ſcientific knuckles of his antago
the bets, which at the onſet had
againſt him, were now three, four,
and afterwards ten to one in his fav

Several other rounds ſucceeded
which his ſuperiority was ſo evident,
he had no other trouble than by a fi
blow to fell his adverſary every time
latter ſtood up. This man was ſo ter
mauled, *his feeble* reſiſtance afforde
little pleaſure to the beholders, tha
was at laſt adviſed to *give in.*

"What, give in to a Frenchman!
my blood if I do."

Every quality which favours of v
has always a due effect on the gene
man. Edmund ſteps up to his opon

"

"My friend, you have behaved to me in a raſcally manner; but I think you are ſufficiently puniſhed. I will therefore leave you, lamenting that a perſon who poſſeſſes ſo much courage can act ſo much like a blackguard."

"So, you won't fight any more"

"No. Unleſs you wiſh to provoke another ſuch a drubbing by a ſimilar conduct."

"Say the word—Do you give in? Do you ſtrike?"

"Aye, aye, I do," ſaid Edmund, willing to gratify the man's pride, who he thought was deſirous of being declared conqueror of a Frenchman. He had, however, no ſooner ſignified his intention, than ſhouts of exultation and joy from one ſide were

mingled with the groans, curſes, and execrations, of the other.

" Huzza! huzza!—Hollo! hey here—Hand over the ſtakes, m boy—The fight's over—Our cock has won—'Twas a hard, well-fought battle, by G—! but damn it, *Game* got the better at laſt."

" What the devil are you about?—Why ſurely you don't mean to give in?—Why, another round would have completely *done* your man.—By G— you muſt fight it out: at leaſt, make it a drawn battle.—Conſider, there is a great deal of money depending. I have betted two to one on your ſide.—I three to one.—I five to one.—And I have betted ten to one."

" Did you really venture all this money?"

" We

We did, by G—!"

Then you deſerve to loſe ten times ſum, for your barbarous avarice in ing money on the mauling of a fellow-ture."

With this conſoling remark our hero through the crowd, who the more ly ſuffered him to depart, as their es and attention were kept alive by fair proſpect of more fighting, from martial ſpirit of ſeveral heroes of the , whoſe appetite for broken ribs, black s, and bloody noſes, was rather ſharp-d than allayed by the ſcene they had t enjoyed: and in their expectations mob was fully gratified, as a ſucceſ-n of battles kept them on the ſpot a at part of the day, to the diſappoint-nt of their employers, and the great riment of their families.

Yet Edmund was followed by a number of the malcontents, who finding him deaf to whatever they could urge for a renewal of the fight, altered their tone, and vented their ſpleen in loud abuſe, calling him a ſharper, that he had played *booty*, and that it was a *dead take-in*; threatening, at the ſame time, to duck him. The crowd, which again began to gather, became ſo outrageous, that the young man was compelled to take ſhelter in a neighbouring coffee-houſe, where he remained till the mob had diſperſed.

CHAPTER VII.

undry Plagiariſms from Rouſſeau, with a Little of the Author's own.

HAVING ſpent a fortnight in London, not in obſerving men, for the inhabitants of large cities are nearly alike, ut merely in viewing things, Edmund, y nature and by education a lover of ural life, left that immenſe city. In his alk to his native ſhire, he leiſurely examined every object worthy of notice in he various counties he traverſed, and ought the converſation of every well-nformed, ſagacious perſon he chanced to neet. With the labourer, the mechanic, nd the tradeſman, he was moſt ſolicitous o diſcourſe. Thus, his practical knowedge of foreign agriculture was rendered nore perfect by an acquaintance with

the Engliſh mode: by obſerving the ſhape and management of tools, and comparing their improvements and defects with thoſe employed on the continent, he was competent to retain, adopt, or reject, as they ſeverally appeared more or leſs preferable: his ſlight knowledge of trade received a fuller and more accurate information, from an inſight of the various and extenſive methods purſued in this commercial iſland. Thus deriving everywhere pleaſure, either in witneſſing the ingenuity of man, or in exploring the ſtores of nature, he by ſlow degrees reached the county of Hereford, his native ſhire, creating wherever he went the moſt flattering prepoſſeſſions, by his fine, well-proportioned form; the manly openneſs, and independency of mien, and the intelligence and fellow-feeling which animated his countenance. He made himſelf known to his relatives with the aſſurance of a man who expects no favours,

rours, but is ever deſirous of increaſing he number of his friends. Carrying with him the never-failing paſſport of handſome perſon, and an agreeable, well-informed mind; he was every-where eceived with reſpectful kindneſs. As or many years paſt no tidings of Sir Thomas had reached the family, the aronet was conſidered as dead, and his on in conſequence received the appella- ion of Sir Edmund Barclay.

But when they beheld him, without he leaſt ſenſe of ſhame, dwindling into mere mechanic, working in ſome ſhop, rmed with a plane, ſaw, or chiſſel, and irt in a leathern apron, ſuch inſtances f a groveling diſpoſition ſeemed incom- atible with the dignified notions a ſon f Sir Thomas Barclay ought to have ubibed. He was in conſequence view- d in the light of a mere adventurer, hoſe claim of kindred was but a pre-

lude to a call he would ſooner
make on their purſe. Invitations
cards, and balls, were therefore
tinued; a ſhy and diſtant behavic
ceeded to the ſmiles and expreſ
regard with which they were v
welcome his approach.

Edmund was too well acquaint
the unjuſt and illiberal notions c
kind, either to feel chagrined or
pointed at a conduct he had ſo o
perienced at other places. Althou
ready to humour the trifling pre
of his fellow men, he could not gi
point wherein he thought his indepe
concerned; and proud to deriv
himelf the means of ſubſiſtance,
his few and ſimple wants not on
bled him to obtain, but allowed l
his active, benevolent diſpoſition t
relief to others, he ſpurned at
manly idea of receiving favours

kind, of which he either ſtood in no need, or could ſo eaſily ſupply himſelf with through his own exertions.

How many virtues were neceſſary before the prejudices of the higher claſs could be removed! The love, eſteem, and even veneration, of the lower ranks, however, made him ample compenſation for their neglect. One part of the week was ſpent in earning his own livelihood; he beſtowed the remainder of his time and ſkill in the ſervice of the poor. Money he ſeldom gave, becauſe he knew that it is afterwards moſtly injudiciouſly laid out; but in his country rambles, he would aſſiſt the poor man to convert his miſerable hut into a ſnug cottage. The ere hitherto unproductive for want of eans, was, at his expence and under his irections, ploughed up and rendered roductive. He attended and preſcribed or the ſick peaſant, ſaving him thereby

from the noſtrum of the quack, and pr
venting the exorbitant fee expected
the regular practitioner.

Two neighbours are about to ent
ruin upon themſelves, through a det
mination of recurring to the deciſion
the law: he brings them together: to
eloquence of fellow-feeling he joins
aſcendancy of virtue, and they ſepar
good friends. For ſome miſdemeano
either real or fancied, a powerful n
threatens to turn out his poor tenar
Edmund preſents himſelf before
ſquire with the firm and frank
haviour of a man conſcious of the pur
of his motives: his language and depo
ment, equally remote from aſperity a
obſequiouſneſs, plead the cauſe of
client in ſtrains flowing from the dicta
of reaſon, and warmed by the glow
humanity: often he ſucceeds in obtaini
a favourable verdict, or at leaſt a mil

ſenten

ntence. He reconciles parents to the onnection of a youthful pair fond of ch other. Should a good mother ourn the loſs of her departed offspring, visits her, and comforts her: he does t leave the cottage as ſoon as he has tered it. He contemns not the indint: he often takes his meal with the ttager he relieves; and likewiſe acpts the hoſpitable invitation of thoſe o do not require his aid: in becom the friend of the one and the benetor of the other, he never ceaſes being eir equal. In one word, he performs re with his perſon than the opulent n with his purſe.

A conduct ſo replete with philanthropy, truly virtuous, and ſo WELL SUPPORT, at length conciliated every ſuffrage: drew upon him the love, eſteem, adration, and bleſſing, of every one.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VIII.

An Attack upon Lord Cheſte Ethics.

AN old, humourous, gouty r Edmund, reſiding in the char lage of Bodenham, midway of and Lemſter, became immodera of our hero, who, attracted by th and retiredneſs of the ſpot, often his excurſions thither. To gr uncle, he never left it without pa a viſit. Under the ſharpeſt pai gout, the old man's face would with joy at the information of E arrival; and his happineſs was c could he but induce him to ſpe days at Bodenham.

But Mrs. Kate, the houſe-keeper, was
ot at firſt ſo well pleaſed with his viſits.
lis voracious appetite, by creating ſuch
decreaſe in her maſter's ſtore, gave her
ffence; ſhe was likewiſe offended at the
aſy freedom of his behaviour, conſtruing
into ſlight and diſreſpect of her. But
ıe moſt unpardonable of his offences
as her maſter's immoderate fondneſs of
im: ſhe feared that this partiality would
ad to a material alteration in the will.
nder that apprehenſion, ſhe could hard-
bring herſelf to receive our hero with
mmon civility; yet, without the leaſt
viation from his uſual behaviour, Ed-
ınd ſucceeded in conquering ſo well-
ɔunded an averſion, which to any one
e would have remained inſuperable.

Lord Cheſterfield lays it down, that by
: means of politeneſs, attention, deli-
e flattery, a graceful delivery and be-
viour, with a well-concealed hypocriſy,

you

you may, in time, bring people t
mote your own ends. In matt
trifling moment, I grant that a dis
the *leſſer* virtues, ſkilfully varniſhin
deformity of abſolute vices, will infl
the generality of men. But the ſu
ful ſetting-up of *duty* in oppoſition
clination—the obtaining an act of j
to the detriment of *intereſt*—the re
of *prejudices* cheriſhed by the love
—nothing can effect but VIRTUE,
niſed, not by the politeneſs of a co
but by the effuſions of humanity fl
from the heart.

CHAPTER IX.

HE fair ſex will ever find in the phi-
hropiſt an admirer of their charms.
herto our hero's attachment to Ade-
e Volſey had proved his ægis againſt
attractions of the numerous beauties
ad beheld; and his principles, ſo ab-
ent to the idea of giving his perſon
re he could not beſtow his heart, had
)led him to ſurmount every tempt-
ı ariſing from warmth of conſtitu-
; but after a twelvemonth's reſid-
in Herefordſhire, he began to feel
an amiable portionleſs clergyman's
hter an intereſt that might have
n into a ſerious attachment, had not
cumſtance brought back Adelaide, if
o the recovery of his eſteem, at leaſt

to

to the endearment of every tender
lection.

Edmund was at Bodenham ente
ing his uncle, who, at that time
from his gout, enjoyed without allo
ſociety of his nephew, his pipe, and
kard; when Mrs. Kate came and inf
ed him, that an outlandiſh French ſo
a man was below, and wiſhed to ſee

Edmund immediately went dow
He flew into the ſtranger's arms as
as he beheld him; for this perſon wa
other than Baptiſt Loiſeau.

When their firſt effuſions were c
Edmund preſented his friend to his
cle. The ſquire gave Loiſeau a he
ſhake, bade him ſit down and be
come, ordered the ſideboard to be
a couple of freſh bottles of Herefordſ
wine to be poured into the tankard,
be

:gan ſtirring the fire, calling for more ɔals.

It would doubtleſs have afforded amuſenent to the reader, had he been a ſpecta-tor of the pains the old gentlemen took to entertain his gueſt; aſking him what's French for poker; how they call tankard; in what manner How do you do? is done in French: then, making Edmund his interpreter, he would enquire, whether there are fat people in France; and whether they ever eat roaſt beef and plum-pudding, &c. But as we apprehend that the narration of this, and ſimilar dialogues, would be as tedious as a deſcriptive novel, we forego the attempt. The concluſion of the day, however, proved fatal to Loiſeau.

The poor fellow's ſpirits were ſo elevated in again beholding his friend, he drank ſo freely of the liquor the ſquire plyed him with, not ſuſpecting the ſtrength of Here-

fordſhire

fordſhire cider, that he was, at length, carried to bed completely intoxicated, to the no ſmall delight and exultation of the ſquire, who often afterwards related how in the firſt ſitting he made the Frenchman drunk.

CHAPTER X.

N the courſe of the next day, Loiſeau ated to his friend what befel him ſince eir ſeparation.

" After your departure for England, I nained ſome time at Monmare; but ıen I revolved in my mind the unac- untable diſmiſſal I received from the archioneſs of Barfeld, the ſtill more un- countable letter addreſſed to you, my nfinement in the priſon of S... with- t any aſſigned reaſon, the villain's un- ovoked attack upon me at my return Monmare, Shrouder's ſtrange diſguiſe, d no leſs ſtrange diſappearance from e caſtle, almoſt at the very time the ırchioneſs had ſecretly departed—all eſe circumſtances tended to awaken my

" The afternoon of the day I was to paid off, I tarried in the garden after fellow-labourers had left it. I had so the good fortune to perceive the ma chioneſs walking alone in a ſhaded alle Determined to ſeize this opportunity, approached her in the moſt reſpectf manner.

" Madam," ſaid I, " has your ladyſh any commands for Switzerland?"

" Switzerland!" ſhe replied, ſighing " are you then going to Switzerland?"

" I am, my lady. My journey is t the village of Monmare, of which I am native, and I ſhall paſs by the caſtle."

" The caſtle! Monmare! No, no, no!" and ſhe ſpoke wildly—" Withdraw, man —Leave me.—Ah! wretched maid!— The ſpectre! Oh, here it is again!"

Ther

Then, to my utter amazement and
n, ſhe gave a piercing ſhriek, and
in the act of fainting; but I haſtened
upport her in my arms, and carried
to a ſeat in an adjoining bower.

When ſhe recovered, and, conſcious
ier ſituation, ſaw herſelf alone with an
nown perſon, ſhe haſtily aroſe, ſaying,
h a commanding, dignified air, and
n with ſome vehemence,

'' Who are you, ſir?—retire—leave
.'

'' I beg your pardon, madam,' ſaid I,
rowfully, ' for having thus incurred
ur diſpleaſure; but I thought you
ould have felt ſome ſatisfaction in be-
lding once more your faithful ſervant
d foſter brother, Baptiſt Loiſeau.'

' Baptiſt Loiſeau!' ſaid ſhe, ſurpriſed,

and I thought agreeably ſo—'Is it poſſible?'

"Then haſtily ſtepping after me,

"'Ah, it is himſelf! Baptiſt, I am extremely glad to ſee you; but—'

"Here ſhe checked herſelf, and with a kind of reproachful ſmile, held out her hand.

"I kiſſed it with fervour.

"'Ah, Loiſeau,' continued ſhe, burſting in tears, 'why did you leave me? What evils have befallen poor Adelaide ſince your cruel abſence!'

"'Madam, no conſiderations on earth could have induced me to deſert my duty; but your expreſs orders—'

"'My

'My orders!'

'For God's ſake, madam,' ſaid I, ering my voice, as I obſerved ſeveral ndants approaching the bower, "al- me to depart now, and to pay you reſpects to-morrow morning.'

"Why leave me in this hurry, Bap- I am miſtreſs here; what can alarm ?'

"Madam, I have my reaſons; to-mor- v at eleven o'clock, if you pleaſe.'

I then departed, if not unſeen, at ſt, I thought, unobſerved.

"At the cloſe of the ſame evening, in ſing by the convent of the Franciſcans, ook a fancy to follow the crowd who re entering the church. The monks

were performing a funeral ſervice for on
of their departed brethren.

" The ſervice concluded; the abbo
whom they named Father Ambroſe, a
cended the pulpit, and delivered an o
tion in praiſe of the deceaſed in ſuch a
gelic ſtrains of piety, fervor, and unctio
as to draw tears from the eyes of eve
one, my own excepted; for in this ho
ven-aſpiring monk, I at firſt fancied
could trace, and at length I was ſur
had recogniſed, the features of the mu
derer Shrouder."

" Shrouder!" re-echoed the aſtoniſh
Edmund.

" Himſelf!—I was ſo ſhocked at w
neſſing ſuch an inſtance of hypocriſy, t
the means of which the villain could
effectually aſſume the ſaint, ſo puzzled
attempting to account for this Shroud
becomin

ling abbot of the Franciſcans, my
hts were afterwards ſo much taken
canvaſſing every word the mar-
ſs had ſaid to me, with endeavours
ſs at what would be the reſult of to-
w's interview, that I heeded not
eparture of the congregation, nor
teneſs of the hour.

When therefore I aroſe, I found
door locked. In that predicament,
no other proſpect than that of paſſ-
uncomfortable night in the church.
ler to beguile the tedious hours, I
voured to compoſe myſelf to ſleep.
ap was of ſhort duration, I awoke
diſordered than refreſhed.

Caſting my eyes about the vaſt pile,
rceived amidſt the obſcurity ſome
clad in white, glide behind the high
In the midſt of the conjectures I
ed upon this ſtrange appearance, a

man in the monaſtic dreſs, bearing a lighted torch, entered the church through one of the cloiſters doors. After walking round, and ſurveying the altar, he de ſcended the ſteps, and waving his torch in every direction, began cautiouſly and mi nutely to examine the nave and every diſtant wing. Although ſeveral times on the point of being diſcovered, I was for tunate enough to keep myſelf conceal from his prying regards; but I confe my terror was extreme, when in this mo firſt paſſing me I recogniſed the ſame vil lain, the ſame Shrouder. I verily believ that this monk has the gift of the evi ſpirit, to be indefatigable in the perpe tration of wickedneſs.

" When Shrouder had ſatisfied himſelf that the church was perfectly clear, he ſtepped to the pulpit, unlocked the little gate that led to it, again returned to the altar, and having placed his flambeau upon

n it, he walked ſeveral times round in
) meditation.

It was really terrific to behold this aſ-
, as he turned the corner of the al-
inking into the obſcurity, then emerg-
from behind, again appear in front,
flambeau partially illuminating his
, ferocious aſpect; and when by de-
he had again vaniſhed, my throb-
heart, in fearful expectation, counted
moment till his ruffian-like form
more re-appeared.

At length, he ſuddenly ſtopped,
k the altar, pronouncing the word
—Almoſt immediately, a noiſe iſſued
the interior of the altar, the front of
ch opened, and out of the gap emerg-
he ſame white form I had ſpied be-
. It deſcended the ſteps, gave its
ing, and proceeded to the pulpit
ch it aſcended, at the foot of which,

the abbot, who had followed it, rem
The celeſtial inhabitant, in a cle
ſoft voice, then delivered a moſt ſi
diſcourſe, telling the people, who
abſent, that he had come from h
for the purpoſe of warning them
damnation their iniquities would
bly lead them to, exhorting them
mediate repentance, as the only m
avert the impending deſtruction. I
heighten the ſingularity of this farc
monk would now and then interru
ſeraph, by aſſiſting his memory,
corrections and amendments were
in due humility. At the conclu
this mummery, the heavenly viſit
the pulpit, entered the altar as if
been his tomb, and diſappeared.

" Shrouder, left to himſelf, took
turns up and down the nave
church ; as I watched his motio

d ſeemed deeply intent upon ſome
hty object.

I confeſs, that when I conſidered in
at place I was, what perſon I beheld,
uddered. The ſilence that reigned in
church was only broken by the ſteps
hat ruffian, concealed under the cowl
a monk, who now came up to me, then
ſſed me, then decreaſed in the diſtance,
turning back, his form again ſtalked
to me, and at every ſtep increaſing in
e and in horror, whilſt the flambeau he
ld now moved his ſhadow on the pil-
s, now pourtrayed it in full length along
e pavement.

"A man made his appearance at the
ry time Shrouder was in a line with the
illar, behind which I was concealed.

"'Wherefore this intruſion?' ſaid he,
rnly.

 "'Holy

" ' Holy father,' replied the other, bo ing lowly, ' I have orders to deliver t note immediately into your hands.'

" The abbot, without replying, open and peruſed it.——

" You may ſuppoſe I was all attentio when I heard him ſay, with agitation,

" ' Baptiſt Loiſeau in this city! Di guiſed!—has ſpoken to the marchioneſ —is to have another conference to-mo row.—It ſhall not be.—It is well, howeve the marchioneſs herſelf has declared th fact: it proves, at leaſt, that nothing ha tranſpired.—Here, ſpeed this moment t the hotel, tell the waiting-woman that I am, as well as his highneſs, ſenſible o the obligation; inform her that the in tended conference ſhall not take place and that proper meaſures will be imme diately adopted, to prevent its *ever* taking

place

lace. Go, and haſten back. I ſhall be n my apartment waiting your return.'

" Upon this, to my great relief, they oth left the church. It was no hard natter to gueſs what was the meaſure ſuch a man would adopt to prevent our meeting; therefore, thinking it would be highly dangerous to my young lady, as well as to myſelf, to riſk, thus detected, an interview, or even to appear in the city, as ſoon as I was releaſed from my confinement, I left that place, and, prompted by inclination, I came over to England, to inform you in perſon of this ſtrange affair, and to be entirely regulated by your counſel."

Various and contending were Edmund's emotions during this narrative. Love, pity, tenderneſs, indignation, pleaded ſtrongly in Adelaide's favour; but were oppoſed by that fatal letter in which ſhe

renounced him, and by the recollection of her departure or rather flight from Monmare: he was likewiſe unable to account, in any favourable manner, for the ſilence ſhe had invariably preſerved on the ſeveral letters he had written to her from Paris. In ſuſpence, therefore, how to act, he hung down his head in a muſing mood; at length ſaid:

"What can I do for her, Baptiſt? You know ſhe has renounced me."

"True, ſir; but ſhe is certainly unfortunate."

"Do you really believe that foul play has been practiſed?"

"I have not the leaſt doubt; elſe how could the information of my being at S.... create ſuch perturbation in Shrouder's breaſt?"

"Say

" Say no more, Baptiſt, ſay no more. ou'll ſtay here a week with us; and en we will ſet out together."

This reſolution highly diſpleaſed the uire; when communicated to him; he came, however, ſomewhat reconciled it by the aſſurance his nephew gave m, that as ſoon as the buſineſs that re- uired his preſence on the continent was rminated, he would immediately return England, and take up his abode with m at Bodenham.

The old gentleman then retired to his artment, mumbling hearty curſes on e Frenchman, all the time Mrs. Kate as putting him to bed.

CHAPTER XI.

Nil actum reputans ſi quid, ſupereſſet agendum
Lucan.

THE two friends when arrived in Germany, called in their way at the marchioneſs's country ſeat. Being informed that the lady was ſtill at S....., they reached that city on the firſt of November—of courſe the eve of the day when, according to Father Ambroſe's prophecy, the holy biſhop and patron, Stephanus Bernardus, after a ſleep of twelve hundred years, would riſe from his tomb for the purpoſe of recalling his ſtrayed ſheep from the bottomleſs pit of the infernal ſpirit, to which they were faſt verging.

Edmund, who had never before appeared

eared in that town, and who was per-
nally known to no one of the marchi-
nefs's houſehold (her late aunt's houſe-
eeper having paid the debt of nature),
vice on that day attempted to obtain
:ceſs to Adelaide, but was told ſhe was
diſpoſed, could not be ſpoken with;
ıy meſſage or letter, however, would
: ſafely delivered into her hands. The
ung man, in diſguſt, withdrew to
s lodging. He then endeavoured, in
ncert with Loiſeau, to find out ſome
ethod by which ſhe could be ſafely
ade acquainted with his arrival at the
ty of S . . . , and by which ſhe could in-
rm him, whether ſhe ſtood in need,
d would accept of his protection.

In the mean time, the monk's agents,
ho ſeemed animated with his active
irit, on that very day informed him of
dmund's arrival. Although the infor-
ation gave him exceſſive uneaſineſs, he
thought

thought it more adviſable to conte
ſelf, for the preſent, with chargin
laide's attendents to redouble the
lance round their young lady, poſt
therefore, acts of violence again
young man till the expiration of
days, when he hoped the prince's
would be made abſolute.

Albert had certainly deviſed
means that could inſure ſucceſs
plot. Several of the principal lea
the popular ſide had been bougl
by the lure of the moſt tempting
every individual of the biſhop's
were inſtructed to uſe their utmoſ
ence over their dependents, to wh
admittance into the cathedral o
fatal day had been ſecured: the
fond of ſhews and inclined to ſu
tion, had been previouſly amuſe
proceſſions, and every other mu
the catholic clergy ſo well know

impreſs the minds of their believers with. His own well-ſupported hypocriſy tended not a little to heighten the deluſion; his oſtentatious diſplay of penitential devotion, the known auſterity of his life, had enforced on the inhabitants an high idea of his ſanctity. Although the main author of every ſpring the prince's council put in motion, he ſo artfully kept out of ſight, that he was conſidered as a holy recluſe, whoſe thoughts, uninfluenced by human motives, aſpired ſolely to heavenly bleſſings.

Yet, in ſpite of his preparations and precautions, together with the contrivances which Edmund, in his ſpeech to the congregation, ſo ably diſcloſed *, the provident monk foreſaw that the boldneſs of a ſingle unbeliever might be ſufficient to make all this complicated machinery fall on his own head.

* Book I. chap. 4.

To

To guard againſt ſo imminent a danger; and at the ſame time to give a new and more ſtriking inſtance of heavenly co-operation, a large black marble ſtone, which marked the center of the choir, was one night, by his orders, taken up, and a communication from thence perforated to the *Calvary* underneath;—ſo called, on account of its being a repreſentation in ſtatuary of the crucifixion, to which, in the holy week, believers were wont to pay their devotions. The marble ſtone was afterwards replaced, ſupported by an iron grate, which, by the means of a ſpring, would fly off. The audacious infidel, whom Shroudor made no doubt of being able to entice to the fatal ſpot, upon the ſtone giving way, would inſtantly roll down to the very bottom of Hell.

But the method this artful villain adopted, to induce a perſon to per-

form

m the part of the holy biſhop Ber-dus in his drama (a rehearſal of which iſeau one night witneſſed in the Fran-an church, as related in the preced-chapter), deſerves to be recorded at length.

CHAPTER XII.

Tantum religio potuit ſuadere malorum!

LUCRE

AMONG the novices of his co
was a young man of a gloomy tem
weak head, and an ardent imagin
This youth had been ſo ſtruck
edified by Father Ambroſe's pret
ſanctified and penetential life, that i
fervor of his devotion he gave t
worldly concerns, and unheeding t
monſtrances, the entreaties of his fr
had inſiſted upon beginning immed
his noviciate. The greater part of hi
bationary time had elapſed. He
now longing with all the warmth
venile ardour, after the moment he ſ
be allowed to make his vows.

The penetrating eye of Albert ſoon
:rceived, that this young fanatic was an
ſtrument he could render ſubſervient to
; purpoſes; but miſtruſting the ſteadi-
ſs of a youth of twenty, previous to
' diſcloſure, he reſolved to put his con-
ıcy and devotion ſeverely to the proof.

' Brother Jerom," ſaid the abbot one
ning after veſpers, " I have things con-
ıing our holy religion to impart to
. As ſoon as the clock ſtrikes twelve,
ıall expect you in my apartment; in
mean time return to your cell, and
outly pray our holy patron, St. Fran-
to illuminate you with his ſapience,
to warm you with his apoſtolic
l."

he novice bowed obedience, and the
ot withdrew.

ıt the appointed hour Jerom tapped
at

" Then," ſaid the monk, in his ſtern manner, riſing, " follow me."

The novice was led through a rang rooms into a ſpacious oblong apartme Upon the black cloth that covered t walls were placed a row of pictures, whoſe ſides lamps were burning. A altar partially illuminated terminated t oppoſite extremity, and at the foot of crucifix, between two naked ſwords l acroſs, ſtood a chalice filled with huma blood.

The abbot bade Jerom remain at th entrance, whilſt he walked up to the alta and paid his devotions. He then returned now lifting up his eyes to heaven in pious ejaculation, now in bitter contrition ſtrik- ing his breaſt.

" Jerom," ſaid the monk, after a ſhort pauſe, " before you undergo the ſufferings of

a martyr, I am willing you ſhould be a
neſs to their excruciating tortures.

He forthwith led the youth through
e range of pictures, which gave a well-
preſented and highly-coloured portrai-
re of the martyrdom of ſeveral ſaints.
ere Jerom beheld Stephanus ſtoned to
ath, there St. Laurent was broiling on
e gridiron; he next came to St. Andrew
etched upon the croſs, then to St. Bar-
olomew flayed alive; theſe were ſuc-
eded by the repreſentation of bodies
rforated with arrows, mangled with
tchets, or torn with pincers.

Shrouder having thus made his novice
ſs every picture in review, expatiating
i the tortures exhibited in each, thus
dreſſed the young man:

"Now, Jerom, that you have witneſſ-
ſome of the torments through which

the bleſſed ſaints have earned
of martyrdom and the unfading
heavenly glory, I repeat my q

Do you feel in yourſelf that
that enthuſiaſm, that conſtanc
tude, which will make you a p
celeſtial beatitude, nowithſtanc
croſs perſecuting man can inflic

"I do, holy father,"

"Go, then, to the altar, k
and PREPARE!"

The monk followed him,
his bending back, from his gir
the knotty ſcourge, and wit
hand smartly applied the laſh o
flesh of the deluded fanatic.
was the blow; ſtroke follov
with increaſing ſeverity, whil
barous wretch attentively exan
turn of the ſufferer's counten

ld discover nought but the fervid
ty and unshaken resignation of a
mitive martyr. From the repeated
pes the blood began to trickle down,
not a cry escaped the youth's lips,
body writhed not under the lash.

When the monk had thus far tried
om's fortitude, he put to him the
estion, whether he was prepared to
dergo *severer* tortures.

'I am, holy father," replied the fa-
ic, again presenting his bleeding back
gned to the scourge.

'God be praised!" exclaimed the
ous hypocrite; "I see, Jerom—I clearly
that you are a vessel of election.
e; my son, rise. You are worthy in-
d to receive into your bosom every
et tending to enforce, and to propa-
the doctrines of our holy religion;

 but

but that no ſin, however venial, ſhould prevent you from being truſted with theſe heavenly matters, I intend to hear previouſly your confeſſion, that you may receive from my hands the holy communion. Recollect yourſelf therefore; I leave you for that purpoſe, and ſhall ſhortly return."

The abbot, on his re-entrance, bade Jerom kneel by him, and tell his ſins. During the confeſſion, he ſcrupulouſly examined and pryed into his inmoſt thoughts. Having given abſolution to his penitent, the monk put on the ſtole, ſurplice, and other accoutrements of an officiating prieſt, and began to ſay maſs, Jerom acting as choriſter.

Arrived at the conſecration, Shroudet ſteeped the hoſt in the chalice, filled, as he ſaid, with martyrs' blood, pronouncing the myſterious words of the tranſubſtan-

tiation. He then divided the hoſt in
› parts, ſwallowed the one, and with
uſual rites put the other into the
ice's mouth, who was in full belief of
eiving the body of Chriſt*.

The ſervice over, the abbot took Je-
n to his apartment, and there unfolded
t part of his ſcheme which he intend-
the novice ſhould act in ſo cautious, ſo
e a manner, he gave ſo faintly a co-
ring to what was ſo wickedly intend-
, that the deluded fanatic retired to his
ll like the enraptured martyr, who fan-
s the glories of the heavens are open to
view.

* According to the Spaniſh hiſtorians, Herrera, ec. 3. Lib. 6. Ch. 13. and Zarate, Lib. 1. Ch. 1. a milar prophanation was committed by Almegro, nque, and Pizarro, previous to the latter's expe-ition to Peru. This, according to our own Robert-n, they ratified, in the name of the Prince of Peace; contract, of which plunder and bloodſhed were the bjects.

Cæsar could not have surpassed him in courage, nor Cato in fortitude.

O man!—Strange compound of good and evil, so interwoved!—In whom self is often so contradictory—where extremes touch.—In whom blind *fanaticism* rivals in splendour the deeds of enlightened *heroism*.—O man!—Where end thy vices? Where do thy virtues begin? Nay, what are thy vices, if sanctified by the motive of virtue?—What thy virtues, if they lead to the commission of crimes!—Who, then, shall pronounce on their merits, if reason bewilders, if instinct mistakes its aim, and if deluded conscience is mute, when her voice should the louder call on thee to *forbear*?

CHAPTER XIII.

I ſhall conclude this fourth book
n aſſigning the reaſon why Edmund
ſo conſpicuouſly placed in the centre
he choir; and why he, who always
ied to glide away his life unknown
unobſerved, never ſeeking fame, nor
rting popularity, ſhould ſo far deviate
n his principles on that occaſion, as to
t at attracting notice by holding forth
a congregation.

The morning of the day when that
igious and political farce was to be
ed, his landlord informed him, that
poor wretch was breathing his laſt.
ompted by a ſenſe of humanity, Ed-

mund went up to the man, who, in a fit of devotion, was then confeſſing aloud his treſpaſſes to all perſons, among which, he mentioned his having aſſiſted in carrying off Francis Daubigné from his cottage to Vincennes. Here the young man conjured him to declare the principal in the undertaking; the dying perſon named Shrouder, and expired.

Edmund went down inflamed with indignation; his utmoſt fortitude had hitherto been barely ſufficient to prevent him from publicly expreſſing in what abhorrence he held that monk, whom they almoſt revered as a ſaint. But now all reſtraint was broken, the curb of moderation, ſelf-command was inefficient; he reſolved to draw a moſt ſignal vengeance; he exulted on the occaſion this day afforded, of expoſing and conſigning that ruffian to the deteſtation of a whole people. Thus joining their cauſe to his

own,

vn, and to that of his incarcerated friend, thought that by tearing the hypocriti- l veil that concealed the hideous form, doing that act of juſtice, he would nder, as an individual, a moſt ſignal rvice to his fellow-creatures.

Impatient to come to action, he entered he church betimes, and by buſtling hrough the crowd, had made his way o a moſt conſpicuous part of the choir: ortunately for Albert, he ſtood oppoſite he fatal ſtone.

When the ſervice began, it was with he utmoſt difficulty he could, the better o complete his vengeance, wait the con- luſion of the farce. The delay, however, nabled him to command his temper and ction, ſo as to render more impreſſive what ſhould fall from his lips. He then epped in the centre of the choir, which, otwithſtanding the crowd, had been

kept clear, and delivered that ſpeech recorded in the firſt book of this hiſtory.

With every ſenſation of terror and rage the furies can inflict, Shroud heard the man whom he dreaded above all others, in the moſt impreſſive ſtrain detecting his meaſures and expoſing his views; yet theſe ſenſations were mixed with a malign joy, precurſor and augur of the triumph of a devil, when he beheld his hated foe ſtanding upon the fatal ſpot.

At the moment the ſtranger was reſuming his ſpeech, the monk hurried on him, his eyes rolling in their ſockets and flaming like meteors, his diſtorted face exhibiting every feature of horror, indignation, and menace:

"O thou abettor of the devil!" thundered he, "who wiſheſt to aſſimilate the

theſe miſerable ſinners to thy ſtate of probation, and to conſign them to the fire of that hell in which thou art eternally doomed to burn. Thy foul attempt ſhall recoil on thyſelf.—Thy hour is come. Yet a moment, and upon this earth thou exiſteſt no longer. O God of heaven! hear the voice of thy ſervant, confirm the miſſion of thy ſaint, and defeat the machinations of thine enemy.—Let the earth this inſtant ſwallow up the guilty*."

Theſe latter words he pronounced in ſo loud and tremendous a tone that the whole church vibrated to the ſound.

"Scarcely had he ended, when the ſtranger, who ſtood oppoſite to him on the pavement, bearing on his features the undiſmayed ſmile of contempt, ſunk into

* Book I. chap. IV.

the ground and disappeared!—Out of the pit that ingulphed him, flames of the most terrific fire blazed around*."

We now conclude this our fourth book; and as our hero is most probably consigned to that place of wailing and gnashing of teeth, whence no human means can extricate him, this book, we fear, must be our last.

* Book I. chap. IV.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

O VIRTUE! Thou art but an empty name! exclaimed in the anguiſh of his heart the republican diſciple of the virtuous Cato, as he beheld on the plains of Philippi, in the diſcomfiture of his party, the downfal of the republic by the hands of the ſanguinary Octavius and the diſſolute Antony. The vulgar, likewiſe—and in that claſs I include all thoſe who are the dupes of appearances, whenever they behold (and the caſe often occurs) the ſucceſsful villain, diſplaying the pomp of his ill-gotten wealth—are often tempted,

tempted, in their turn, to exclaim with Brutus, though in leſs emphatic language—*O Virtue, thou art but an empty name.*

The manner in which I have diſpoſed of my principal characters, eſpecially in the concluſion of the laſt book, would induce a reader new in the peruſal of productions of this nature to infer that I am inculcating the above maxim. A diſſolute, infamous biſhop ſucceſsfully uſurping the rights of his people; the lovely, the virtuous Adelaide pining away, a victim to the infernal machinations of that Shrouder, who is left in the full gratification of the two idols of his heart, ambition and revenge; Daubigné unjuſtly accuſed, ending in the dungeons of Vincennes a life replete with forbearance and benevolence; the faithful Loiſeau beholding, as the only reward of his ſervices, the two perſons torn from him

for

whoſe ſake he would have gladly laid wn his life; laſtly, all the virtues com- ned in the perſon of Edmund Barclay, equal to the conſummate villany of a ſcreant, in whoſe power he is now ained, and who holds the knife to his oat. Surely, ſuch a reader, in peruſing h a ſtory, muſt conclude that, in the thor's opinion, *Virtue is, indeed, but empty name.*

Patience, good reader, wait the reſult; not thus haſty in concluding. Yet I no means promiſe, that my agents will rewarded or puniſhed according to ir deeds. Poetical juſtice, as it is led, generally winds up the concluſion novels, but unfortunately the reverſe ears to wait on the fleeting actors of busy world.

ANY further expoſtulation muſt be eceſſary," reſumed the Abbot to the dread

dread-struck congregation, "depart
church, and bear in mind what you h
seen and heard. Myself and my mo
will pass the night here, in prayers
your welfare*."

The night, however, was not
spent in acts of devotion. In less
an hour after the departure of the
gregation, he bade his monks withd
to their cells, and alone remained in
church.

His mind, for so many days haraſſe
anxiety and exertions, required the
tude and silence of a place like this t
collect his thoughts, and to deviſe
most eligible means to avail himſel
the complete success that had crow
his plans.

How to dispose of his prisoner,

* Book I. chap. IV.

e first difficulty that occurred. To Al-
rt, *murder* seemed the easiest and short-
solution.—But by whose hands?—
his own.—The fewer concerned in a
ed like this, the less chance of its
ning to light. Yet the monk possessed
oftiness of villany, if we may use such
expression, that for a while withheld
arm. Not a moment would he have
ayed the sacrifice of an ordinary vic-
; but whilst he held mankind in full
tempt, he felt, in despite of himself,
ascendancy of Edmund's virtue.—
h a man slain, where will his fellow
found?

Indetermined how to act, he sunk
a deep reverie. As he paced the
rch, his soul contending with various
tions at last fixed its resolves.

By this dagger he shall die"—

Pro-

ſure enabled him to recover from hi
tation; but ſoon after the ſame na
a louder tone was repeated.

"SHROUDER! The robber of the I
family."

The monk, in the utmoſt trepid
felt the cold drops iſſue from ever

"Shrouder!" reſumed the voice.—
traitor who immured the innocent
bigné in the dungeons of Vincen
The murderer of his confederate at
nare.—Now the vile pander to an
mous biſhop, and the hypocritical
trayer of a people's liberties.—SH
DER!" yet nearer ſwelled the voi
ſtill more threatening accents, "
miſcreant! who after having blaſte
felicity of the beſt of men, haſt, per
ere now imbrued thy hands in his
—thine hour is come. Die, villain,

The church then reſounded with the
ploſion of a piſtol. The ball hit the
idle of the monk's poignard, and it
w from his graſp: a ſecond diſcharge
owed; the abbot received the blow
his breaſt, and uttering the groan of a
ng man, he fell on the pavement.

The exploſion drew to the ſpot ſeveral
endants on the church; but ere their
val, Father Ambroſe had time to re-
er from his fall and to frame his ſtory.

n anſwer to their enquiries, he ſaid,
was on his knees, fervently praying
holy virgin and the twelve apoſtles
intercede at the throne of mercy in
alf of the ſinful inhabitants, when he
ed from behind, a lifted dagger point-
to his breaſt. He had ſcarcely warded
the blow, when a piſtol was fired at
head, which fortunately miſſed its
; a ſecond diſcharge quickly ſuc-
ceeded,

ceeded, which muſt have proved fatal, had not the interpoſition of his holy patron (at leaſt to him he aſcribed ſo ſignal a favour) directed that the ball ſhould ſtrike againſt his miſſal, which, at the time, he providentially carried in his boſom.

On producing the book, the bullet was diſcovered ſtuck deep in the leaves notwithſtanding the thick covering it had to perforate.

After vainly endeavouring to diſcover the author of this daring deed, they left the church, and the abbot returned to his convent in a ſtate of mind more eaſy to conceive than to deſcribe.

CHAPTER II.

, now, invite the reader to ſtep
with us to the infernal regions,
he will moſt probably behold our
ſailed by a legion of devils, who
h great alacrity toſſing him about
itchforks, laſhing him with ſcor-
perfuming him with brimſtone,
rling him into flames.

is deſcent from the choir to the
y, Edmund received no other in-
an that of being for a ſhort time
d by his fall. On his recovery,
himſelf chained to a column, but
ount of the abſolute darkneſs, he
form no idea of the place of his
ement. He then began to feel, in
ll force, all the horror of his ſitua-
tion.

tion. Chained like a malefactor in a cavern, as dismal as his imagination could pourtray it; in the power of a ruffian who had already done him so many injuries, and over whom he had expected that evening to obtain a complete revenge; but far from succeeding in effecting his imposture, he had himself become a mere tool to his dark machinations: and the treachery to which he had fallen a victim, he doubted not, would be considered by the people as an incontestible proof of heavenly co-operation with *their* idol, whilst he who had thus volunteered himself in their cause, must become the object of their hatred and execration. A situation better adapted to put to the trial man's utmost fortitude could hardly be found.

Edmund at first gave way to human frailty; he stamped, wrung his hands, raved, and imprecated every curse on the monk's

's head. By a ſudden ſpring he
o break the chain that held him to
ot: in a tranſport of rage he clung
pillar, and ſtrove, Sampſon-like, to
h it from its baſe. At laſt, ex-
d by fruitleſs exertions, he ſunk at
ot of the pillar, and in gloomy ſi-
waited his doom.

this complication of horror, a freſh
it hourly increaſed, and its gnaw-
ecame at laſt intolerable. Six-and-
hours had elapſed without his hav-
ſted the leaſt food. By remaining
g neglected, he concluded that it
is foe's intention that he ſhould
in the ravings of hunger. Perceiv-
it the leaſt chance of eſcape, he
ſolved to make away with his life;
r one act of violence, to free him-
om the dreadful torments that
d him.

With that intent he aroſe, and l
for his knife.—It had been tak
him. Thus diſappointed, he w
ing the ſpeedieſt means left for
ſtruction, when a diſtant ſound ſt
ear:—he liſtened to it with tl
earneſtneſs, as no ſound had reac
ſince his confinement.

The noiſe was repeated:—it a
the unbarring and unbolting o
He next heard a key turning th
his dungeon. The door opens.
in the monaſtic garb, bearing a li
ters. He cloſes the door, light
that hung from the ceiling, then
himſelf before Edmund, for a
able time fixes on him his ſtedfa

CHAPTER III.

he Atrocity of Crime no Match for the Intrepidity of Virtue.

ARRIVED at his convent, the monk ithdrew to his cell, and threw himſelf n his couch. Although ſpent with fa-gue, the agitation of his mind did not nce allow ſleep to cloſe his eyelids: bove all, the certainty that the robber, e murderer Shrouder, was detected in e perſon of Father Ambroſe, haunted im with the moſt ſiniſter forebodings.

The ſerene beauty of the next morn-g could not aſſuage the ſtorm that raged his heart. Loſt in conjectures to diſ-ver the perſon of his aſſaſſin, the only

ſurmiſe he could in ſome degree be ſatisfied with, was, that Edmund Barclay muſt be acquainted with him. Intending to viſit his priſoner at the cloſe of day, he hoped to gather from him every particular he wiſhed to know. On that account, he waved, for the preſent, his intention of putting him to death. In the mean time, the enquiries that were made by his orders at the houſe where the young man had lodged, proved unſatisfactory*.

But the abbot was, for ſome time, prevented from his intended viſit, by an order from his highneſs, requiring his immediate attendance at the palace, where he was detained ſeveral hours. In the depth of night, however, he iſſued from his convent, carefully muffled up, and, ſkulking through crooked lanes, ar-

* Book I. chap. V.

rive

l at a ſmall gate of the cathedral,
g the north, which he opened; he
ſtruck a light, and purſuing his way
ugh a narrow paſſage, he reached the
y door that terminated it, unheeding
litting phantoms his fancy now and
called up. Under a hollow ſtone
e wall, which he removed, a key was
ealed; he applied it to the lock: on
door opening, a narrow, winding
t of ſtairs ran deep into the ground.
he deſcended the ſteps, he cloſed the
, and carefully depoſited the key un-
a hollow ſtone in the wall, contrived
he purpoſe. At the foot of the ſtairs,
her door obſtructed his paſſage: this
pened and cloſed in a ſimilar man-

Arrived at the priſoner's apart-
t, by a ſimilar proceſs the monk open-
it. He then advanced towards his
m in a frame of mind, of which ſome
might be formed from the enſuing
ogue.

Far different and much leſs com
were the ſenſations of Edmund, alth
to all appearance in a ſituation
more wretched. Deſpair, indeed,
ſuggeſted no other remedy than ſl
for the complication of horrors
awaited him; but ſatisfied that, in
ſhort time, he could elude by his
whatever tortures the utmoſt mali
his enemy could deviſe, after reco
from the firſt emotion of indignan
ror, which the preſence of the r
had excited in him, he ſtrove, and
ſucceſs, to face his foe, and once
to become his own maſter.

In the moſt perturbed ſtate of
the monk, for a conſiderable time,
his eye on the young man, not dar
truſt to his voice till he had in ſom
gree quelled the ſtorm that raged w
At laſt, he thus broke ſilence:

"

"What motive brought you to the city
fS....?"

"What right have you to aſk me that
ueſtion?"

"By the right of a maſter over his
ſlave."

"I thy ſlave! Poor man!—Behold me
ained like a wild beaſt to this pillar, a
ey to hunger and thirſt, and the devoted
im of ſuch a ruffian as thou, yet calm,
lected, defeating thy triumph, mock-
g thy power, and challenging thy ut-
oſt malice; whilſt thou—"

Shrouder, with a threatening motion,
ew his poignard.

"Whilſt thou," continued the young
an, without the leaſt alteration in his
ice or manner—"whilſt thou, who boaſt-

eſt of being my maſter, art the vile *ſlave* of every paſſion the furies can inflict.—In vain wouldſt thou conceal it.—That convulſed frame, thoſe diſtorted features, betray the hell that burns within thee. Gladly wouldſt thou exchange thy preſent condition for a death as cruel as that thou intendeſt to make me ſuffer, provided thou wert ſure that the tomb would ſhroud thee in *eternal* ſleep."

The monk's agitation became extreme; he turned from the young man, placed both his arms upon the priſon-door, upon which he leaned his head. But ſhortly after facing Edmund, he ſternly reſumed:

"Say—Did you come to S.... for the purpoſe of thwarting my ſchemes?"

"I do not know why I ſhould anſwer any of thy interrogatories. However, of thy dark machinations I had but little previous

previous knowledge.—I came—Why should I conceal it?—I came to reſcue, if poſſible, a lovely and wretched, but once an innocent and happy girl, from the hands of her deſtroyers, among which I heſitate not to number thee."

"Silly, romantic youth! What!—Didſt thou fooliſhly expect, that the beautiful Adelaide Volſey, the opulent Marchioneſs of Barfeld, ſhould wed her deſtiny to a miſerable wanderer, come no one knows whence, ſprung no one knows from whom?"

"I forbear to reply: it would require an anſwer unintelligible to ſo baſe a ſoul as thine."

"True," retorted the monk, with an inſulting ſmile; "a diſſertation upon love and gallantry to a man in irons, and with

an hungry ſtomach, muſt be ill-tit
even with the gallant Mr. Barclay."

The young man felt his choler ri
but, aware that by indulging a gr
paſſion he would afford a triumph t
opponent, he remained ſilent.

" Who accompanied you in thi
mantic and ill-fated expedition?" enq
the monk, after a ſhort pauſe.

" Thinkeſt thou that I'll betray an
victim to thy dagger?"

" Edmund, thou haſt not yet felt
—Provoke not the ſtab it can inflict

" Strike! I fear thee not.—
ſhrinkeſt thou? Surely one murder
cannot appal ſuch an aſſaſſin as the

"

Here then, raſh youth, take thy
h."

id in a rage he ſtruck him in the
t.—The blood guſhed from the
id; yet the ſteel did not penetrate
. A ſecret motive had weakened
low.

Coward!" cried Edmund, with a
mptuous ſmile—"mean, pitiful cow-
Thou durſt not even execute thy
erous intent."

DARE," furiouſly cried the monk,
)ing the ground—" But then, in-
)lete would be my revenge, ſhort-
my ſatisfaction. No:—ſince thou
)keſt thy fate, thou ſhalt die by
:s. At leiſure ſhall I view thy ſuf-
gs and enjoy thy tortures; each night
[viſit thee, mark thy progreſs to the
, and feaſt on the cravings of thy

hunger.—To prolong thy miserable exiſtence," continued he, taking from under his cloak a ſcanty loaf and a ſmall phial, "here is thy pittance. Make moſt of it. In four-and-twenty hours, a ſtill ſmaller one will I bring thee. Thus from night to night I will decreaſe thy portion of food, till hunger compel thee to devour thine own fleſh."

He then haſtily turned from him, as if to depart; but reſuming—

"Yet my mercy leaves one way open to ſoften the rigours of thy ſituation."

The monk ſtopped. Edmund replied not.

"Why doſt thou not deſire me to point out the means?"

"Becauſe

" Becauſe I diſtruſt whatever comes rom ſo foul a quarter."

"Tell me where that ſervant of thine, at Baptiſt Loiſeau, is to be found?"

" Thou ſhalt receive no ſuch informa- n from me."

" I anſwer, that no harm ſhall betide n."

" I believe thee not."

" Why thus miſtruſtful? Thy informa- n can but be beneficial to him and to yſelf."

" I had rather ſee him in the fangs of yger than at thy mercy."

" Is that thy only anſwer?"

" I have

"I have no other to give thee."

"Adieu then. Thy doom is irrevocably fixed."

In a fury he turned the bolt, with violence closed the door; and our hero was left to his fate.

CHAPTER IV.

——Omnia vincit labor
Improbus—— VIRGIL.

CONVINCED as he was of the monk's power and inclination to put in execution threats ſo dreadful, yet refreſhed by his ſcanty meal, and in ſome meaſure cheered by the light, Edmund felt hope, though faintly, revive in his boſom.

"Why yet give up all hopes of eſcape? —Although with the help of my hands alone I cannot break any of the links that keep this chain faſtened round me, an iron bar would effect the purpoſe.— But how to get at ſuch a thing?"

He

He then attentively viewed every object around him.

" This ſtatue neareſt me—I believe I can reach it—This ſtatue, which in a bending poſture leans ſo forward, ſurely could not have ſtood ſo long in that attitude, were it not ſupported by ſome ſtronger prop than thoſe ſlender limbs."

Struck by the probability of the inference, he claſped it in his arms, and ſtrove to remove it. Under his moſt vigorous efforts he could hardly feel it ſhake. That circumſtance alone almoſt convinced him of the truth of his ſurmiſe.

But there exiſted another cauſe of the difficulty: he perceived that the ſtatue was cloſely cemented to the pedeſtal.

After a moment's reflection, for want of a better tool, he laboured with the tongue

ngue of his buckle to looſen the cement.
the midſt of this toil he was overtaken
y ſleep, which had forſaken him nearly
ty hours. The call was irreſiſtible: he
nk on the ground, and enjoyed it in full
titude.

Awaking greatly refreſhed, though ex-
ſſively tormented by the gnawings of
nger, he returned to his labour with
novated vigour.

Having ſcraped off as much of the ce-
nt as his imperfect inſtrument would
ow, he once more attempted the re-
val of the ſtatue. With extreme ſa-
faction he was now clearly of opinion
t, were it not for an iron bar that ran
ough one of its limbs, he could remove
rom the pedeſtal.

It ſtill remained a matter of great la-
ur and difficulty, ſhackled as he was,
to

to looſen it from the bar; b
by the time he had ſpent in
undertaking, and by the lo
had enjoyed, that the viſit of
not diſtant, he reſolved to de
till the monk's departure,
than an hour after made his

" Well, young man, ho
now? Are you ſtill in your he
this low, wholeſome diet mu
your ſoaring ſpirit to the
ſtandard.—And now that I
upon myſelf the office of yo
I will ſhew that the doctor,
tive, native of *Snatchaway*,
of *Barataria*, was but a dr
compared to me, although
cian to his excellency the r
vernor Sancho Panza.—To
had, I can ſafely pronounce
tion laſt night, and the ver
bring you will be ſtill leſs

ıode you with one.—But," continu-
, walking round the priſoner, " my
ıppointment of phyſician muſt not
me neglect the no leſs important
of gaoler. You are, I perceive,
ed too wide a range; I'll take care
re it narrowed. A good ſix-inches
round that neck will prevent it from
acting a ſtooping attitude, ill agree-
ith your lofty notions. Now if, in
on to theſe improvements, your
were adorned with an handſome
of manacles, I would procure your
ait, and ſhould you write your own
irs, the whole would form no bad
erpart to the marvellous and la-
ble narrative of Baron *Trenck*.
ver, be that as it will, to-morrow
I ſhall have the honour of inveſting
ith the noble order of the iron col-
nd other inſignia of the high regard
rtain for your valuable perſon; and
bt not, but theſe marks of my favour

will

will draw upon me your warmeſt ack
lédgments.—Adieu, moſt heroic ſir.
viſit to-night muſt be ſhort; the
however, will be of longer dura
Leaving you in the agreeable com
of theſe ladies and gentlemen" (poi
to the ſtatues), "I wiſh you a good n
and a comfortable nap upon theſe d
ſtones."

When he had departed, Edmund
ing that the want of food had alread
paired his ſtrength, and aware of th
lent exertions he had ſtill to undergo
the fortitude, notwithſtanding the g
ings of hunger, to economiſe upo
diet, and to allow himſelf, for the
ſent, but one half of his pittance.
then compoſed himſelf to ſleep, le
ſhould be overtaken by its effects, a
moment he ſhould require every po
exertion, both of body and mind

en he awoke, he devoured the re-
er of his food, and returned to

Spurred on by the conſideration
execute the plan he had formed
for his eſcape, or, at leaſt, to draw
ll vengeance on his gaoler, he muſt
ed from his chains before Albert's
, he loſt not a moment. So violent
peated were the exertions required
en, by dint of ſhaking, the ſtatue
he iron bar, that the big drops ran
his face, and he was ſeveral times
point of fainting.

h perſevering labour was not ineff-
l: the ſtatue adhered no longer.
en heaved it off its baſe, and placed
he ground.

rod remained.

endeavoured, at firſt, to tear it from
deſtal; but it was too deeply fixed.

By

By laying hold of its extremity, placing his feet on the pedeſtal, and pulling it downwards, he contrived to bend it in ſeveral directions, and at length to break it off.

But a new difficulty occurred: the bar proved too big for the rings.

By conſtant friction he ſucceeded to rub off the angles. The idea of his jailer's approach, ere he had unſhackled himſelf, often made his hands ſhake with trepidation, during this long and tedious operation.

The rod was then thruſted through one of the links. By the moſt violent efforts of his remaining ſtrength, he, at laſt, broke it off, and the chain fell at his feet.

He then ſtopped—took breath; then replacing

:placing the ſtatue on its pedeſtal, he ood ſtill and liſtened.

The uſual noiſe of unbarring and un-olting of doors proclaimed the monk's rival. Edmund immediately put the hain round his body, which he tied to hat part that hung from the pillar, with ome of his hair he had torn off and wiſted for the purpoſe.—Then conceal-ng behind him the iron bar, he waited is foe's arrival, endeavouring to quell the hrobbings of his heart.

He ſoon heard the rattling of the ains deſtined for him, and thought he uld diſcern the ſteps of more than one rſon.

Undiſmayed, though then almoſt hope-s of ſucceſs, with the reſolution of ſell-g dearly his life, he beheld the intruſion two men of a ruffian-like countenance; but

but in vain he looked for Shroude whom he intended to wreak the firſt peſt of his fury.

It happened to be the night of memorable day, when, to deprecat wrath of Heaven, the people had ſu dered their remaining rights to prince. In conſequence, the preſen the abbot of the Franciſcans was de indiſpenſable at the palace. He commiſſioned theſe two men to ſu his place; upon whoſe fidelity he c the ſafer rely, as beſides their pov made them dependent on his bou they knew he had it in his power to liver them into the hands of juſtice, the commiſſion of ſeveral crimes. Tl two ruffians were the ſame men w after his fall in the Calvary, had chai Edmund to the pillar.

Not ſuſpecting the leaſt danger, tl ſtepp

ed up to him, intending firſt to ma-
his hands.

raſping his truncheon, Edmund ſprung
the ſpot: with the quickneſs of
thing he felled one of his foes. The
r ſeized a piſtol; but ere he could
harge it, our hero, by a back-ſtroke,
le it fly from his hand. A ſecond
ol remained in the man's girdle: with
irable preſence of mind, Edmund
tched it off, and applied it to his
aſt.

The villain, terrified, on his knees beg-
his life.

" Execute my commands, and your life
afe.—But on the leaſt ſhow of reſiſt-
ce, I inſtantly lodge the contents of
s piſtol in your heart."

The man vowed implicit obedience.

"With this chain then immediately faſten your companion to this pillar. — — — — — — — — Now, march before me, and open every door that obſtructs my paſſage to the ſtreet;—till then not a moment ſhall this piſtol be removed from your body."

Having reached the little gate that led into the ſtreet, Edmund bade his conductor ſtop. He demanded the key. It was delivered to him.

"The only harm you ſhall receive at my hands will be to prevent you from giving your employer information of my eſcape."

He then ordered him to retreat ſome paces—opened the gate, flung away the key, and once more, to his inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, found himſelf at liberty, and in the open air.

CHAPTER V.

BUT after midnight, the attendants at
e palace were obſerved in the utmoſt
nfuſion*."

THAT vigour of ſpirit, that effervеſcence
mind, which had enabled our hero to
ave ſo many dangers and ſurmount ob-
acles ſo numerous, was yet unabated.
evenge on the author of all his miſ-
rtunes was now the inſtigator to the
ſh and blameable action we are about
late, which as panegyriſts we would
iſh to conceal, but as hiſtorians we
e bound to diſcloſe. The only plea
at can be urged in mitigation is, that
e ſevere trials he had undergone,
e exertions required for his eſcape,
bilitated as he was by ſo low a

Book I. chap. VII.

diet, with the fears, hopes, and an
attendant on ſo arduous an ent
had thrown him into a delirium,
which he had no control ov
actions.

" Yes," cried he paſſionately,
deliver the human race from a
that diſhonours it!"

In his way to the Franciſcan's c
he paſſed by the palace, which exl
as well as the reſt of the city, a l
nalian ſcene of confuſion and rio
which the inhabitants were cele
the epoch of their ſervitude. H
heard a man aſſert that the prin
withdrawn from the feaſt an hoi
and that he was ſure he had ſeen
Ambroſe make to his highneſs's
ment.

The truth of the aſſertion ap

Edmund very probable. He entered
palace in queſt of his victim.

The attendants hurrying to and fro,
people eagerly contending for a ſight
the ball-room, paid but little attention
our Engliſhman, whoſe purpoſe was of
ery different nature. He turned with
y and contempt from the ſcene of
elry, and purſuing his way through
ng corridor, arrived at the foot of a
ely ſtaircaſe. A ſentinel, ſtationed at
foot of theſe ſtairs, had juſt power
icient to hiccup out "Who's there?"
n ſunk into his former drowſineſs.

Edmund, on reaching the firſt floor,
ered ſeveral apartments, but found
m unoccupied; opening another, he
held on a ſopha a page in a ſound
ep; he judged him the attendant in
iting, and rightly conjectured that
dolphus's apartment muſt be adjoining.

Exulting in the near proſpect of overtaking his foe, he haſtily ſtalked acroſs the room, and broke into the prince's chamber.

He entered it, luckily for the monk, a few minutes after his departure.

Diſappointed in his revenge, Edmund ſtepped up to the biſhop's bed, who, alarmed at ſo abrupt an intruſion, fearfully enquired the cauſe.

Our hero drew the curtain, graſped his ſhoulder, and roſe him up on the bed, holding to his face the light he had ſnatched up from the dreſſing-table. The miſerable, newly-created deſpot, with his hands claſped, and in a ſupplicating attitude, ſhook with ſuch trepidation, as even to prevent him from calling for help.

" Behold, thou puny wretch—behold the

ne man whom thou thoughteſt a victim
the ruffian that counſels thee, and
thoſe ſufferings and intended death thou
winkedſt at, violating thereby every
inciple of juſtice thou hadſt ſworn to
aintain. Were I to conſult the intereſt
thy deluded ſubjects, and could I
conciſe the deed to my conſcience,
s inſtant thou ſhouldſt die.—Yet quail
t thus.—Thou mayeſt ſtill for me drag
thy pitiful exiſtence; for when *thy*
nk gives up his infamous ſoul, thine of
urſe will be extinct."

He then contemptuouſly flung him on
bed, and walked off.

Anxious to know the fate of Loiſeau
he left this city, he haſtened to the
uſe where he had lodged, and called
miſtreſs aſide. He was ſo much alter
, that the good woman at firſt did no
ognife him; but on his declaring hi

ſelf, in fear of the evil ſpirit ſhe would have fled. When, however, convinced of the reality of his perſon, ſhe could give no other account of his friend, than that ſhe had tranſmitted to Albert. However, in the courſe of the converſation, ſhe informed him of the removal of the marchioness to her country-ſeat.

In the mean time the ſupper he had ordered was ſerved up. Edmund, aware of the danger of indulging too fully his appetite after ſo long a faſt, eat but ſparingly; he then went to reſt for a couple of hours. When he awoke, his mind had recovered its equipoiſe; no longer buoyed up by the effervescence of paſſion, he ſaw things in their true light, and, in conſequence, greatly blamed himſelf for the raſh act he had committed at the palace.

Aware of the probable conſequences

of

a longer ſtay in the city, after having anged his clothes, he took a haſty meal, rrowed ſome linen apparel and a few llars, and taking his leave of his kind ſteſs, followed the road that led to the rchioneſs's country-ſeat, determined come to an explanation with her be- re he bid a laſt adieu to Germany.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE Marchioneſs of Barfeld left city to take up her reſidence at country-ſeat. In that peaceful re her violent deſpair gave room to a for more ſedate; a long black veil ſha her beautiful countenance, and her elegant ſhape was arrayed in the dee mourning*."

PARDON me, ye fair, for havin long neglected the lovelieſt of your Her misfortunes were ever preſent to thoughts, as the charms of her f whom ſhe is pourtrayed will ever liv

* Book I. chap. VII.

rt. Deſirous as I am of leading
› ſcenes of brightneſs and felicity,
ong beings as ſpotleſs as herſelf, I
pelled, by the dark texture of my
› deſcribe her involved in all the
the villany of man can conjure
l to preſent to the world an angel
the ſport of human fiends.

› Edmund Barclay had been diſ-
rom her hotel with unſatisfactory
*, ſhe happened to ſtep to the
of her apartment a little before
:d the corner of the ſtreet. The
ınce of him ſtruck her; it natural-
ıght to recollection the horrid
ıe had witneſſed at Monmare-
nd again ſhe attempted to in-
› the gloomy ſubject.

ture and by education free from

* Book IV. chap. XI.

ſuperſtition, ſhe could not view as
parition the appearance of her l
Monmare; ſhe aſcribed the illuſion
effects of her fancy, diſtempered
conſideration of the miſerable ma
which he had periſhed—to he
weighed down by the grief ſhe
the loſs of her aunt, whoſe diſmal r
were then before her eyes—an
body haraſſed by the fatigues of
ling. No doubt could be rea
entertained of his death: the lett
mating the fatal event ſtood un
dicted, and was confirmed by the a
ſilence ever ſince preſerved with
to him. But the hideous figure
on her recovery, obtruded itſelf
ſight, ſhe was convinced muſt b
the conſequent effects ſhe even no
Unwilling to admit it as a ſuper
appearance, ſhe was the more per
to account for it in a natural way
the other hand, why ſhould Loiſe

leave her ſervice, without aſſigning
ingle reaſon either perſonally or by
?—after ſo long, and ſo unaccount-
ıvoiding her, why again did he offer
lf to her notice? In the garden in-
w, it is true that his words ſeemed
ıvey ſomething more than they ex-
d; but why then appear in diſ-
' Why ſo ſuddenly break off the
ence? Why not punctual the next
ng to the hour appointed by him-
r renewing it? Why again diſap-
and never ſince be heard of? She
ırritten ſeveral letters to him, and
ſent ſervants on enquiries. The
'' may eaſily ſurmiſe the anſwers
ɔrought back; as for the letters, no
r could be returned, for they never
ɔd the city's poſt-office: they were,
ling to orders, delivered into the
ı's hands. The peruſal of them,
ɔer, was far from affording him any
ction. The guileleſs maid could not

ſuſpect

ſuſpect in others ſuch deep-laid treachery; but ſhe thought—ſhe felt—that what was acting round her was very ſtrange—paſſing ſtrange.

The glimpſe ſhe had juſt now of a perſon ſo very like Edmund could but in ſome degree impeach the relation of his death: hope revived in her boſom; again ſervants were ſent on enquiries. She anxiouſly waited their return. The accounts they brought proved again unfavourable. Adelaide then ſat down dejected but reſigned; ſince ineffectual were all her attempts to pierce the myſterious darkneſs that involved her.

But it was hardly poſſible that an account of the aſtoniſhing events which the next evening happened in the metropolitan church ſhould not reach the marchioneſs's ear. The monk's prophecy had been delivered a week ago to a full congregation, and had become the topic

of

every conversation. Adelaide was
ized on hearing the fulfilment.

She had lately taken into her service a
ng girl of extreme simplicity, who, for
t reason, had been recommended to
by the worthy waiting-woman men-
ed in the second chapter of the fourth
k.

This girl had been a trembling witness
the awful scenes. It was no wonder
n that on her return she should dwell
h more than usual loquacity on a sub-
t so well calculated to impress a simple
id with dread. Her lady, charmed
h her *naïveté*, had often encouraged
in her innocent chat; but of the
sent subject she received, without the
st incitement, a most copious account.
hen, however, the girl related to her
appearance of the stranger, with the
stance of his speech to the congre-
gation,

gation, and his ſubſequent diſappear
at the command of the abbot, impr
by forebodings ſhe could not file
Adelaide demanded a particular deſ
tion of the unfortunate man.—It
given in ſo minute, ſo accurate a ma
that ſhe could no longer doubt but
her lover, whoſe death ſhe had, till t
bewailed, had at laſt miſerably peri
a victim to his generous attempt a
maſking the frauds of hypocriſy.
waiting-woman, who was immedi
ſummoned up, confirmed what the
geſtions of her heart had already tol
was but too true.

Deeply impreſſed with his lamen
cataſtrophe, ſhe ſunk into a gl
thoughtfulneſs, and refuſed all no
ment.

She awoke from this torpor to ra
and violent hyſterics.

When theſe had ſubſided, ſhe ordered her ſervants to convey her to her country ſeat, where, arrayed in deep mourning, ſhe paſſed the day in the utmoſt dejection of ſpirits, and the night unrefreſhed by ſleep, and haunted by the phantoms of her brain.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VII.

"THE marchioneſs's manſion, wh
had been the receſs for ſorrow and mou
ing, was now become the ſcene of mi
and revelry*."

ARRIVED within ſight of the châte
Edmund, who had no thoughts of mak
his viſit at ſo unſeaſonable an hour as f
in the morning, turned into a lane t
led to a public-houſe which, he had b
told, was not far diſtant, yet out of
precincts of Rodolphus's dominions.

There he expected to find what

* Book I. chap. VII.

nec

ded ſo much—refreſhment and repoſe;
t when he had reached the other ex-
mity of the houſe, he beheld it on that
: completely illuminated; his ear a
ſame time was ſaluted with the ſound
nuſical inſtruments; and he heard all
clamour of a revelling feaſt. Theſe
ſonſtrations of joy made, in an inſtant,
iſh all hopes of future happineſs with
elaide, with which he could not
) indulging himſelf as he journeyed
ig.

Ah, it is as I feared!" cried he ſor-
fully.—"This is then the ſecluded life
which Loiſeau gave her ſo much
it.—No," continued he with vehe-
ce, a moment after—"No. The faith-
Adelaide ſhall receive by my preſence
e check, at leaſt, to her feſtive mirth."

s he ſpoke, he ſtepped up to the
, knocked loudly and repeatedly.—
A drunk-

A drunken porter at length appea
his ſummons.

" Ah, you are come at length,"
mered he. " You are too late for th
per, but walk in. They are all
yonder.—You have been long exp
but better late than never, as the
is."

The aſtoniſhed Edmund follow
reeling guide till he came to the re
ſcene. He had but a glance
gueſts.—It wrung him to the hear

" I will not—I cannot go in."

And retreating to the oppoſite e
ty of a gallery, he leaned his head
the wall.

" O Adelaide, how art thou f
cried he ſorrowfully, burſting into

a few moments, a damſel, dreſt in
gayeſt attire, nimbly tripped up to
The ruſtling of ſilk and the light
carried, made him turn his head.
ſcarcely had ſhe beheld his coun-
ice, when, dropping the taper, ſhe
a piercing ſhriek, and flying to the
ſhe had juſt quitted, ſhe flung her-
nto Adelaide's apartment, ſcreaming
with the utmoſt terror—

The Ghoſt! The Ghoſt! Oh, my
the Ghoſt!"

nd down ſhe ſunk on the ground.

xceſſively alarmed, Adelaide looked
and beheld——the ghoſt of her de-
ed lover, ſtanding reproachfully be-
her.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THE marchioneſs's manſion, which had been the receſs for ſorrow and mourning, was now become the ſcene of mirth and revelry*."

I CANNOT proceed without firſt clearing away every imputation to the diſadvantage of my heroine, countenanced as they ſeemed to be by the feſtive jollity that reigned in her dwelling, where one would have naturally expected but ſilence, ſecluſion, and mourning.

It will be recollected that in the ſecond chapter of the fourth book we ſlightly mentioned a certain ſweetheart the worthy waiting-woman was loth to

* Book I. chap. VII.

quit

t in her journey to Switzerland. This
r had now received the reward of his
ſtancy. The bride requeſted of her
leave to celebrate the wedding at the
eau, by the invitation of a few friends.
being of the temper of moſt maſters
miſtreſſes, who would have their own
ows infect their dependants, the mar-
neſs readily granted her requeſt, not
ſeeing, however, the exceſs the cele-
ion would be carried to. She only
ed that the entertainment might take
e at a diſtance from her apartment.

t their return from church, the feaſt
an; and with true German conſtancy,
ſtuck to the bottle till four o'clock
he morning. The bridegroom, who
no other partiality for his rib than
one ariſing from the complaiſance
which he had mentally contem-
ed her hoard, was for ſtill keeping
e, had not the bride dropt certain
hints

hints impoſſible for him not to t
ſtand. He would have then depar
compliance with her deſires, had h
received a reprieve by ſummons to
Abigail from her lady. A freſh li
of a few more bottles was the
quence of her abſence.

Adelaide, that night, had been
than uſually tormented by fr
dreams; ſhe had left her chambe
in order to divert her attention, o
her maid to light a fire in her apar
intending to ſpend the remainder
night in reading.

The bride, who had received a r
from her lady for detaining her gu
ſo late an hour, was in her return
tripping along the paſſage, antici
in her fancy the pleaſures Hymen
ſtore for her, when the unwelcome
rition of the Engliſh heretic gave h

s of a very different nature. She
he came to ſummon her to that
tribunal, where ſhe muſt ſooner or
ıccount for that hoard of ducats,
ad now been the means of buying
huſband.

CHAPTER IX.

O, my lord! You never murdered Imogen
SHAK

BEHOLD then the ſinful brid
feet of her lady, having fainted,
tending to faint;—the ghoſt of
Barclay, pale, haggard, and wil
his reproachful looks on the amaz
begone, innocent Adelaide. In
late, to the appearance of ſpe
did not abſolutely faint; but tr
in every joint, ſhe ſupported h
laying her hand on the back of
Her lover miſconſtruing her fe
guilt, in a ſolemn tone thus a
her:—

"M

"Madam—I am ſorry that I have, uninvited, thus diſturbed the feſtivity of the night; but where every one is admitted, I preſumed that an old acquaintance would not have been deemed an intruder."

The poor girl, on the recovery of her terror, would have flown enraptured into his arms; but now, ſtung to the heart by the diſtant ſolemnity of his manner, and the undeſerved keenneſs of his reproaches, could only ſtammer out—

"Edmund—oh, Edmund!—what—what is it you mean?"

Here the abigail recovering from her fainting fit, and aware of the explanation that muſt enſue, ſneaked away.

Edmund reſumed:

"Madam, I will wave all recrimi
I come not here to claim your pled
faith.—You deſtine your hand to a w
thier ſuitor; I reſerve my heart for a
fickle woman.—But, ſtill anxious for
welfare, allow me to aſk you this q
tion—Adelaide, I diſtruſt appearanc
Notwithſtanding this giddy noiſe
mirth, are you *really* happy?"

"I have been moſt miſerable ſince
left me; but never, till now, felt wre
edneſs in the extreme."

And in the agony of ſorrow ſhe b
into tears.

"I grieve, madam, that my reproac
have ſunk ſo deep; I did not intend t
ſhould. Yet one more queſtion I n
aſk.—Your anſwer will determine
future conduct.—Has ever any viole

offered either to your perſon or in-
itions?"

I perceive not the drift of your queſ-
," ſhe replied, wiping the tears from
eyes, and with the pride of conſcious
cence; "but I can declare that I
have been my own miſtreſs, and that
iolence has been offered to my perſon
elinations."

Ah, cruel Adelaide! now indeed you
ſtabbed me to the heart."

How!—What did I ſay that could
affect you?"

It is needleſs to point where rankles
wound.—Farewel, madam. May
find in the ſplendour of opulence, on
ſmiles of the world, an equivalent for
purity of heart and ſimplicity of man-

ners that embelliſhed the days
youth."

"Edmund, ſtay—You muſt n
me thus.—You have moſt cruell
ed me.—Eaſily can I clear myſ
the imputations your words feer
vey. Then, ungrateful man—t
your conſcience be ſtung with re
having broken the heart of yc
laide."

She had riſen and approached h
who, unable to maſter his emoti
her hand, wiſtfully looking in he

Repreſſing her tears, ſhe was
ing, when the confuſed noiſe of fl
heard faſt approaching. Among
fuſion of voices were mingled t
of muſical inſtruments. As th
nigh, Edmund's features reſum
former ſeverity, while Adelaide,

e cauſe of this tumult, ſtood confound-
l, and highly vexed at their intruſion.
er confuſion confirmed her lover in his
ſpicions.

Now poured in, with loud uproar and
looſe array, the convivial crew, fiddlers
d all, headed by the bride, who as ſoon
ſhe entered began vociferating with
her might—for, indeed, ſhe was ſome-
hat tipſey—

" Here he is!—Here is the thief!—
op him. He comes to rob my lady.—
ay hold of the villain, I ſay.—Bind him
ſt, elſe he'll be ſure to eſcape again.—
ow for it."

Some of the more daring amongſt the
ew approached our hero with that in-
nt.—In the twinkling of an eye, he laid
em ſprawling on the ground. It is but
ſtice, however, to aſcribe a no ſmall

ſhare of the victory to the treach
effects of the copious draughts of
they had lately ſtowed within themſ

Then, in his ſterneſt manner, he th
dreſſed the marchioneſs—who, too
to make herſelf heard among ſuch
mour, and reſtrained by her maid,
had her reaſons for ſo doing, had
exhauſted into a chair—

"Theſe are, I ſuppoſe, madam, ſo
the witneſſes you intend to ſumm
proof of your ſeclufion and conſtan
Yet even now, will I not condem
unheard:—whatever you may ha
urge will, in a letter, find me at the vi
of Monmare. Adieu, madam. The
ſociety of theſe ladies and gentlemer
eaſily conſole you for my abſence."

He then indignantly made his
through the motley crew, who, ſat

1 the proofs he had given of his
igth, dared not, by further reſiſtance,
oke another ſpecimen, unmoved by
abuſe which the paſſionate and voci-
ing bride moſt liberally beſtowed
1 them.

Then he had departed, Adelaide, with
ir of diſpleaſure, deſired to be left to
elf. Her ſituation, to uſe her own
eſſion, was, at that moment, wretched
e extreme. The jovial crew returned
he bottle and the dance, ſave the
ering bridegroom, who was then
noned to the conjugal bed, which he
ſt contrived to reach.

CHAPTER X.

"BUT after midnight, the attendants in the palace were obſerved in the utmoſt confuſion. The abbot of the Franciſcans was, in great hurry, diſpatched for: In the morning, ſeveral of the ſervants were heard to declare, that the holy monk, having ſpent the remainder of the night in prayer with the biſhop, had withdrawn, bearing on his own features evident marks of perturbation.*"

IT is now high time to relieve, if poſſible, Prince Rodolphus from the uncomfortable ſtring of reflections produced by ſo unwelcome a viſitation, as the apparition of the Engliſh heretic. Somewhat

* Book I. chap. VII.

recovering

overing from the amazement and ter- that had, till then, held him mute and ctive, he rung the bell with all his ght.—A number of pages haſtened to ſummons.

' Where—where have you been all s while ?"

' Fearful to diſturb your ſerene high- s, we withdrew to the halls below."

' Oh !—I have ſeen—ſeen ſuch a ht!"

' What did your ſerene highneſs ſee?"

" How could he thus unnoticed intrude her ?—Did no one wait in my anti- amber ?"

" An't pleaſe your highneſs, I was on duty ; but in celebration of this glo-

rious day, I thought I could no better testify my loyalty than—"

"Aye, aye, by feasting and revelling whilst your prince is left to the danger of being alone, unwatched, and unguarded. —Oh Lord! Oh Lord! What shall I do?"

"We fervently hope that no sinister accident has befallen your serene highness."

"Oh yes, yes. I have seen—How could he get loose?—Amazing!"

"What has your highness seen?"

"I have seen——no matter what." Here he checked himself; for how could he, in policy, inform them of the resurrection of the English heretic, whose public consignment to the torments of Hell had stamped with heavenly co-operation the

ıe merits of the monk's prophecy, the enefits of which *he* had ſo plentifully aped. "Where is my lord chamberin?" enquired the biſhop, after a ſhort ıuſe.

"His lordſhip is at the ball."

"And my lord of the bed-chamber is the ball too, I ſuppoſe?"

"He attends the ſupper, an't pleaſe ıur ſerene highneſs."

"Where is then my lord of the ſtole?*"

Here decorum forbade them to acuaint the prince with the receſs his lordıip had been compelled to withdraw to. he truth is, that on this feſtive occaſion, ıe had ſo copiouſly ſwallowed both liıuids and ſolids, that he was employed

* By the vulgar impolitely called *ſtool*.

in

in performing about his own per
offices his title (in the vulgar
tion) ſo emphatically denotes.

"Well, well, ſo it happens t
always left to myſelf.—Oh L
Lord! What will become of po

"Does your highneſs deſire
mediate attendance?"

"Yes I do. Go directly.—
Send immediately for Father A
Tell him he is wanted here o
urgent occaſion. Loſe not a
Away.—You, wait in my anti
—And you, be ſure to remain
the holy father's arrival."

The monk received the ſumm
inward diſpleaſure. He was wa
return of his two agents, anxiou
how the priſoner bore the load

mal chains, and whether his lofty ſpi-
had not, at laſt, yielded to the effects
ſo long faſting. However, in compli-
ce with the meſſage, he ſped to the pa-
e, after giving orders to the porter to
tain the men till his return.

He found the biſhop ſtill ſhivering with
ror, who, when they were alone, re-
ed the cauſe of his alarm and diſmay.

Shrouder himſelf was at firſt alarmed
the intelligence, but never having en-
tained a very high opinion either of
: good ſenſe or courage of his ſerene
ıſter, and deeming beſides the Eng-
ıman's eſcape a thing next to impoſſi-
:, he could by no means credit the re-
ion.

The biſhop warmly re-aſſerted the fact.

The abbot was not a whit the more
convinced;

convinced; but adduced many ingenious reaſons in ſupport of his opinion.

His ſerene highneſs now loſt all patience; he ſwore—aye, he ſtoutly ſwore—to the truth of every tittle he had advanced.

The monk then perceived it high time to leave the philoſopher, and to aſſume the courtier: he appeared convinced by Rodolphus's aſſertions; ſaid he would go himſelf to the ſpot, ſee with his own eyes, and inſtantly return and make his report.

He then took his leave, through a bye-paſſage left the palace unſeen, and haſtened, not to the *Calvary*, but to his convent, where he expected to meet his agents.

He was no leſs alarmed than diſappointed on being informed, that neither of them had yet made their appearance.

Fearful

arful left the biſhop's relation ſhould at
t prove true, he paced his chamber in
treme agitation.

" What a life!" cried he; " ſhall I ne-
enjoy one moment's reſt?——O am-
ion! how dearly bought are thy ſmiles!
ut I can, I will no longer bear this
pence."

And immediately he ſallied forth in
ſt of his men.

Arrived at the north gate of the cathe-
l, with a key he always carried about
n he opened it, and followed the paſ-
e that led to the ſtairs below. To his
priſe, the door that concealed the gate
od wide open. He ſearched in the
ıal places, and about them, for the key:
was no-where to be found. He ad-
ıced to the extremity of the ſtairs,
held

held the light downward, endeavouring to pierce through the obſcurity beneath: withholding his breath, he liſtened with fearful and intenſe anxiety; but he could not diſcern the motion of any object, neither did the faintest ſound reach his ear. Louder and louder he then called his ruffians by their names:—his dread voice reſounded through the vaults, and died away unanſwered and unheard. His heart now miſgave him. He ſtood on the brink pondering what courſe to take. When, reſolved to know the worſt, he hurried down the ſteps. Already he had paſſed the ſecond door, when a dreadful reflection ſhot athwart him, and congealed his blood.

"Suppoſe—ſuppoſe ſome one concealed in the paſſage, is now cloſing the door upon me, and intombing me alive in theſe ſubterraneous vaults!"

He

He hurried breathleſs back, nor ſtopped till he reached the top of the ſtairs.

A conſiderable time elapſed before he could muſter ſufficient fortitude to renew his ſearch: he then ſtepped down with the utmoſt caution, examining every corner and nook, often ſhrinking as he advanced, and turning his head in ghaſtly fright.

On reaching the fatal apartment, the monk, with ſurpriſe, beheld it open. He entered it:—but inſtead of meeting his victim doubly chained to the pillar, he beheld his truſty agents, laying on the ground, weltering in their blood, and mangled in a moſt ſhocking manner.—Crouder arrived juſt in time to witneſs their laſt agonies, and to hear their dying groans.

When Edmund's guide, on his return

to

to the Calvary, had unſhackled his com
panion, the latter, ſtill ſmarting und
the pain of the blow he had receive
diſappointed in his expected rewar
and aware of the monk's implacable r
ſentment, bitterly upbraided his fello
taxing him with cowardice, and aſcri
ing to his fault the priſoner's eſca
The other as warmly retorted the cha
The vehemence of their voice nd m
ner increaſed with the ſtorm of their p
ſion: the cavern reſounded with th
horrid imprecations: at laſt, giving w
to all their rage, they proceeded to a
of violence, and drawing their cutlaſ
with the moſt determined fury, mangl
each other in the manner their emplo
found them.

With every ſentiment of alarm a
horror, the monk would have imme
ately quitted the fatal ſpot; but he w
induced, for his own ſecurity, previou
to diſpoſe of the bodies. He then dra

ed them to the grave prepared for Ed-
lund, and which they themſelves had
ug, and cloſing the ſtone upon them,
e hurried to the palace, and, with his
lation, communicated to the biſhop the
me ſenſations that agitated his own
ame.

He, however, loſt not a moment in en-
avouring to recover his prey. By the
ince's orders, parties were ſent in every
rection, in and out of the city, with an
curate perſonal deſcription of Edmund
arclay; repreſenting him, at the ſame
me, as an emiſſary of the French, a vile
obber, a jacobin, an anarchiſt, and a
ring of other opprobrious epithets,
ith which it has been of late too much
he faſhion to brand thoſe whom the
reſent rulers conceive inimical to their
eaſures. The Franciſcan then returned
o his convent, bearing on his features
vident marks of the perturbation which
e in vain ſtrove to quell.

CHAPTER XI.

IF Edmund's injuſtice ſunk deep i
Adelaide's heart—if ſhe bewailed w
tears the ſeverity of his reproaches, a ſ
ſation of joy, ſuch as ſhe had not felt
many months, mingled with her ſorro
a beam of hope ſhot through her te
and by degrees opened new proſpect

"At leaſt he lives—my Edmund liv
—With that aſſurance, O Misfortune
can bear thy worſt.—But, ah me! I h
incurred his diſpleaſure!—No matt
Innocent of his accuſations, eaſily ca
clear myſelf.—But, why ſhould he ſuſp
his Adelaide? Ah, doubtleſs, he has be
like me, the dupe of falſe reports.—I
has bid me write to him: this mome
will I begin the pleaſing taſk.—But w
tr

uſt to a cold, formal letter the overflow-
gs of a heart which only throbs for
m.—No, Edmund, I will not write.—I
ill inſtantly follow thee to Switzerland—
will not quit thee till thou haſt heard
ıe.—Then I ſhall regain thy eſteem;
ecauſe I have never deſerved to forfeit
ıy love."

The marchioneſs then rung the bell to
ve immediate orders for her departure.
he glow of animation that had ſo long
rſaken, now fluſhed her cheek, height-
ıed by the tremor of impatience. Not
moment, in her opinion, ſhould be loſt:
ıe intervening time between her depar-
ıre and arrival ſhe could wiſh to ſee an-
ihilated. Hope gladdened her heart,
ghtened her ſteps, animated her fea-
ıres, and ſparkled in her eye.—Oh! how
ıall I relate the circumſtance that in a
ıoment blaſted ſuch preſent enjoyment,
ıch delightful anticipation!

[illegible] *appointed by* [illegible] *trial fo* [illegible] *and Prince.*

FOR SUCH IS OUR PLEASURE.

[illegible] *Court at S.... in th* [illegible] *Lord 17[illegible], and of our reign* [illegible].

WITNESS OUR HAND.
RODOLPHUS.

By the Sacred Majesty's command.
CHRISTOPHER WALSTEIN.

"Sir," faid the fimple maid, fomewhat recovering from her amazement, "I aſſure you I never countenanced nor harboured a French emiſſary: neither do I know any one of that deſcription."

"Madam, we have nothing to do with the juſtneſs or injuſtice of the charge. —Our duty is to obey orders."

Thus

Thus ſilenced, Adelaide perused the paper. An objection to its legality forcibly ſtruck her.

"My apprehenſion, ſir, is, that it is not legal."

"How, madam?"

"According to the terms of the conſtitution, the prince has no right to incarcerate any ſubject without the previous conſent of the city's council."

"Your ladyſhip is not aware of the abrogation of that law, by his highneſs's authority having lately been made abſolute*."

* The reader, I hope, will not be ſo wicked as to aſſert that I am here glancing at certain tranſactions that lately took place in——no matter where.——Aye, but it *does* matter.

Adelaide ſighed, but repreſſed the ſtarting tear. From her knowledge of the biſhop's character, ſhe more than ſuſpected that this frivolous accuſation was but a pretext to get her into his hands. With the intent of making her eſcape ſhe requeſted to ſtep to her toilet, in or der to take with her ſome neceſſary ap parel.

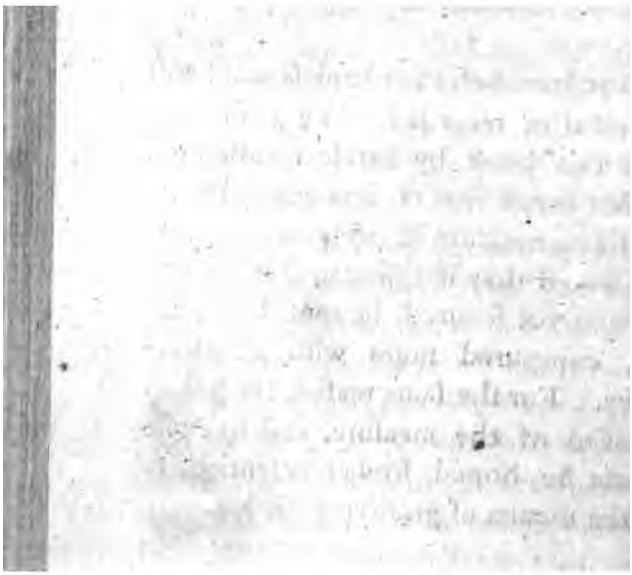
Adelaide had no ſooner withdrawn than through a ſmall door ſhe hurri down a flight of ſtairs, at the foot which ſhe met her newly-married wa ing woman, and entreated her to favo her eſcape; but the abigail, well pa to follow inſtructions of a different n ture, and who had in conſequence ſ tioned herſelf on that ſpot, was deaf all her entreaties, and with all the aſſun importance ſhe could muſter, even orde her lady back. Such an inſtance of gratitude wounded Adelaide to

qui

but perceiving ſeveral men in
ntals haſtening to her maid's call,
ırned to her apartment, and with
meekneſs of a lamb in the ſlaugh-
ıſe, ſurrendered herſelf to her fate.

ıt ſince befel the hapleſs maid will
eafter recorded. We ſhall con-
:his book by barely mentioning,
r arreſt was recommended by the
ıs a meaſure of ſafety, who rightly
ured that if Edmund Barclay had
:n yet ſecured, he muſt have, ere
:ompared notes with Adelaide

For the ſame reaſon, the biſhop
ed of the meaſure, and likewiſe
: he hoped, by her detention, to
: means of gratifying his luſt.



BOOK VI.

CHAPTER I.

Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a ſoul, that, like an ample ſhield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
DRYDEN.

O CONSCIENCE!—to all men, in all climes, thou impartially extended gift!—the faithful monitor of what is right, the inflexible warner of what is wrong; leſs erring than reaſon, more valuable than genius; who blighteſt the bloſſoms of proſperous crime, and ſmileſt comfort on undeſerved misfortue!—thee, his only ſolace,

mund round his heart now winds, and thus ſhielded, he journeys on, unſubdued by adverſity, heedleſs of poverty:—and from all the ills attending prejudices, man is by thee upheld invulnerable. What, though during the conflict of paſſions, thou canſt not aſſuage the ſtorm;—what, though thou ſhieldeſt not from the pang of diſappointed, and unrequited love;—time ſoon comes to thine aid, and of paſt ſorrows nought remains, but a melancholic, not unpleaſing, remembrance.

What a train of conſoling—delightful reflections gladdens the man who has reaſon to be better ſatisfied with himſelf than with his fortune! Although dreary was Edmund's tract, cheerleſs the day, drooping the ſeaſon, and, in a worldly ſenſe, gloomy his proſpects, by retiring within himſelf, he could create a ſerene ſky, and call up happier ſcenes.

Durin

During his fourth day's march, the
rk, lowering clouds, driven by a ſouth-
ly wind, as they paſſed, diſſolved in a
zzling rain. Edmund ſheltered him-
under an ancient, decayed oak, whoſe
remaining withered leaves ſeemed
the thinly-ſprinkled hair of the old
n at his laſt term. He viewed the
ounding ſcenery.—It was every-where
omy and comfortleſs. The brooks,
lled by the inceſſant rains, had over-
ved their banks, and deluged the ad-
nt meadows; huſhed were the ſong-
s of the woods; the fields were untrod
he browſing cattle, ſave a few drip-
g ſheep that beneath the almoſt leaf-
hedge found but a poor ſhelter againſt
inclemency of the ſeaſon: of all the
ers that adorned the gayer months,
e remained but a few ſolitary daiſes,
ch, at winter's firſt touch, would like-
diſappear.—It ſeemed as if Nature,
ned of her gifts, was receding from

man, and ſinking into the tomb. As the ſwelling gale bowed the trees, and ſwept the newly-fallen leaves, Edmund, recollecting a ſimilar ſcene ſo admirable deſcribed by the poet of Nature, exclaimed with him:

> Along the woods, along the mooriſh fens,
> Sighs the ſad Genius of the coming ſtorm.
>
> THOMSON.

The treading of leaves recalled him from the reflections he was enjoying. He looked up and beheld the approach of the moſt miſerable human being that depravity and debauch, filth and diſeaſe, ever had conſpired to deform. His uncombed and matted hair hung about his ſallow face; a ſqualid, ulcerated ſkin appeared through his tattered garments; diſeaſe had gnawed away the fleſhy part of his noſe; his yellow teeth, bared of their gums, ſeemed at every motion dropping

om his mouth; a beard, itſelf the
of wretchedneſs, darkened and
the lower part of his face; his
quivering lips betrayed a feveriſh
ion, and his remnant of life hardly
l him to move along his waſted
tering limbs.

:n this diſguſting object came
a few paces of our hero, hat in
ıe begged his alms in broken Ger-

. ever feels for ſuffering humanity;
the ſight of his fellow-being de-
and ſunk into infamy, his wound-
le ſorrowfully exclaims—" Can
wretch be *my* brother?"

und felt the ſhock.—With his
erted he counted out ſome ſmall
ɔn turning his head to drop the
o the beggar's hat, he perceived

him haſtily concealing what he took for his handkerchief.—He ſearched his pockets.—It was gone. The alteration of his countenance convinced the wretch that he was detected in the theft. He dropped on his knees, and in a piteous voice beſought mercy, tendering at the ſame time the ſtolen handkerchief. With his broken German he interlarded Engliſh words, better pronounced, and more properly introduced.—Edmund could but feel aſtoniſhed at the circumſtance.

"Surely you are not a native of England?" ſaid he in Engliſh.

"Yes indeed I am, ſir;" replied the man in the ſame language.

"You an Engliſhman! In what county was you born?

"I was

"I was born in London, ſir; but my family comes from Herefordſhire."

"Herefordſhire!" cried he with increaſing ſurpriſe.

"Yes, ſir."

Edmund viewed him now more attentively. Notwithſtanding the alterations wrought by age, poverty, diſeaſe, and infamy, the caſt of his features ſtruck him as bearing ſome—a ſtriking—too ſtriking a likeneſs of him, whom he dared not, even to himſelf, declare.

"Your name?" enquired he in a faultering voice.—

No ſooner was it delivered to him than his blood turned cold:—a ſudden ſhivering pervaded his frame.—He ſtood a moment petrified, viewing the miſera-

ble

ble object; then seizing the handker
that was still offered to him, he ap
it to his eyes, clasped his hands, lo
up to Heaven:—again he surveyed
beggar, then suddenly averting his
he leaned his head against the oak
and burst into tears.

The man, amazed at the vehemen
his emotions, still remained on his k
in trembling expectation, yet not
out some suspicion as to the cause.

"You are"—"sobbed out Edm
—"Rise—unhappy man, rise—You
—oh that I must own you as such
Yes—you are—my father!"

He then would have knelt by
with filial tenderness; but, repelled by
sight of an object so loathsome, he sh
with the same horror as if he had
himself transformed into a similar figu

The beggar aroſe with evident ſigns
oy.

" What do you ſay?—Is this no de-
ception?—Are you really my ſon Ed-
nund?—Damn me if I am not glad of it.
—Then come along, my boy. Take me
o ſome houſe of entertainment; for, by
3—, I am famiſhed to death, and curſe
ne if I have a ſtiver in the whole world."

He then would have ſhaken hands
ith his ſon; but Edmund ſhrunk from
ie touch, and could only tell him to
)llow.

In the way he ſtrove to overcome his
verſion, and he ſucceeded ſo far as to
ingle more of pity than contempt in the
veral queſtions he put to his father.
ir Thomas Barclay, inured of late years
the rough uſage of rebuffs and inſults,
ould have called this behaviour ex-
tremely

tremely dutiful, had he not in his c
graded ſtate forgotten what he in fa
never well knew—the relative ſituatic
of father and ſon.

CHAPTER II.

Too Vulgar for our Faſhionables.

A few miles' walk brought hem to a llage inn. The baronet had no ſooner ken poſſeſſion of a corner in the kitchen, ıan he began calling for food, and, un-eeding his ſon's re.nonſtrances, greedily evoured whatever was put before him.)rink was the next call. He ſwallowed raught after draught, till he grew in-oxicated. On his ordering the pot to e filled, Edmund peremptorily forbade ıny more to be brought in. The baronet wore, threatened, grew ſullen, and at laſt ell aſleep. Not being in a condition to e admitted into a bed, he was taken in-o the ſtable, and laid upon ſome ſtraw.

On

On viſiting him the next morning, his ſon found him delirious under the burnings of a fever. Deſirous as he was of reaching Monmare, he could not think of leaving his father in ſuch a ſituation; but aware that his ſcanty finances, and the appearance and behaviour of the baronet, could not enſure him that care and attention indiſpenſable to his recovery, he requeſted to ſpeak in private with the landlord and his wife. He then openly declared himſelf the ſon of the unfortunate man, informed them of his indiſpoſition, and requeſted their kind offices.

" Here, madam," ſaid he, putting into her hands the contents of his purſe, " this is all I have at preſent. May I requeſt you to purchaſe for him ſome linen apparel, which, when procured, will fit him to occupy one of your beds. In

the neighbouring town I can earn my labour ſufficient to pay for his d and lodging. Every Sunday I will ll at your houſe, and diſcharge the bill. ould you truſt me till that time, you ll not find in me an ungrateful man."

As he ſpoke, his honeſt countenance nfirmed what he ſaid. They believed n, and granted his requeſt.

Artleſs language of virtue! More quent than the ſtudied ſpeeches of orators! Nay, thou alone art truly quent; ſince thou alone canſt give ect to thy words!

However, too well acquainted with the onet's ſottiſh diſpoſition, he intreated m only to indulge him in the neceſ- ies of plain, wholeſome diet, and clean odging. After ſeeing his father ac-

commodated

commodated with change of linen, a
admitted into an apartment of the hou
he took his leave, and repaired to
neighbouring town.

CHAPTER III.

Still too Vulgar for our Faſhionables.

AT the expiration of a month, Sir Thomas Barclay was ſo far recovered as to be able to walk abroad. The following Sunday, Edmund left the town with a joyful heart. He carried on a ſtaff a bundle of clothes, ſufficient to clothe the baronet from top to toe. This apparel he had procured by working double tides, and by the ſtricteſt economy. In his way to the village, he anticipated the pleaſure his father muſt feel at the preſent. The baronet in fact was not a little pleaſed in ſeeing himſelf ſo decently arrayed. The example and converſation of his ſon ſeemed to make ſome impreſſion upon him: his behaviour before and after dinner was

me preſent of a handſome ſuit c
and I thank you for it.—But loc
this is mere outſide and ſhow, u
line this fob with a little caſh."

It was not the loſs of mc
grieved Edmund, it was the req
however pulled out his remainin

' Here, ſir," looking at his
proachfully, " take this. It is
in the world."

The unfeeling wretch rece
money, and with ſaying " Th

ne time elapſed before his ſon could oin the company.

On his re-entrance he found the ba- ıet gone, who did not return till a late ur, completely intoxicated, without his t, which he had pawned for more uor, and with his clothes torn and be- eared in an enſuing ſcuffle.

I will here briefly conclude what re- ins to be ſaid of this man. Had I ch more to relate, I would leave it told, rather than to dwell on ſo mean, depraved a character.

The eve of the day fixed by Edmund : his departure to Switzerland, the b a- net ſtole to the cupboard, where the ıdlady kept her ſpirituous liquors. Ere was diſcovered, he had time to ſwal- w brandy ſufficient to bring on his ath, which took place the following day,

day, after his having paſſed the
the moſt excruciating tortures.

Thus periſhed Sir Thomas
once the gay poſſeſſor of half
ſterling, which, however, prove
inſufficient ſupply for the gratifi
his unbounded appetites. H
melancholy inſtance of the de
into which man may ſink, wh
ported by ſelf-eſteem, as his
ſtriking proof of the happy and
ſtate which human nature may
the purſuit of rational enjoym
by the practice of moral duti
taunts of his creditors were his
miliation, the repulſes of his fr
ſecond; inured to theſe, he coul
a bluſh, under the ſanction of a
his menials and dependents of t
hoard. He left Switzerland a
abſconded from England. To

l as a fortune-hunter. Baffled in
ectations, he turned to the card-
id the dice-box. Detected in the
acking cards, he was threatened
hrown out of the window, and
kicked out of doors. The pro-
f a footpad became his next re-

After the commiſſion of ſeveral
es, debilitated by a continuance
aſe, he ſunk into a beggar, and
ally turned pickpocket. At laſt
ſhed in the miſerable manner we
lated.

ntereſt, exclaim our philoſophers,
primum mobile of the actions of
ndividual. We admit the truth
bſervation; but before they draw
eneral concluſion from theſe pre-
et them remark the *different* ef-
oduced by the *ſame* cauſe, exem-
in the oppoſite conduct of Ed-
nd his father;—let them judge

I answer—If vice be contagiou
tue is no less communicative.

Why then are so few swayed by
fluence?

O, my fellow-beings! look int
own hearts, see which wisdom
then will ye, yourselves, be able to
the question.

Without meeting any adventure
recording, our hero reached the l
of Switzerland, and entered an i
tending to take up his lodging
night. On the window of his apa
laid a pamphlet; he mechanically
up, and was not a little surprised
reading the title-page—

"MEMOIRES AUTHENTIQUES
MUND BARCLAY, *Anglais de nati*
victime des manœuvres d'un infa

CHAPTER IV.

E expences of his father's inter-
, together with other charges he
not avoid incurring, had involved
nd in debts he had no more im-
ate proſpects of paying, than by the
earnings of his labour. Impatient
ich Monmare, he again applied to
end the landlord, requeſting a longer
t. The favour was granted as ſoon
ed.

might appear ſtrange that a publi-
who is taught by his profeſſion to
e moſt on his guard againſt impo-
s, ſhould, for a ſtranger, break
gh the firſt rule of his trade:—viz.
lieve every man a rogue till he has
d himſelf otherwiſe.

dication to the Marchioneſs of Barfel
that this faithful ſervant had retur
ſafe to Switzerland: he therefore m
ſure of finding him at Monmare, wh
he arrived a few days after.

Doctor Staunch excepted, every in
bitant of the village haſtened to give
the welcome, and his friendly heart k
how to make them a grateful ret
Loiſeau, it is true, was at Lucerne;
his return was ſhortly expected.
hero, however, felt no leſs grieved t
diſappointed, on finding, that during
long interval no letter or meſſage f
the Marchioneſs of Barfeld had been
for him. On a retroſpective view of
late conduct towards her, he could
help taxing himſelf with cruelty, an
hoped ſhe would not neglect the oppo
nity of exculpating herſelf; but her ſil

* See that dedication at the beginning of Book

now convinced him, that ſhe had declined his interference in her concerns, and that ſhe abſolutely wiſhed to break off entirely with him: it likewiſe obliterated every favourable impreſſion that her words, figure, and deportment, had made on him in his laſt interview with her, in ſpite of the giddy ſcenes with which ſhe was ſurrounded.—Thus ſituated, he felt it would be a ſhameful weakneſs to nouriſh any longer a paſſion ſo ill-requited. He hoped to find in the friendſhip of Loiſeau, and in the attractions of his native country, whither he intended ſhortly to return, a powerful ſolace for his wounded heart.

In the mean time, he made pilgrimages to his father's houſe, Monmare-caſtle, and Daubigné's cottage. His preſent diſpoſition was peculiarly adapted to indulge in the retroſpections of the various ſcenes theſe ſpots had witneſſed; but aware of the conſequences, alike detrimental to the

the vigour of his body and mind, by too great an indulgence in melancholic and ſolitary contemplation, he counteracted their effects by frequent intercourſes with his fellow-men, and by bodily and mental exertions on objects he never was at a loſs either to find or invent.

At the time that our Engliſhman was in Germany, the news of the taking of the Baſtile reached Switzerland. Edmund cheriſhed a hope, that, notwithſtanding his old age and the rigors of his confinement, Daubigné was ſtill alive, and not excluded from the benefits of the revolution. As ſoon, therefore, as he reached Switzerland, he wrote to his uncle for remittances, determined to go himſelf to Paris in queſt of his benefactor. He waited a conſiderable time for the anſwer, when he received a letter from the truſtees to the old gentleman's will, intimating his death, and informing his nephew

at he had bequeathed him his eſtate. Though deeply affect- intelligence of his death, Ed- not a moment in requeſting the y his anſwer, to raiſe an hun- ds upon the eſtate, and to re- o him without delay. He had itten to his ſeveral acquaint- aris, entreating them to make ible enquiry after the fate of

CHAPTER V.

WHILST he was impatiently waiting this remittance and his friends' answer the day arrived when Loiſeau was expected from Lucerne. Edmund went ſeveral miles on the road to give him the meeting. He waited his arrival till the cloſe of the day, then returned to Monmare, diſappointed as moſt people are on ſimilar occaſions. The moon had now riſen in unclouded majeſty; clear, calm, and froſty was the night; the ſilence was only now and then broken by the barking of the village dog, and the ſound of diſtant waterfalls; but in the majeſtic ſolemnity above, the ear liſtens in fancy to the harmony of the ſpheres; the mind attempting to calculate the infinite, is loſt in the immenſity of ſpace, and the ſoul, in in-

ecſtacy, muſes forth the praiſes
creator and motor eternal—uni-

id felt the religious influence; he
far from Daubigne's cottage.
ie haſtened to pay his devotions.
le, ſhut up in the heated atmo-
a cloſe room, your faſhionable
i liſtleſs talk, are lounging away
ius hours, Edmund, delighting
riſſitudes of ſeaſons, and warm
iatural heat, could find as many
ts in the rough ſcenery of win-
the flowery lap of ſpring.

; reached the avenue that led to
l ſpot, he deſcried an old man
i his ſtaff, with his face towards
:. The moon, in its meridian,
tween the leafleſs trees on his
ad. Edmund ſtopped; but cu-
now what motive could entice

at

at ſuch a time and ſeaſon, ſo old a m
ſo unfrequented a place, he ſoftly ſte
up to a yew-tree, behind which he
cealed himſelf at a little diſtance
the unknown perſon, whoſe ſobs he
diſtinctly hear.

" After ſo long and ſo cruel a ſe
tion, is this the meeting that awaits
ſorrowfully ſpoke the venerable mot
" —Can this be my dwelling?—Ah
devaſtation, this ſolitude, too plain!
the worſt of misfortunes!—Edm
Adelaide!—O my children! where ar
—Why haſten ye not to beſtow, by
preſence, the only bleſſing your old f
can receive, ere the tomb cloſes
him?—"

More he would have ſaid, but his
faltered, and ere he recovered it,
mund was at his feet, and ſupporte
old man with his arms thrown a

waiſt. The ſenſations they both felt re too powerful for utterance. Daubigné——But ſcenes like this words can-t expreſs. Let the reader conſult his elings, nature will help him to the true thos. A writer in the attempt might deed diſplay his art; but merely becauſe is an art, the effect is null.

When their firſt effuſions were abated, dmund took Daubigné to Loiſeau's other, at whoſe houſe he himſelf lodged. fter ſupper, and ſpending a happy our by the good woman's fire-ſide, he d his friend to an apartment prepared r him, and left him to his repoſe.

No ſooner was Daubigné liberated om the walls of deſpotiſm, on the memorable day of the taking of the Baſtile, an, to gratify the firſt wiſh of his heart, e took a place in the coach for Switzerand; but his weak frame, unable to bear

the fatigues of the journey, compelled him to remain a conſiderable time at an inn on the road, till he had gathered ſufficient ſtrength to proceed. He had written ſeveral letters to his pupils; but, owing to the irregular manner the poſts were conducted in thoſe times of troubles, they all miſcarried. When the vehicle had reached the well-known bye-road that led to his cottage, neither the coldneſs of the air, nor the lateneſs of the hour—the length of the walk, nor his advanced age, could ſubdue his eagerneſs to viſit his children that very night. How pungent his grief, when, inſtead of the happy ſcenes his fancy had anticipated, he met but ſilence, ſolitude, and devaſtation! The old man would perhaps have ſunk under this laſt misfortune, had not Edmund's timely arrival beamed comfort on his venerable head.

Edmund, unwilling to damp Daubigné's

bigné's joy at their firſt meeting, had, on that night, declined anſwering his enquiries concerning Adelaide; but the next day he gave him a full account of every circumſtance that befel him ſince their ſeparation. Terror, pity, horror, indignation, ſucceeded each other in Daubigné's boſom, as the various events paſſed in review before him; but he moſt deeply lamented the fallen ſtate of Adelaide: he would have doubted her infidelity, had not accumulated proofs forced conviction on his mind.

"My ſon," ſaid he, greatly affected, I ſee that you will ſpend an active life in doing good to your fellow-creatures, and that you will only reap diſappointment and ingratitude in return. But of my reward they cannot deprive thee:— is entwined with thine exiſtence, and will long outlive it."

Loiſeau's return from Lucerne occaſioned another meeting as affecting, but more animated. The poor fellow laughed, wept, fell on his knees in thanks to Heaven, ran about the houſe, congratulated every one he met, and affectionately preſſed Edmund to his boſom. His reſpectful behaviour gave way to the moſt careſſing familiarity, and, on that account, the more grateful to his friend.

We will here relate the tranſactions in which Baptiſt Loiſeau had a ſhare, ſince his ſeparation from Edmund Barclay.

When the congregation had quitted the metropolitan church of S.... after the cataſtrophe we have deſcribed, maddened by deteſtation, horror, and revenge, Loiſeau hurried to his lodgings, and with his loaded piſtols returned to the cathedral. In the hurry of terror, a ſmall gate had been left open. He entered. A

few

ew tapers here and there feebly glim-
nered through the obſcurity. On ea-
erly looking about for his victim, he
pied a man in the monaſtic habit walk-
ng in the choir:—by his gait he judged
im to be Shrouder. He hailed him by
hat name: the man ſtopped, and appear-
ed agitated. He repeated the call, ad-
ancing towards him, and reviling him at
he ſame time with the various crimes
he monk had committed. When he had
pproached Shrouder ſo near as to be
ertain of the identity of the perſon, he
red twice. At the ſecond diſcharge, the
Franciſcan fell on the pavement, appa-
ently dead. Loiſeau then haſtened from
the church, and, ere the alarm was given,
had departed the city in his return to his
native country, which he reached with-
out further accident. He employed his
leiſure hours in compoſing and publiſhing
the memoirs his unfortunate friend.
The reaſons that prompted him to that
undertaking

undertaking are fully elucidated in his preface, to which again we refer the reader.

Happy were the days they paſſed under the hoſpitable roof of Loiſeau's mother; but it was high time to fix upon ſome mode of ſettlement, which would preclude, as much as the inſtability of human affairs would allow, the poſſibility of a ſeparation. Edmund's plan prevailed.

" My father, I would adviſe you to part with your little eſtate. Many years muſt paſs away, before it can riſe from its preſent devaſtation, and recover ſome of the charms that held you to its ſoil. But were your cottage a paradiſe, you could not enjoy it as ſuch, ſo long as you have for neighbour the preſent paſtor of Monmare. Believe me, ſir, the active wicked man finds too much advantage

and

ncouragement in the credulity and
e of the public, not to disturb, and
r to ruin, the object of his hatred.
:state bequeathed to me is in every
ct what your age and disposition re-
: a southernly and dry situation,
g an hospitable and tolerant people,
e commerce will furnish you with the
ern productions; at the same time, that
ighly cultivated state of the country
upply you with the best necessaries
:. And I hope I shall omit nothing
nder your residence with me as
able as the happiest days you have
to enjoyed."

ubigné accepted the proposal. He
diately put up for sale his cottage
its little dependencies, which he
eclaimed from Dr. Staunch, who,
very ill grace, had been compelled
e in his accounts. As soon as these
iary affairs were settled, and Dau-

bigné

bigné ſo far recovered as to be able to bear the fatigues of the journey, they ſet out for England. But Loiſeau requeſted to remain for a ſhort time on the continent, intending to make one more attempt to diſcover the real ſituation of the Marchioneſs of Barfeld. With this requeſt, Edmund willingly complied; at the ſame time, commiſſioned Baptiſt to diſcharge the ſeveral debts he had contracted in Germany. Loiſeau was then to come over to England, and to rejoin him at the village of Bodenham, in Herefordſhire.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE

MAN OF FORTITUDE;

OR,

CHEDONI IN ENGLAND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By B. FRERE.

VOL. III.

———Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail!——— THOMSON.

Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a ſoul that, like an ample ſhield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more. DRYDEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JAMES WALLIS, NO. 46, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

1801.

T. Davison, Lombard-Street, White-Friars.

THE

AN OF FORTITUDE.

BOOK VII.

CHAPTER I.

f all court ſervice learn the common lot:
'o-day 'tis done, to-morrow 'tis forgot.

DRYDEN.

RODOLPHUS, impreſſed with a e ſenſe of the worth of the holy in whom he had already made ab- t of his convent, and conſcious that further extenſion of power muſt be highly

highly beneficial to the ſpiritual inte reſts of the chriſtian world, made ap plication to the pope to promote th Franciſcan to the generalſhip of his orde His holineſs, ever illuminated by the Hol Ghoſt, and *ſwayed by the ſtrong intere* the biſhop had in the conclave, forthwit iſſued a bull to that effect *."

Thus concludes the firſt book of ou hiſtory, from which we draw a clue t proceed in our narrative.

Inveſted with his new dignity, Fath Ambroſe was active in the diſcharge the duties annexed to it: he by turn viſited the ſeveral convents of his orde delighting in the obedience, reverenc and dread he every-where commanded the regulations and diſcipline that h been departed from were rigorouſly i

* Book I. chap. 7.

force

orced, and ſevere penances inflicted for whatever offence he was pleaſed to conider as more than venial. Whilſt he was hus only following the bent of his diſpoſition, by a complacency natural to the uman mind, he flattered himſelf that in calling, by the ſtrictneſs of diſcipline, o many ſouls to the path of ſalvaion, he was, in ſome meaſure, atoning or the crimes that lay ſo heavy on his eart. At the ſame time, he well knew ow to ally ambition with religion, and o make the latter ſubſervient to the rmer. He now found that the court f S..... was too narrow a theatre for he mighty plans he had conceived. He ad of late remarked, that his influence ver the biſhop was on the wane: he felt e leſs concerned on that account, as by is new dignity he had become independent of his highneſs, and was only amenble to the pope. He wiſhed beſides to ave a city that had witneſſed the theft

of which he was in hourly danger of being recogniſed as the author, and when he was in conſtant dread of being, ſooner or later, retaken by the revengeful arm of the injured Edmund Barclay. To the capital of the chriſtian world he was deſirous of repairing; and, confident in his genius, he doubted not to acquire, in time, over his holineſs, the ſame aſcendancy he had obtained over the mind of the Prince Biſhop of S....

But whilſt he was preparing for his departure to Rome, his enemies (and many he had) were as actively employed at deviſing means to have him conveyed to the ſame city, although in a manner much leſs flattering to his ambitious views.

The prime miniſter, Walſtein, ranked among the moſt implacable of his foes. As a courtier, this man had a reaſonable cauſe

uſe for his enmity. The genius of rouder had on the onſet borne down the favourite's influence over his maſ-r; but the monk, like Hannibal, was re ſkilled in conquering than in retain-g his conqueſts. Rodolphus's puny ind, unable to ſoar up to his lofty ideas, ught the more congenial diſpoſition of en of the ordinary ſtamp. Theſe avail themſelves of the Franciſcan's fre-ent abſences in the diſcharge of his ty, to alienate the prince from him. dolphus liſtened the more willingly to ir inſinuations, as, by his power having come abſolute, he ſaw no further occa-n for the monk's ſervices. The couri-rs, however, found it impoſſible to re-ve from his mind that dread and awe th which Albert had inſpired him.

The prince biſhop was thus heſitating ween his deſire to regain his freedom

and his fear to attempt it, when Wa
haſtened his determination.

A copy of Loiſeau's narrative, in
cation of Edmund Barclay, accide
fell into the miniſter's hands. Ir
publication was detailed every cri
Shrouder's that had come to the w
knowledge. As one of the princip
moters of the pious fraud that had
acted in the metropolitan church,
ſtein was certain that the author's
ment of that event was correct. H
it likewiſe to come at the truth
other crime laid to the monk's c
namely, the theft committed o
Bauer family. The elder Bauer w
at S....., poor and wretched in th
treme. The miniſter ſent for hin
examined him concerning the robb
had ſuffered. Satisfied with his an
he took down his depoſition in w
and diſmiſſed him with a ſmall p

ſtrict caution of ſecrecy. Furniſh-
th theſe documents, he repaired to
alace, and read to the prince the
catalogue of Albert's crimes, ex-
ing on the enormities of each, and
e conſequences likely to follow, in
i his own reputation would doubtleſs
volved ſhould he any longer coun-
ce ſuch a character: he likewiſe
:d out, in ſtrong terms, what his ſe-
iighneſs himſelf had to dread from ſo
ɜ a ruffian, ſhould he heſitate to take
eceſſary ſteps to prevent the per-
:ion of further crimes. Thus the
er, by giving a new channel to the
›'s fears, ſucceeded at laſt in urging
o exert his utmoſt influence, for the
ſe of having the charges laid be-
:he holy inquiſition at Rome, that
y meaſures might be adopted for
pprehending and ſecuring of the
ıal. At the ſame time theſe mea-

ſures were conducted with ſuch ſecre
that the Franciſcan received the bl
ere he perceived it impending over
head.

CHAPTER II.

IN the depth of winter, Father Ambroſe left the city of S...., pretending that buſineſs of the utmoſt importance, concerning his order, required his immediate preſence at Rome. The prince, fearing that the high eſtimation in which he was held by the populace might impede his arreſt, gave orders that it ſhould take place at ſome diſtance from the capital.

In a narrow road, deeply ſunk between ſteep banks, overhung with brambles and underwood, which increaſed the gloom of a gloomy winter's day, the general of the Franciſcans, alone in a

corner of his *cabriolet,* was intently pondering on new means of attaining to grandeur. Riſing from ſtep to ſtep, he was at laſt decorated with a cardinal's hat, ſitting in the conclave convened for the election of a new pope. No doubt but he would have been entruſted with the triple crown and St. Peter's keys, had not the galloping horſes from behind ſtarted him from his golden dream. The horſemen ſoon came up to the carriage, which, however, on account of the narrowneſs of the road, they could not paſs; but, upon looking forward, the Franciſcan beheld ſeveral other cavaliers in regimentals and well armed, waiting for the vehicle, and ſeeming intent upon obſtructing its paſſage. His guilty conſcience foreboded the worſt, and was not deceived.

The officer of the troop ordered the driver to ſtop, without ceremony opened the door, arreſted the monk, in the name

of

of the holy Roman inquiſition, and delivered, at the ſame time, to the trembling wretch, a paper ſhowing his authority. Albert's hands were then bound behind him, and the carriage ordered to proceed to a ſmall inn, not far diſtant. The driver with his vehicle was then diſmiſſed, and the priſoner conveyed to a ſmall room in the back part of the houſe, attended by the officer and two of the men, while the remainder ſpread and refreſhed themſelves round the kitchen-fire, waiting for the arrival of a vehicle, which was to convey their priſoner to the place of his deſtination, and which contained the chains neceſſary to ſecure him during ſo long a journey.

CHAPTER III.

——————— Infernal guilt!
How doſt thou riſe in every hideous ſhape,
Of rage and doubt, ſuſpicion and deſpair,
To rend my ſoul! More wretched far than they
Made wretched by my crimes. Brown

THE firſt emotions of the monk on thus ſeeing the ground ſink beneath his feet, at the very inſtant he thought himſelf within reach of the goal, were thoſe of deſperate fury: his eyes flaſhed fire, his features ſwelled, his limbs ſhook with trepidation; but, perceiving for the preſent not the ſmalleſt hope of eſcape, he ſtrove to hide the volcano that laboured in his breaſt.

" If it be the will of Heaven thus to
' his ſervant, I ſubmiſſively bow to the
cree :" ſaid he, bending his body with
pocritical reſignation.

When he was conveyed in the above-
entioned apartment, the more freely to
nſider his ſituation, and at the ſame
me to impreſs his guards with an opi-
ion of his piety, he fell on his knees in
dark corner of the room, as if intend-
ng to perform his devotional exerciſes:
ut, far from being able to bend his mind
as to contrive means of eſcape, he could
aly dwell on the deſperate wretched-
eſs of his ſituation. Fled were his fond
reams of ambition and earthly glory;
orrors encircled him, and reached his
eart. His ſlumbering Conſcience awoke;
he held him up to the execrations of
ankind, and ſtung him with her own
ondemnation. From the recollection of
the

the paſt, from preſent wretchedneſs ſought refuge in future ſcenes. He held himſelf chained and waſting in dungeons of the Inquiſition, ſtretche the rack, and finally expiring upon wheel. A cold ſhivering ſhook e limb; the big drops ran down his f and tears, for the firſt time, rolled in eyes. Unable to bear longer reflect ſo dreadful, he aroſe, and for a conſi able time kept his eye ſorrowfully on window of the apartment.

The day was cold and bleak; a no erly wind began to riſe, portentous winter's utmoſt rage. Albert longe ſhrowd himſelf in the dark foreſt fac the houſe, whoſe leafleſs trees he co diſtinctly hear ſighing to the blaſt, though ſeparated from the building b broad ſtream, whoſe bridge had been ried away by the late floods.

The landlady now entered. She caſt look of commiſeration on the priſoner, id enquired of the officer whether he ould have dinner ſerved up. The offi- r aſſented, and at the ſame time enjoin- l her to give him immediate notice of ie arrival of the carriage he every mo- ent expected.

The importunities of his guards could ot prevail on the Franciſcan to taſte any ing elſe than a cruſt of bread and a laſs of water. Diſſatisfied with every heme he had formed for his eſcape, in ent gloomy dejection he ſat at a diſtance om the table.

But while deſpondency held him inac- ve, a chance of eſcape aroſe from a uarter he little expected.

CHAPTER IV.

THE good woman of the houſe, who, till her late marriage, had conſtantly been a reſident of the city of S...., had often aſſiſted at the pathetic ſermons of Father Ambroſe, of whom ſhe became an enthuſiaſtic admirer. When, therefore, ſhe beheld him brought into her houſe, bound and eſcorted like a criminal, ſhe was almoſt petrified with aſtoniſhment; but the meekneſs, forbearance, and reſignation, he diſplayed during dinner-time, amidſt the taunts and ſcoffings of his guards, convinced the good ſoul of his innocence. In a fit of religious grief ſhe iſſued from her houſe, and haſtened to the dwelling of a neighbouring goſſip, another

ther of Albert's admirers, to whom, as ell as to all preſent, ſhe imparted the auſe of her ſorrows in a whining narra- on, often interrupted by her tears, ſobs, nd lamentations.

The above goſſip had every qualifica- on for a chief of the honourable ſiſter- ood; a ready invention, ſhrewd gueſs, uent ſcolding tongue, active mind, and lean alert body.

Whenever any ſtrange accident occur- d within the compaſs of a few leagues und the village, a conſultation was im- ediately held in her dwelling, to which ould repair every goſſiping petticoat ithin the ſame diſtrict. The ſubject ien in debate was of a more than uſually wful nature, which, as it concerned the tereſts of either ſex, was attended by ie ſimpletons of both.

Know

Know then, good folks, that a little more than a year ago, a malefactor had been hung on the common hard, by, for a murder of which the good inhabitants ſuppoſed him innocent. Since then, diſmisfortunes and tremendous prodigies had fallen out: the cattle died by the murrain, the ſheep by the rot; the grass was ſcorched, and the corn blighted; ſeveral barns were burnt down, and many a good Chriſtian died in their beds; in a manner the village doctor pronounced unaccountable; ſundry dead bodies had been dug out of the churchyard, and, to their wonder and diſmay, had diſappeared. In this laſt inſtance, however, the author of theſe volumes has the advantage over the aforeſaid learned doctor, in being able to account for their diſappearance, by merely ſtating, that a limb of ſurgery, from the Pariſian ſchool, had a few months ago ſettled in the neighbouring town. But to add to their

wonder

onder and terror, the dangling remains the culprit had been cut down, and with ıe gibbet had likewiſe vaniſhed; to be ire, not in the marvellous manner as re- ted by one of the wonder-loving owns: but whether the wooden pillar ıd been ſtolen for culinary purpoſes, as an antidote againſt the preſent win- ry ſeaſon; whether as a prop to a barn- ıuſe or a pig-ſtye, we cannot at preſent certain.

Now all theſe wonderful, or at leaſt to ėm wonder-creating events would be ıperfect without their uſual appendages ſtrange noiſes and ſtranger ſights, all thėni doubtleſs portentous of misfor- nes ſtill more dire than the paſt, and hich, of courſe, were aſcribed to the dignant ſpirit of the ſuppoſed innocent ffer̃er, who had already ſucceſsfully thſtood the attacks of a pailful of holy water,

water, backed by the decent-inſp
orciſms of the village curate.

When the hoſteſs had ended
ful ſtory, it ſtruck the goſſip that
perſonage, now in cuſtody at
was alone able to cope with ſo
ghoſt. This reflection gave riſe
poſition, which ſhe ſubmitted to
ſome of the company, and w
carried without a diſſenting voi

Accordingly the whole m
headed by the goſſip, waited on
manding officer, as a deputation
pariſh, gravely requeſting that
allow his priſoner to ſpend the
ſmall adjacent chapel, whence
ſuppoſed, the haunting ſpirit
to ſtalk forth at the ghoſtly
twelve.

With much leſs gravity was th

nied; nay, the refuſal was accompa-
ed with certain ſneers, ſcoffings, and
kes, more calculated to increaſe their
ſtinacy by provoking their reſent-
nt, than to allay their ſuperſtition.

The deputation returned to the con-
ence-room in high diſpleaſure.

In a ſhort time, the rumoured deten-
n of Father Ambroſe brought ſuch
inforcements of credulous elves to the
ſſip's ſtandard, that her houſe was in-
ficient to hold their numbers. Each
apleton had his ſtory to tell, and his
ucher at hand; and as theſe ſtories
nt round, the fermentation of their
nds increaſed, ſo did their courage with
eir numbers. It was given out, that they
d already been ſufficiently puniſhed by
e wrath of Heaven for the death of
e innocent man, without having to an-

ſwer

swer for the persecution of so s
personage as Father Ambrose.

Such innendoes had their desire
they determined to obtain by s
arms what was denied them; an
more, tag-rag, bob-tail, and all, c
round the officer, and, in a tum
and outrageous manner, insisted
having the Franciscan delivere
their hands. This son of Mar
pope's soldier can be so called) re
ceived it high time "to check his
and change his pride." With t
tent, his lofty jocular humour now
ed to specious reasonings and exp
tory remonstrances, which, howev
ed of their effect.

Finding it impossible to hold c
longer, like an able and faithfu
mander, he endeavoured to capitu

erms his ſituation would allow.
uence, the body of Father Am-
delivered into the hands of the
army, and carried in triumph to
p; whilſt they left behind five
noſt wealthy neighbours, as hoſ-
his forthcoming as ſoon as he
n the uncleanly ſpirit from the
to the Red Sea.

is officer, like other great men,
ll how to manage double deal-
e ſecretly ſent a truſty agent for
ments, determined, in caſe of
ely arrival, to recover his prey
of arms, ſhould he even be in
of his incantations, unheeding
equences of ſo flagrant a breach

CHAPTER V.

BEHOLD then Father Ambroſe in the goſſip's dwelling, ſeated in a capacious and high-backed arm-chair, round which was crowding every ſilly fool of the pariſh: his hands had been previouſly unbound, and the cords were parceled out and eagerly contended for as relics. Several Magdalens were buſy in waſhing the good man's feet, ſome in ſcenting his garments, whilſt others were preparing the daintieſt viands that could be procured.

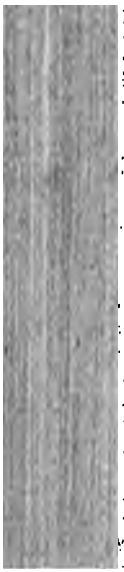
The Monk, aware that his reign muſt be of ſhort duration, and that a ſuperior force would ſoon ſnatch him from the *hands* of his votaries, expreſſed a deſire

r the chapel. He was accordingly
ıe ſpot.

chapel, beſides a table denomi-
ı altar, a crucifix, and a couple of
icks, contained little elſe than a
ine, in which was depoſited the
St. Polycarp, or St. Nicaiſe, or
odemus, or ſome other ſuch ſaint;
ıoneſtly confeſs to the world, I
tell as certain to which of theſe
pel was conſecrated.

Monk then returned to the houſe,
ıaſty meal, and, after hol..ing forth
ıe time to the gaping crowd, re-
to be conducted to a private
ıs he intended to prepare himſelf
terrible encounter by acts of de-

the clock had tolled the ghoſtly
f twelve, Shrouder ſallied forth,



bottle-brush.

When he came within twen
the awful spot, he bade the
ceed no further, and alone re
door; but ere he closed it, h
dressed the multitude:

" Fellow Sinners!

" It is, you know, for your
that I thus dare to venture r
struggle with the evil spirit:
trust, that at the time I am

resent distance: but when I open the hapel gate, and call you, approach without fear. The enemy of mankind will be gain overcome, and the cross once more iumphant.—Peace be with you for ever id ever. Amen."

He ended, gave his blessing—and the or closed upon him.

Had Democritus and his weeping comeer been present at this scene, what an nple subject for the tears of the one, and e laughter of the other!

These simple, deluded wretches reained in the open air, shivering in one of inter's coldest nights, in anxious expectaon of seeing what they could not dare to hold. At the least noise they started, offed themselves, and mumbled some ison, fearful at other times to commune ith each other but in whispers, still less

to trespass on the ground whilst
the Monk.

Presently they heard a strang
A light flashed—then the ligh
away, and the noise ceased. I
louder noises, deep groans, and
flashes, struck with dread the ho
marvelling crowd. Now the
lightning were so vivid, that t
interior of the chapel appeared
these were quickly followed by
plosions of a most tremendou
The dread-struck multitude fel
knees, and fervently ejaculat
devout orisons, when at inte
ears were assailed with these
sounds:

SPIRIT OF HELL, AVAUN
QUIT THIS BODY, SPIRIT OF
SPIRIT OF HELL, AVAU
AVAUNT!!!

This laſt word was pronounced in a one ſo tremendouſly commanding, that his ſatanic majeſty could no longer withſtand the all-powerful exorciſm. One grand exploſion proclaims his defeat, and the holy father's triumph, who ſoon after appeared at the gate, holding a taper in each hand.

He called the people.—They haſtened at his ſummons.—He pointed out to them, ſtretched on the pavement, the now inanimate corpſe of the convict: a part of the rope which had faſtened him to the gibbet was ſtill round his neck, a kind of ſhroud covering the remainder of his body. The ſtupid people gazed in wonder and in fear; they ſnuffed the brimſtone, which, in their opinion, betrayed the devil; but which only proceeded from the contents of the powder flaſk of the goſſip's huſband, who was a notorious poacher. This flaſk and an old ruſty

piſtol Albert had purloined from t apartment to which he had withdrawn. But it never entered their ſagacic noddles to look up to the ſhrine o their heads, and to ſee what was beco of the ſaint during all this buſtle.

Thus, by a whimſical turn in hum affairs, the embalmed ſaint was now n taken for the gibbeted body of a ma factor.

" People," cried the Monk in a co manding impreſſive voice, wiſhing to vert their attention—" People! attend my inſtructions.—For the three followi days let this chapel be cloſely ſhut, a ſuffer no one to tempt his fate by inva ing its precincts; but, on the next da carefully ſprinkle every part of it wi holy water; and, on the morning of t fifth, let a ſolemn maſs be performed f the ſoul of the departed, who ſhall the

t

be buried under this altar. If these rites be duly performed, peace and prosperity will be then and hereafter with you and yours. But when you enjoy these blessings, pray remember in your devotions the poor Monk, that he may bear with christian fortitude the tortures his enemies are preparing to inflict upon him."

He ended, heaved a sigh, hung down his head, and, with his hands across his breast, was proceeding to surrender himself to the officers of the Inquisition; but the people rushed between in an agony of rage and tenderness, swearing that they would rather undergo martyrdom, than to suffer the least harm should betide him. That he must be innocent of the crimes laid to his charge was self-evident: how else could he thus overcome the power of the evil spirit? And therefore it was more meritorious in him than sinful, to prevent, by his flight, others from having the

blood of ſo ſaintly a perſonage to anſwer for. As for the hoſtages, they would account themſelves fortunate to ſuffer in ſo glorious a cauſe.

To ſuch reaſoning and to ſuch fervour Father Ambroſe was compelled to yield. He deſired that the guards ſhould be kept cloſe priſoners at the inn, gave orders to have every boat ſecured, and that he himſelf ſhould be immediately conveyed over with them to the oppoſite ſhore. Thoſe orders, and every other he gave, were executed with the utmoſt celerity.

Shrouder no ſooner found himſelf ſafely landed on the oppoſite ſide, than, once more recommending to his conductors to do every thing in their power to prevent his being ſoon purſued, he plunged into the foreſt and diſappeared.

CHAPTER VI.

les remords! .... O Terreur! O Juſtice!
dans mon cœur ont donc mis mon ſupplice!
VOLTAIRE.

FULLY muffled up in an ample
a huge broad-brimmed hat flap-
r his eyes, the Franciſcan, with
rn in his hand, was warily fol-
hrough the foreſt the track that
i indicated to him; but his nar-
nding path was interſected by ſo
ners, the night was ſo dark, the
from his lanthorn ſo feeble, and
med by the falling ſnow, that,
of his utmoſt caution, he ſwerved
d more from the right track; and

after many miles of a fatiguing
peded march, to his great vexa
found himſelf once more on the
the ſame river he had croſſed. H
for the purpoſe of taking breath,
looking round him. On caſting
eye to the oppoſite ſide, a nu
lights were moving in every direc
heard the galloping of horſes,
and ſcreams of a multitude, and
ploſion of fire-arms. The cauſe o
buſtle was no myſtery to him. A
rolling of waters he now heard the
of oars, and ſeveral boats were n
his ſide. The dread of being tr
overtaken infuſed new vigour
He daſhed his lanthorn in the
again plunged into the foreſt, and
thick and thin worked his way fo
hours, till ſpent with fatigue,
ſpairing to find his way out of t
which appeared to him of an
extent, he concealed himſelf in t

f a hollow bank, overtopped by a huge eech tree, whoſe roots formed an arch ver his head.

Although the day had begun, yet it ave but a kind of twilight. From the ark and condenſed clouds that every- here inveſted the ſky, thicker and icker fell the ſnow, louder and louder ged the blaſt, keener it blew, and in iſſing whirls ſwept the ſnow in every di- ction. Save the ivy that here and there antled a tree, not a leaf remained as a int memorial of ſummer's former glories, ot a ſwelling but proclaimed its revival. ll was comfortleſs, and dreary and dark, in Shrouder's heart.

As the foreſt bowed under the ruſſian aſt, he fearfully liſtened, and often fan- ed that it bore to his ear the ſound of proaching ſteps. In thoſe moments he ould draw his knife, and, like a tiger

attacked in his den, roll his eyes, ha teeth, and in deſperate attitud ed determined to expire upon the of his purſuers. But when his rea recovered its ſeat, the repetition ſtarts had inured his heart to their he endeavoured to diſcover in wh of the foreſt he ſtood; but he ſoon it impoſſible to aſcertain his real ſit He then deemed it more prudent main on the preſent ſpot, than, b tempt to reach the French territo the danger of advancing further i German dominions, or of betrayi ſelf to his purſuers by buſtling t the foreſt.

With folded arms, penſive and ed, he ſtood at the entrance of the viewing the deſolate ſcene. H caſt a retroſpective view on paſt from which he ſtrove to turn in Recollection, mercileſs recollectic

ith its full avenging ſcorpions, in-
l his conſcience. He beheld the
r family, who had clothed his naked-
and ſheltered him in their home,
robbed of their all by the ſerpent
had foſtered in their boſom; the
r perhaps expiring in an hoſpital,
nother almoſt without a rug, ſhiver-
a miſerable hut, and their bare-
d children in the highways begging
bread.—From this ſcene of miſery
rned to Daubigné, the benevolent,
innocent Daubigné, whoſe path to
omb he had planted with every thorn
nguiſh the heart of an old man can

He beheld him.—His grief-worn
s had ſhrunk from their ſhackles:
in a dungeon upon ſome ſcanty ſtraw,
, ſhivering, he was breathing his laſt,
tended and uncheered by the ſooth-
endearing preſence of his pupils,
meek, reſigned, and perhaps pray-
ing

ing for him, the author of all his ſufferings.

Albert was ſtung to the quick: tears guſhed in his eyes. He ſighed, as if his heart was burſting with the ſwell of emotions till now unfelt.

Edmund now aroſe—Edmund, on whom Nature had laviſhed her choiceſt gifts, whom his Creator had ſtamped with every godlike attribute by which man is dignified, but whoſe cup of felicity was poiſoned by the infernal drugs of a miſcreant. He viewed him as he ſtood chained in the Calvery, firm, collected, undaunted, ſmiling ſuperior on the man whoſe dagger entered his breaſt. Every one of his juſt and indignant reproaches now occurred to his tyrant; but the look the young man darted on him when the blood guſhed from the wound penetrated

ıted his heart's inmoſt receſs. He
ed ſome time motionleſs, his eyes
his mouth open, unable to recall
ath; his arms extended, and his
contracted, as if he himſelf had
d the ſtab.—Laſtly, Adelaide, the
ed, the innocent Adelaide, the
of whoſe charms even his callous
had been compelled to own, he
as in Monmarecaſtle, horror-ſtruck,
; and delirious; torn by him from
erving youth ſhe adored, and deli-
ıp a victim to the luſt of a mean, pi-
nitred debauchee, whom he had
ſpiſed as much as he now held in
ence, but whoſe *pander* he had con-
ded to become.

reflection that all his crimes and
-laid contrivances only ended in
ıtification of the luſt and ambition
ı a wretch, who was afterwards the
abandon and betray him, and who
had

had reduced him to his preſent ſituation, quite unmanned him.

He flung himſelf on the ground, tore his garments, imprecated the moſt dreadful curſes on his betrayer's and on his own head.

This paſſionate ſtorm for a moment ſubſided. He remained in ſullen ſilence, collecting round his heart all his rage for one deſperate reſolve.—Giving way to the impulſe, he graſped his knife :—his arm extended was nerved and impelled by deſpair—yet it ſtruck not.—Nature recoiled at the fell purpoſe. "*Hold,*" cried her voice to all the ſenſations of his being—"*Hold! Sheath not the blade into thine own fleſh.*"—The wretch felt the appeal. —He ſhuddered—Again he attempted to execute.—Inſtinct once more arreſted his arm.

During

During this conflict between the love
f life and the paroxyſms of deſpair, his
es grew dim, his head turned giddy, he
ncied he beheld the ground recede from
m, and diſcloſe at his feet a frightful
yſs, wide, dark, and dreary; ſeas of
aque and nocturnal clouds rolled in
ent horror, hiding the immenſe profun-
ty beneath; through the thick and dun
oke, ſpiral flames now and then blazed
midſt the gloom.—He heard a voice
ying to him: "*With all thy crimes on*
y head, dareſt thou take the plunge?"

Pale, ſhuddering, ſubdued, the knife
ll from his graſp, and he ſhrunk back,
th both hands covering his bending
ce. Smitten with contrition, to ap-
aſe the heavenly wrath, he bent a knee
a ſupplicating attitude. "Father of
ercy," he cried—but ſuddenly ſtart-
g up with reproachful indignation—

"Hypo-

"Hypocritical ſcoundrel! thinkeſt thou to deceive thy Maker as thou haſt deceived thy fellow men?—No.—Neither hope thou to deceive thyſelf. From him, as from them, no mercy canſt thou ever expect."

Again reflections the moſt racking crowded his mind; all the black ſtorm of his paſſions again burſt forth.

"Oh! 'Tis too much. I can no longer bear it.—Could but the tomb for ever encloſe——Die, coward, die—Take thy chance."

He had picked up the knife; pointing it to his heart, his breaſt felt the preſſure.—At that moment, a guſt of wind, ſudden, violent, reſiſtleſs, like one of the tornadoes of the weſtern hemiſphere, ſwept the ſky, and ſhook every tree of the foreſt to its nethermoſt hold: keen

ı faſtening, it wound round the beech-
under which he ſtood. Down with a
craſh fell the tree; and in the open
amidſt the torn roots and broken
ld, the Monk was diſcovered aſto-
:d, appalled, and vanquiſhed.—His
had been ſtruck off, his cowl had
ı: with both hands claſped, he looked
o heaven in ſilent entreaty: on his
head daſhed the ſnow, the blaſt beat
on his face, and his garments flap-
in the wind.—In that ſituation he re-
ed, till the keenneſs of the froſt
ght him back to a ſenſe of his exiſt-
. He then ſheltered himſelf as well
e could in an angle of the bank,
ıg the pendent roots.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VII.

THE frantic paſſions which convulſed Shrouder had deadened him againſt the common feelings of nature; but when theſe had ſubſided, cold, fear, fatigue, and hunger, conſpired at once to depreſs his mind. This latter call it was in his power to ſatisfy with the proviſions he had taken with him; but he wanted a more convenient ſpot for a ſhelter againſt cold and detection, and where he might enjoy ſome hours of reſt. As he aroſe for that purpoſe, amidſt the mould occaſioned by the fall of the beech-tree, his hand fell upon a brick. Although grown green with age, it was in perfect ſhape: he looked about him, and diſcovered

ſeveral

al others ſcattered here and there.
n under the bank he removed a quan-
of the ſoil; his progreſs was in a ſhort
impeded by a kind of wall. The
s were eaſily removed, for age had
ned them from their cement. The
k now perceived that this brick-
s had been an arch to a ſubterraneous
tment. Through the orifice he had
e he thruſted a long ſtick. He judg-
hat he ſtood about ſeven feet from its
om. The better to ſkreen himſelf
n the cold, and from the officers of the
uiſition, he determined to venture in
vault.

having let himſelf down, he was com-
led to proceed groping, for it became
olutely dark. He ſoon reached the edge
ſome ſtone ſteps, which he cautiouſly
cended, till he was arreſted by a ſmall
oden gate, but ſo decayed that it
ly gave way.

Albert

Albert now perceived that he was on a level with the floor of ſome apartment, which, by the widely-extended vibrating ſound the door had made, when forced open, he judged very ſpacious. In his endeavours to explore this cavern as well as he could without the aſſiſtance of light, his ſteps were every moment impeded by ſudden inequalities of the ground, by iron rails, and by erected ſtones of various ſize, ſome of which, as his hand moved over them, he fancied were ſhaped in the form of human beings.

Fearful of committing himſelf too far, he retreated to the ſteps he had deſcended. He there ſpent ſome time in fruitleſs conjectures on the nature of this apartment; but when, in order to ſatisfy the cravings of hunger, he was pulling out his proviſions, a faint ſound, ſeemingly diſtant, reached his ear.—He liſtened;—the ſound of feet became diſtinguiſhable.

ſhable. Shrouder ſtarted up. A ray light glimmered through a crevice. haſtily concealed himſelf behind the or, which he cloſed, and, with eager s and a palpitating heart, beheld ough the broken pannels the entrance a man carrying a lanthorn.

This man, though advanced in years, peared more worn down by ſorrow in by age. He likewiſe carried a ide, an axe, and an iron wedge; his ibs ſhook as he ſlowly trod, and his gait d features betrayed evident ſigns of ir. He placed his lanthorn on an ele- ted broad ſtone, which appeared the vering to a ſepulchral monument, drop- d his tools, in ſorrow heaved a ſigh, od a moment inactive, and in deep gitation ſeemed intent on ſome under- king which he durſt not execute.

Albert convinced that, from ſo weak a man,

man, he could run no danger, ſlowly re-opens the gate; but, ere he expoſed himſelf to his view, ſurveyed the place he was in.

By the monuments placed in various directions, he ſoon recogniſed it to be a burying-ground; and by the coſtly and decayed ſtatuary of theſe monuments, he rightly conjectured it to have been the family vault of ſome noble houſe in remote times. Two paſſages led to this apartment; the one through which the old man had come, the other had been diſcovered to the monk by the fall of the beech-tree. Still he checked himſelf, deſirous of knowing what motive could entice ſo feeble a man to ſo deſolate a place, and in ſo inclement a ſeaſon.

"Alas!" ſaid the unknown perſon, endeavouring to muſter up reſolution, "it

it muſt be done; I have no other re-
ırce."

He then, ſlowly ſtooping, took up the
ıe and wedge, and laboured to open
ıe of the monuments. He at laſt ſuc-
ɔeded in removing the upper ſtone;
ıen held the light over the cavity, and
ith hope, terror, and anxiety mingled,
ɔamined the interior.

" Alas, nothing!" ſighed he ſorrow-
ılly.

Almoſt hopeleſs, he was proceeding to
ıother, when he caught the dark figure
the monk, ſtanding upon the ſteps.—
he tools dropped from his hand;—ter-
r-ſtruck, he ſtood petrified.

Shrouder deſcended the ſteps, and ap-
oached him.

The man trembled like an aſpin-leaf, and his knees could hardly ſupport him.

"Friend," ſaid the monk, in as ſoftened a tone as his rough voice would permit, "who are you?—What means this intruſion?—Wherefore diſturb you the aſhes of the dead?"

The trembling wretch, as ſoon as he could find utterance, thus broke out:—

"Oh, ſir, pity me! forgive me! I have never before done ſuch a thing.—I have hitherto lived an honeſt life; but miſery—"

Here he burſt into tears.

"Fear nought from me. Wherefore ſhould *I* puniſh you?—If there be a wretch who deſerves puniſhment—No matter.

matter.—Tell me who you are—What is your name?"

"My name, ſir," replied the man wiping his eyes, "is Franciſco Bauer; and ſuch as you ſee me, I have known better days."

"Bauer!" re-echoed the aſtoniſhed monk ſtarting back—"Bauer!" and his voice reaſſumed it terrific tone—"Have I not ſuffered enough already?—man or fiend, ſpeak. Art thou ſent hither, by the avenging Deity, to torture me afreſh?"

Rage again ſwelled his features, and on the trembling wretch the moſt terrifying glances ſcowled from his eye.

"Oh, ſir! for pity's ſake, ſpare me!" cried the man, falling on his knees.

"Who pities me?" retorted Shrouder.

"I have a wife and ſix children;—*they* have done no harm."

"Peace!" furiouſly cried the monk; and, in the utmoſt agitation, he covered his head with his hands, as his elbow reſted upon a monumental ſtone; ſuddenly he ſtarted up, and violently ſtriking his forehead, cried out:

"Yes, I will hear his ſtory.—I will, I *ought* to drink the cup even to its dregs."

In that temper he approached the man.

"Riſe, Franciſco; tell me thy ſtory."

But Franciſco remained in the ſame ſupplicating

ſupplicating attitude; he, however, thus proceeded:

"I have been, ſir, in trade's way; for ſome years things went on proſperouſly. I acquired a ſmall capital, and I aſſure you it was the ſlow earnings of honeſt induſtry."—

"I know it.—Proceed."

"It induced me to attempt to carry on my trade on a larger ſcale. A friend too, I thought I had."—

Shrouder gave a heart-rending groan.

"He had been unfortunate; he was then deſtitute. I received him into my home, and he partook of our board. It was he who adviſed us. I truſted him with our little ſtock for the neceſſary pur-

chaſes. He abſconded and robbed us of our all."

"Well, what more?" ſaid Albert in a broken voice.

"My creditors then came upon me, and I was ruined. Since then, blamed by all, and truſted by none, I have ſtruggled with poverty and wretchedneſs. My ſickly wife is now dying for want of that aſſiſtance, which the labour of this weak and aged frame cannot afford her; and my ragged children, in this wintry ſeaſon, have not a morſel of bread to eat."

Shrouder frowned.

"Oh, ſir! I aſſure you, I tell you nothing but the truth."

In pronouncing theſe laſt words, the old

l man again fell a-crying. He afterrds reſumed.

" I had yeſterday, on working in the eſt, ſpied a paſſage to this vault. I ened it. This day I came in hopes of ding among theſe coſtly monuments iat I could convert into a ſubſiſtance my wife and little ones, but—"

" Say no more. Riſe—I bid you riſe. :re—Stay."

He then haſtily drew out a pocketok, with a pencil traced ſome lines on : leaves: his hand, as he wrote, trem:d with impatience.

" Here, take this," tearing off the leaf d folding it up; " and, do you mind :, ſpeed this moment to S....;—but ſt carry this to your wife," giving him e ſilver he had in his pocket.—" Speed,

I ſay, directly to S ...; then haſten to the Franciſcan convent; enquire for Brother Jerom. When you are in private with him (and take care that you are in private), deliver this paper, and tell him, that under the Virgin's altar, in the little chapel, is concealed an iron cheſt.—This is the key.—It contains five thouſand ducats;—the one half is yours.—Bid him keep the remainder as a memorial of me.—Go, quick, begone."

The man, in the fervour of gratitude, was pouring forth his thanks.

"Thanks!" cried the monk with vehemence—"Curſes! what, doſt thou not know me?"

And he held up the light to his face.

"Holy Virgin!" cried Franciſco, retreating

ating ſome paces, " it is Father Am-
ſe."

" Father Ambroſe! poor fool!—In
ſe accurſed features can'ſt thou not re-
gniſe thy friend—thy ROBBER?"

" Albert!—Good Heavens! it cannot
!"

" Himſelf."

Franciſco viewed him loſt in amaze-
nt.

" Begone!" cried the monk, furiouſly
mping the ground; " every one of thy
nces ſhoots a dagger in my heart. Be-
ne this inſtant; carry thy meſſage, and
ep thy peace. But ſhouldſt thou ever
tray me to mine enemies—After all, it
uld be but a proper return, for the in-

gratitude thou haſt received at my hands —Away."

When Bauer had departed, the ſtorm, ſo unforeſeen a meeting had raiſed in Albert's breaſt, began to ſubſide. The atonement he had made was the firſt cooling drop that fell on his burning heart; his mind was more at eaſe, and he harboured no longer thoughts of ſelf-deſtruction. The lanthorn was left behind; in a corner of the vault he collected ſome dry ſticks, and ſetting by the fire, made a meal on the proviſions the landlady had ſupplied him with. Worn out with fatigue, he then wrapt himſelf up in his great-coat, and endeavoured to compoſe himſelf to ſleep. It at firſt partook of the agitation of his mind; he was, however, at laſt enjoying it in its full latitude, when he was ſuddenly awaken by the noiſe of the cavern door, which he had

ſecured

ed as well as he could, being vio-
forced open. This circumſtance
ich alarmed him, that he durſt not
from the ſpot on which he was
hed.

BOOK VIII.

CHAPTER I.

e weeps not, but often and deeply ſhe ſighs;
e never complains, yet her ſilence implies
The compoſure of ſettled diſtreſs.

SOUTHEY.

HUS we have brought Shrouder to
t ſelf-puniſhment that will ever attend,
hope, the oppreſſors of mankind, from
tyrant on his throne to the petty ex-
ioner of a village. We will now re-
n to Adelaide Volſey. Yet ſorry
are, that we cannot deſcribe happier
ſcenes;

ſcenes; for ſuch was her diſtreſſed ſituation at the cloſe of the ſixth book, that ſhe muſt be armed with more than female fortitude to be able to repel the indignities, and ſurmount the dangers, that threaten her on every ſide.

Towards noon of the day when the Marchioneſs of Barfeld had been arreſted by order of Prince Rodolphus, on an accuſation as falſe as it was frivolous, the *berlin* in which ſhe was ſecured reached a foreſt of a wide and dark extent. The driver halted, and pointing to a narrow paſſage in the wood, ſcarcely wide enough to admit the vehicle, enquired whether this was the track. The officer with ſome warmth bade him proceed without delay, and by no means to halt again, unleſs ſo ordered. The man obeyed.

Adelaide, affrighted at the gloomy appearance

earance of the foreſt, exclaimed in a one as if ſhe at once anticipated the vils that awaited her—

"Good God, ſir! whither are you leading me?"

"Madam, in leſs than an hour your ladyſhip will reach the place of your deſtination. In the mean time I muſt decline anſwering other queſtions of a ſimilar nature."

Here, however, in her moſt perſuaſive manner, ſhe again beſought the officer to connive at her eſcape, proteſting her innocence, and promiſing the moſt ample rewards. But this man, who poſſeſſed very little of the milk of human kindneſs, was immoveable.

Adelaide thus repulſed, ſat in the carriage, ſilent, dejected, and thoughtful,

ful, often wiping from her eye the ſtarting tear.

It was in the middle of November: the track was ſtrewed with the newly-fallen leaves, the remainder wore on the trees that reddiſh hue, precurſer of their decay. The road was miry, uneven, and broken. On each ſide the branches either rattled over their heads, or bruſhed againſt the windows of the carriage. Often, with trembling anxiety, the marchioneſs looked before her, in hopes of diſcovering ſome chearful viſta, ſome ſpot leſs diſmal; but in every direction the ſame ſolitude, the ſame gloom prevailed.

At length the berlin was ordered to halt in a hollow place, more diſmal even than the remainder of the foreſt. The driver alighted, as if to give notice of their arrival.

Adelaide, in ſurveying the adjacent objects, ſpied turrets ſeemingly of a very ancient ſtructure riſe above the branches of the chefnut-trees that ſurrounded them.—The deep tone of a portal bell now told her, that her confinement would be within the limits of this dreary, unfrequented ſpot.

The idea of the treatment ſhe would naturally experience in ſuch a priſon, and that her ſufferings would probably end but with her life, nearly deprived her of all ſenſation; but aware of the advantages that might be taken of her in ſuch a ſituation, ſhe collected all her ſpirits, as the only chance of baffling, by her fortitude, whatever might be the views of her oppreſſors.

She next heard the unbarring and unbolting of gates. A long ſilence then enſued, till the coachman on his return reaſcended

mounted the box. He drove the through a huge lofty gate into grass-grown court, in the centre o square of gothic buildings.

As the officer was handing the maid out of the carriage, she cast on a look of silent entreaty, as found even to his callous heart. With averted, he delivered her into the of several men, whose faces were concealed in their cloaks. They ed their victim to the centre of th ing, which they entered, and t closed upon them.

CHAPTER II.

Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE author of this hiſtory is ſenſible that he is now treading upon beaten ground. What in fact is more ſtale than the deſcription of ſome gothic, ivy-clad caſtle, with its attendant moats and draw-bridges, turrets and battlements; its graſs-grown courts; wide, diſmal chambers, long uninhabited; dark, winding paſſages, and ſubterranean vaults; wherein pines in confinement ſome fair damſel, ſnatched away from the heroic youth of her heart, the devoted victim to the embraces of ſome ſullen, vindictive tyrant. There the oak floor founds ominous to her every ſtep;

ſtep; the ancient tapeſtry ſwells terrific to the raging blaſt; nocturnal viſits, moving lights, flirting phantoms, ſtalking ghoſts, tracks of blood, groans, ſhrieks, daggers, and one corpſe, at leaſt, crowd in every chapter, and with little variation retell the often-told tale. I mean not, however, to deride one of the moſt powerful ſpells to arreſt the attention and attach the heart, but the repetition of theſe ſcenes, for want of novelty, muſt blunt their intended effect, and become at laſt unintereſting.

Now, as the author is conſcious, that in this part of his ſtory he can introduce nothing but what has been ſo often repeated by his predeceſſors in this branch of novel writing; and as he flatters himſelf that he has hitherto kept pretty clear from the beaten track; he, in honeſty to the public, and for his credit, as an author, forgoes the attempt, although by

this

his forbearance he leſſens his lucu-
tions by one volume at leaſt, to the no
ll deduction of his emoluments, ſince
gentlemen of *Paternoſter-row* have of
brought in the cuſtom of buying up
naſſian productions by the weight.
hereby gives a rare inſtance of diſin-
eſtedneſs, and of becoming pride, both
which he fervently hopes will be
itated by public functionaries of every
ſcription; thus to ſacrifice their pri-
e to the public intereſt, and their
e of pelf to the ſcruples of their ho-
ur.

He now reſumes his narrative.

From the fawning flattery of a whining
er to the threatening tone and brutal
haviour of a ſullen tyrant, did Ade-
de experience, with equal fortitude,
ery change of the biſhop's paſſion.
pulſed in all his attempts to gain his
ends,

ends, his rage roſe at laſt to the h
pitch. Self-love, luſt, revenge, and
hatred, made him almoſt frantic.
endeavoured to gratify his paſſi
force: but finding his ſtrength i
quate to the attempt, he deſiſted, l
ing that at the expiration of three
unleſs ſhe conſented to yield to his d
he would ſee her proſtituted to the
of his ſubjects.

Every hour ſince his departu
creaſed the affliction and terrors of
laide. She too well knew that his
daſtardly ſoul would not ſcruple a
revenge, provided his own ſafety
not endangered.

She had foreſeen that her unvari
pulſes would, ſooner or latter, ſubje
to his utmoſt tyranny, and had tried
means in her power to effect her ef
but the precautions taken to preven

ght had hitherto baffled all her at-
mpts. The ſeveral gates were kept
ked night and day, and ſentries ſta-
ned at every avenue that led to
em. She was beſides inceſſantly watch-
by her late waiting-woman, now the
rſon ſet over her, who, with her huſ-
nd and his mother, an old woman of
arly four ſcore, who had been for fifty
ars *concierge* of the château, were the
ly tenants of that part of the manſion.

Among this complication of evils, the
ignancy of one reflection greatly added
her wretchedneſs. After her laſt in-
rview with Edmund Barclay, ſhe had
termined to follow him to Switzerland,
ith the hopes of inducing him to reſtore
er to his eſteem; but now ſhe was cer-
in (and let thoſe who have loved, con-
ive what pangs ſhe muſt feel at the
lea)—ſhe was certain, that by her deten-
tion,

piſtol Albert had purloined from
apartment to which he had withdra
But it never entered their fag
noddles to look up to the ſhrine
their heads, and to ſee what was bec
of the ſaint during all this buſtle.

Thus, by a whimſical turn in hu
affairs, the embalmed ſaint was now
taken for the gibbeted body of a ma
factor.

"People," cried the Monk in a co
manding impreſſive voice, wiſhing to
vert their attention—"People! attend
my inſtructions.—For the three follow
days let this chapel be cloſely ſhut, a
ſuffer no one to tempt his fate by inva
ing its precincts; but, on the next da
carefully ſprinkle every part of it wi
holy water; and, on the morning of th
fifth, let a ſolemn maſs be performed fo
the ſoul of the departed, who ſhall th

tion, which even prevented her from corresponding with him, he muſt be, notwithſtanding her innocence, confirmed in his unfavourable impreſſions, chiefly, ſince he had been aſſured from her own mouth, that ſhe had ever been her own miſtreſs.

In the morning of the third day, the marchioneſs aſcended to the ſummit of a tower, whoſe flat roof formed a kind of terrace, the only walk now allowed her. The ſnow fell ſo thick, that notwithſtanding her lofty ſituation, ſhe could hardly diſtinguiſh objects beyond the courts. Here ſhe ſtrove to quell her throbbing heart, and to meet with fortitude the hour of trial, when a violent knocking at the outer gate almoſt convinced her, that hour was come. Breathleſs, almoſt fainting, ſhe ſupported herſelf on the baluſtrade. On the opening of the gate, ſhe beheld a horſeman gallop into the court.

Alighting

lighting from his horſe, he hurried with e porter, to whom he beckoned, into a ing of the building.

Adelaide, ſomewhat revived, in trem- ing expectation waited the iſſue.

For ſome moments all was ſilent. Sud- enly the large bell rung with haſty vio- nce. The attendants were ſeen hurrying and fro. In a moment every horſe was ought out of the ſtables ſaddled, and, her great relief, ſhe beheld every male habitant of this lonely caſtle depart with poſſible expedition.

Eager for information, but ſtill fearful enquire, ſhe went below, and was ſoon ined by her jailor and the old *concierge*. he abigail's pert and taunting beha- iour was now ſoftened into ſomething ke civility and complaiſance. But all delaide's attempts to pierce the myſterv

of the late tranſaction were fruitleſs. To her enquiries, ſhe could only obtain ſhort and unſatisfactory anſwers. Yet this woman now and then fell into deep muſing (a thing very unuſual with her); ejaculations of "Lord have mercy on us!" and the like, often eſcaped her. Once ſtepping to the window, and ſeeming intenſely to liſten, notwithſtanding the wind daſhed the ſnow againſt the panes, and rattled through the building, ſhe could diſtinguiſh ſmothered exploſions of an extraordinary nature. Turning to the houſe-keeper, ſhe cried out—

"Holy Virgin! they are now at it!—Hark—Again!—Oh, Mrs. Klotten, where will all this end?"

But dinner being over, Mrs. Klotten in her eaſy chair was unconcernedly doſing away her evening nap. She was therefore compelled to enter into converſation

with Adelaide, whoſe curioſity by me was at its height. She renewed iquiries; and, in ſpite of the abi- reſerve, gathered from her ſtarts and nations ſome hints, that led her to icion of the truth.

hat comfortleſs ſituation night came The terrors of the woman increaſed , that ſhe dared not remove from e-ſide to a certain cloſet, whither ways repaired in the hours of diſ-

er ſupper, having enough of her concerns to engroſs her attention, ide indulged herſelf in her own hts, and the maid eaſily prevailed the houſe-keeper to beguile the by relating ſtories, which, being lly of a *ghoſtly* nature, were ill cal- d to allay her fears. So abundantly e old woman dwell upon murders,

church-yards, and ghoſts, that ſhe f
exhauſted her whole ſtock, and at
talked herſelf to ſleep, leaving the
gail to her own reflections. To d
theſe intruders, ſhe was again cou
the marchioneſs's converſation, wh
violent rap at the outer gate, at
as loud as the one of the morning, u
her cry out, almoſt frantic with terro

"Oh, Lord God! here they
coming!"

"For God's ſake," cried Adela
equally frightened, though for a
different reaſon, "tell me, who is c
ing?"

"Oh we ſhall be all murdered-
murder'd!—that's all."

"I beſeech you, explain yourſelf."

I

Here another rap.

" Oh, ſave us! ſave us! where can I ide myſelf?"

And with the utmoſt trepidation ſhe ew to the extremity of the apartment.

The marchioneſs approached her with ll the compoſure ſhe could command, nd entreated her to explain the cauſe of er terror.

" Oh, madam! they are coming to rob s—to murder us. We ſhall be all un- one."

" But who is to murder us?"

" Why, madam, the mob—the blood- hirſty mob. They are going on in S... s in Paris. Oh, my dear, dear huſband!

Why did you leave me here by myſelf?"

Thus was Adelaide confirmed in her ſuſpicions; but the greater danger being removed, the leſſer one had little effect on her.

The knocking was now more vehement than ever.

"Aye, aye, you may knock," cried the abigail; "but I would not ſtir a ſtep for a kingdom."

Her lady, in attempting to remove her fears, alleged, that it was very unlikely that a mob would attack the caſtle at ſuch a time of night; that robbers, of courſe, would not be ſo noiſy in their endeavours to gain admiſſion; and that this knocking could ariſe but from ſome miſerable

ſerable loſt traveller ſeeking ſhelter, which, in weather ſo inclement, it would be inhuman to refuſe. Obſerving the little impreſſion thoſe obſervations made on the maid, the marchioneſs aſſumed an air of authority, which, ſhe rightly foreſaw, would have the intended effect on a perſon already overcome by fear.

"Since you are deaf to whatever I can urge, I inſiſt upon the keys being delivered into my own hands. I will go and ſee myſelf: comply, therefore, without delay; or you ſhall, moſt aſſuredly, be called to a ſevere account for the conſequences."

The woman hung down her head for ſome time in ſilence; then ſuddenly falling at Adelaide's feet, ſhe cried out in tears—

"Oh, my lady! forgive me, I beſeech you, my inſolent behaviour to your lady-

ſhip. I aſſure you, I would not have made ſo free with your ladyſhip had I not been ſo ordered."

"Give me the keys this inſtant, and I freely forgive you the paſt."

"But will your ladyſhip promiſe to intercede in my behalf with your friends, now at the gate?"

"Fear nothing; I take you under my protection; no harm ſhall betide you.—But trifle no longer with my time," replied Adelaide, whoſe intereſt it was to confirm her in that belief.

"Here then, my lady—here are the keys. And ſince you are ſo kind as to protect me, I will attend you to the gate. Your ladyſhip, I know, they will not hurt, ſince you are one of their party."

And,

nd, with a lanthorn in her hand, ſhe
iffively followed the marchioneſs.

Then Adelaide had reached the houſe-
that led into the court, the night
ſo dark, the cold ſo intenſe, the ſnow
ſo thick, that the dread of being
e, unſheltered in an unfrequented
ſt, at ſuch a time of night, and in ſo
ry a ſeaſon, quite ſubdued her deter-
ation to eſcape. She ſtood on the
ſhold liſtening, till the call was re-
ed.

Who is there?" cried Adelaide.

For God's ſake! haſten to open this
:—I am almoſt frozen to death."

Who are you?—What do you
t?" bawled out the abigail, gather-
courage from the ſupplicating tone of
voice without.

"I am one of the prince's attem
make haſte to let me in. His hi
is not a league diſtant. I am diſpa
to announce his arrival."

The fortune of war was now
pletely turned. The abigail reſi
her wonted effrontery, ſnatched th
from the thunderſtruck marchi
pertly ſaying—

"Give me the keys this inſtant
dam. I wonder at your aſſurance!"

She then proceeded to the gate
lowed by Adelaide, who, rather th
wait the biſhop's coming, was dete
ed, at all events, to attempt her e
In conſequence, when the gate
wide open for the admiſſion of the
ſenger's ſteed, favoured by the dar
of the night, ſhe haſtily bruſhed b

e, eſcaped unobſerved, and heard the
r cloſe upon her.

When the woman firſt miſſed her
rge, her aſtoniſhment and diſmay were
eme. She entreated the meſſenger
ɔſe no time, but immediately to ſally
h in queſt of the fugitive, that ſhe
ht be retaken before his highneſs's ar-
l; but the man, with a hearty curſe,
e her ſet her mind at eaſe, for his high-
had at preſent too much work upon
ıands to pay any attention to amour-
intrigues. He then deſired to be led
good fire, again complaining of be-
almoſt frozen to death.

ı leſs than an hour's time, the prince's
'al was announced. Shortly after, the
ſion was crowded with his guards and
ıdants.

odolphus alighted in the utmoſt diſ-

may; his pale, haggard looks, ing lips, declared that he hac the lanthorn poſt ſtill before guillotine not being then in was too much taken up w concerns to be deeply affe information of the marchion A few men, however, were in queſt of the fugitive.

We will here briefly relate Rodolphus's diſmay.

On the ſame day that Fat was arreſted, an alarming broke out in the biſhop's met courtiers, of courſe, aſcribe rection to the machinations *cal* doctrines of French en its *real* cauſe was the prin conduct and vexatious proce his power had become al quell this tumult, all his p

ily collected. In conſequence, every
le inhabitant of the caſtle had repaired
the ſcene of action, as well as the
ort that was to have conducted Albert
Rome, together with the reinforce-
nt they had ſummoned to their aſſiſt-
e, when the village mob ſided with
Franciſcan, and abetted his eſcape.
withſtanding this increaſe of force,
prince's party was defeated; his pa-
, in which he had cowardly concealed
elf during the fight, broke open;
he was glad to eſcape from the popu-
fury to his manſion in the foreſt,
re we ſhall leave him, and repair to
e intereſting ſcenes.

CHAPTER JII.

Qu'eſt-il beſoin d'aller chercher l'enfer dans l'autre vie? Il eſt, dès celle-ci, dans le cœur des mechans.

ROUSSEAU.

WHITHER, ah whither does Adelaide now wander?—Keen, biting is the froſt, the ſtorm beats mercileſs on her boſom, her feet ſink deep into the ſnow, the tangling buſhes detain her ſteps, even her anxiety to eſcape retards her flight, whilſt night ſhrouds her in all its horrific darkneſs. In vain her heaven-imploring eye calls for ſome hoſpitable ray, ſome friendly path; her prayers and ſhrieks are loſt in the raging blaſt.—O thou! whoſe ſympathiſing heart, diſſolved in tears, when reading with thine Edmund Maria's

Maria's affecting ſtory—" But God," ſaid Maria, " God tempers the wind to the ſhorn lamb!"—Thou who, but ſo lately ſurrounded by affluence, gaveſt food to the hungry, ſhelter to the houſeleſs, and comfort to the wretched, art thou doomed, in thy turn, to feel all the pinching wants thou didſt ſo often relieve in others? Can that delicate frame, that gentle boſom, bear unſheltered againſt the rigours of ſore-piercing winter? Is this the reward for thy diſplay of all the female virtues? Is this the interpoſing hand of a merciful all-eyeing Providence? Hapleſs maid! hard is thy fate; yet ſink not into deſpair. —In a ſhort time, the rage of the ſtorm muſt be ſpent—this darkneſs is not everlaſting.—Soon will the oppreſſor's hand moulder in the grave.—Look then beyond this narrow, circumſcribed foreſt, the abode of wickedneſs and miſery; THERE, in unbounded plains, bloſſom, for virtues like thine, the never-fading flowers of an

eternal

eternal ſpring.—But ſee, exhauſted by fatigue, overcome by fear, anxiety, and the elements, breathleſs ſhe ſinks in the cavity of ſome hollow bank, ſcarcely conſcious of her exiſtence.

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

The hoofs of horſes treading the ſnow rouſed Adelaide from her ſtupor. She heard her name pronounced, and beheld the glare of a torch moving towards her. Stimulated to freſh exertions by the dread of being retaken, ſhe retreated, as she thought, deeper into the foreſt; but was ſurpriſed to feel no longer the raging wind, the falling ſnow, nor the obſtruction of trees, and on either ſide her hands met the reſiſtance of a wall. Following this paſſage as quickly as her limbs would permit, ſhe tumbled over a few ſtone ſteps againſt a door, which giving way to her preſſure, ſhe fell on the ground of a ſubterrane

aneous apartment. Stunned by
ll, ſome time elapſed before ſhe
raiſe herſelf on her knees.

h a body exhauſted by fatigue, and
l tortured by anguiſh, entombed in
rn beyond the reach of human aſ-
:, ſhe gave herſelf up to deſpair.
ıg from her extreme debility that
d was not far diſtant, ſhe raiſed her
and eyes to Heaven, the laſt re-
of the unfortunate, exclaiming in
ny of tears—

lere then muſt I periſh !—Edmund,
—for ever, adieu ! Yet hear not
ice.—May thy repoſe be never
ı, by knowing in what a wretched
r poor Adelaide dies. O God !
hand has thus cruſhed me, hear
t requeſt:—ſhower down all thy
gs on HIM, who ſo well deſerves

And

And ſinking on the ground, her arms fell upon a broad flat ſtone, and her head reſted upon her hands.

At that moment a groan—deep—prolonged—ſepulchral—made her turn with every ſenſation of amazement and horror to that point whence it iſſued.

Then, for the firſt time, ſhe diſcovered, near the ſparks of ſome dying embers, a dark body ſtretched at full length. On this object ſhe kept her eye, when with increaſed emotion ſhe beheld it move and ſlowly riſe.

It approached her.

Adelaide ſhrieked, and ſtarted up in the utmoſt affright.

The object drew nearer.

er limbs refuſed their office, and ſhe rivetted to the ſpot.

Then it came within two paces of ıffrighted maid, it ſtopped, and heav- deep ſigh. As its tall figure ſtood re her, it ſeemed agitated by the moſt ıy convulſions.

a awful pauſe enſued.—It was like lence of the grave.

ıe apparition for a moment turned her, and groaned as if it felt the ents of the damned. In a deep hered voice, it then pronounced theſe s:

It muſt be done.—In this viſitation I ;ive the directing, vindictive hand of all-ruling Being.—Propitious dark- for ever ſhroud me! Still deepen glooms; that in this horrid confeſſion,

in

in this recital of crimes, the fires of Heaven might not blaze on my features and burn in my heart."

Then ſuddenly falling at the marchioneſs's feet, and violently claſping his hands—

"Madam! you behold the vileſt wretch—"

He could ſay no more: his emotions denied him utterance. With a heart overcharged, he covered his face with both hands, whilſt his body was convulſed by the violence of his ſobs.

"Who are you, ſir? Wherefore this vehemence?" enquired Adelaide in a faint, tremulous voice.

"I am the wretch, the monſter, the deſtroyer of your Edmund's felicity and your

our own. The misfortunes, the pangs ou have both felt, you owe them all to ne."

Adelaide was now loſt in amazement. The biſhop alone ſhe thought the author f her misfortunes; but the voice and leportment of this man were of too diſimilar a nature to be miſtaken for his. During this perplexity, the ſame voice continued:

"Oh, never can I obtain your forgiveneſs.—And what then would it avail me?—There is one above who will never grant his."

"You cannot have injured me:—I do not recollect ever having known you."

"A robber, a murderer, and one who has added to theſe crimes, crimes of a ſtill blacker die, can hardly be ſuppoſed to

to be known to Adelaide Volsey; [illegible] the perſon of ſuch a wretch is not al[illegible] gether unknown to her."

Here he ſtopped, as if wanting reſolution to proceed, whilſt Adelaide, [illegible] with horror at ſuch a confeſſion, made in ſuch a place, remained ſilent and extremely diſtreſſed. At length he thus reſumed, in a tone of agitation which he ſtrove in vain to quell:

"My name is Shrouder—Albert Shrouder. You might remember me in Switzerland."

"I do," replied Adelaide faintly.

"At Paris, whither I afterwards went, for a paltry ſum I cauſed, on a falſe accuſation, François Daubigné to be immured in the dungeons of Vincennes.—Not far from that city I murdered——But I will only

mention thoſe crimes that has blaſt-
and ſtill prevent your felicity, and
: of the only man worthy of you."

Here he ſtopped; but ſoon reſuming in
ow, hollow voice—

"The ſpectre you beheld at Monmare
le——"

A ſhriek eſcaped Adelaide: a tremor
vaded her frame. Her imagination
ught the ſcene almoſt preſent to her
w. She was in inſtant expectation of
in beholding the hideous form. The
nk for a moment was ſilent; then con-
ued in a louder voice, and in a more
rried manner—

"It was I who aſſumed that diſguiſe
the vileſt purpoſes—It was I who
re you delirious from your Edmund, and
brought

brought you to the arms of a mean, dastardly, infamous biſhop."

"And why did you treat me thus? Never to my knowledge have I injured you."

Albert received his reproach as he would have received a ſtab. He was for ſome time too much affected to proceed; at laſt he thus violently broke out:

"A paſſion inſpired by the fiends engroſſed my heart.—To its gratification I ſacrificed all the feelings of nature. Ambition led me to the perpetration of every crime. In the hour of ſucceſs it ſtifled the voice of conſcience; but now that I am fallen, and left to myſelf, I perceive my villany in all its hideous nakedneſs; I receive, unſhielded, every ſting of ſelf-reproach.—Oh! were I ſure of an eternal death,

ı, with what readineſs would I tear
limbs, with what willingneſs would
› the throbbings of this heart!—But
ſcorpion within, I feel, will never—
r die!"

ying this, he gnaſhed his teeth, wrung
ands, violently beat his breaſt, and
ed the moſt dreadful imprecations.
aide, exceſſively alarmed and ſhock-
etreated from him, but he followed
ınd having recovered ſome ſelf-com-
l, thus reſumed:

Madam, for your ſake, hear me out.
h remains to be told of what con-
› you to know.—It was I who wrote
etter you received, containing a falſe
unt of Edmund's death—It was I
forged your hand, declaring to him
rejection—It was I," continued he
uſly, raiſing his voice—" It was I
in that hypocritical and nefarious
, *for which* I can never ſufficiently

atone, entombed him in the vaults of the metropolitan church of S... There I ſaw him chained by my orders to a pillar; —there I doomed him to periſh in the torments of hunger. This tongue reviled him, theſe eyes with delight beheld his emaciation, this hand ſtabbed him, and this heart felt no compunction."—

An expreſſion of horror and indignation eſcaped Adelaide.

"But God did not permit ſo foul a deed in its fulleſt extent:—he eſcaped from theſe barbarous hands. Then, to debar you both of every chance of felicity, by preventing your meeting, I induced the biſhop to order your arreſt. And of all the rigours and indignities you have experienced during your confinement, look upon me as the primary cauſe.—Now, madam, ſay, if the memory of crimes like theſe can be ever effaced. No—I feel it—the tormenting recollection

lection will long out-live my earthly
nce.—Oh, I am doomed to everlaſt-
retchedneſs!"

re he flung himſelf on the ground,
ecame again a prey to all the rack-
nſations of deſpair. Notwithſtand-
ie enormity of his crimes, pity pre-
l in the gentle boſom of Adelaide.
ought to pour ſome balm on his
ed heart.

Alas! madam," ſaid the wretch riſing
s knees, and wiping the ſweat from
ace, " your angelic pity, ſo unde-
d, but adds to my torments. A few
ago, I made ſome atonement for a
ry I had committed, and my heart
nore at eaſe; but your appearance
ch a place, ſo unexpected, ſo unac-
table!—the words you pronounced—
reached my heart's inmoſt receſs.—
I diſcover the hand of a rightful Pro-

vidence. Thither he has ſent you the inſtrument of his vengeance: yet my puniſhment but begins.—O Barclay, why tarrieſt thou?—faithful image of thy Maker, worthy bearer of the divine decrees, appear, and on this devoted wretch pronounce the dread judgment.—Ah!—What object this?—Mercileſs God!—Daubigné—What? have the rigours of a priſon been too much for thine old age?—injured ſhade!—Avert thy looks—reſtrain the laſh—oh forgive!—He is gone—But why yawns this grave?—wherefore theſe bones around me ſtrewed?—What voice calls me from out of the tomb?—What hand impels me?—Yes, I will lay me down.—Ah! the ground is treacherous! I ſink—whither—Oh, ſave me!—ſave me!"

Thus he raved; and ſome time elapſed before he came to himſelf.

"Thank

" Thank God, it was an illuſion :—but illuſions can thus torture, how ſhall I ar the inflictions of reality?"

And wrapping himſelf up in his cloak, groaned as if the ſtrings of life were vering

The feelings of Adelaide during this ene were far beyond any powers of deription. When her aſtoniſhment and rror were ſomewhat abated, by a naral return on herſelf, conſidering in what place ſhe was, and with what perſon, r fortitude could no longer withſtand e ſenſe of her wretchedneſs, and ſhe ırſt in tears.

The ſilence of the cavern was now only oken by the groans of the monk and the ghs of Adelaide.

Suddenly the glare of torches darted

through the obſcurity, and diſcovered to the marchioneſs part of its horrors. Amidſt the ſound of approaching ſteps, ſhe heard theſe words:

"Here end the marks of her feet in the ſnow. She muſt be ſomewhere concealed in this paſſage."

All Adelaide's former terrors were now revived. The monk ſtarted up, fury and wildneſs in his looks.

"You are, I perceive, purſued. I will defend you to my laſt ſtruggle."

And unſheathing his knife, he placed himſelf beſide her.

Several men carrying torches now appeared at the entrance of the cavern.

"Here ſhe is," exclaimed they with one

voice, though ſomewhat alarmed at
unexpected ſight of a perſon of
ɔuder's appearance—" Here ſhe is.
he can no longer eſcape us."

.nd they were advancing towards her.

Vile ſatellites of a daſtardly tyrant!"
d the monk, enthuſiaſtically brandiſh-
his knife, and aſſuming that threat-
ıg, inſpired tone, by which he had ſo
n diſmayed the ſinner's heart—" Vile
llites of a daſtardly tyrant! dare ye
ɔhane the ſanctuary of the dead?—
s lady is under the protection of
ıven.—Inſtant death ſhall ſeize the ruf-
that preſumes to touch her."

ɣ his voice and manner they now re-
niſed Father Ambroſe. Their aſto-
ıment at ſo unaccountable a meeting
as much effect on them as his threat-
ıg tone and attitude. They ſtood a

moment awed into ſilence and inaction. The officer, however, recovering from his ſurpriſe, drew his cutlaſs, ſwearing he would recover the maid from the gripe of all the monks in chriſtendom, and with haſty ſtrides he approached her with that intent.

He was but a few paces from his prey, when a grave on which he trod gave way, and he ſunk up to his middle in the ground.—The ſabre fell from his hand; in an inſtant his ferocity yielded to fear, and his countenance exhibited every feature of horror and diſmay.

His followers were hardly leſs terrified.

" Madam," cried the monk triumphantly, " Heaven declares for you. Follow me. No one will now dare to obſtruct your paſſage."

As

As he ſpoke he ſeized her by the arm, d with an air of authority paſſed by the ɔtionleſs ſoldiers.

When they had reached the open air, ɛ ſnow had ceaſed, the wind abated, d the ſky, clear of clouds, promiſed a r day, which began to dawn upon ɛm. The officer's horſe was tied to an jacent tree. Without loſing a moment, bert wrapt the paſſive marchioneſs in ı cloak, placed her upon the horſe, and th the bridle in his hand, led her from ıs ſpot as faſt as he could walk, luckily ting a direction contrary to the cha- ıu. After one hour's journey they reach the extremity of the foreſt.

CHAPTER IV.

O Father Abbot!
An old man, broken with the ſtorms of ſtate,
Is come to lay his weary bones among you.
Give him a little earth for charity.

SHAKSPEARE.

ON leaving the foreſt, they entered a lane. Albert ſuddenly ſtopped the horſe, faced the marchioneſs, caſt a timid look on her, then for ſome time kept his eye on the ground. Humility and contrition had ſo ſoftened down the harſhneſs of his features, that Adelaide felt leſs horror for his crimes than pity for his ſufferings.

"Madam, this lane leads, I know, to the high road: the town of W... is not

r diſtant. Allow me to ſee you ſafe
er. I will then leave you, and en-
our to find out ſome receſs, where I
end my wretched days in penance
mortification."

Without waiting for a reply, he conti-
ed his march at his quickeſt rate. Dur-
; this journey, the marchioneſs was ſo
eak, ſo exhauſted, that ſhe could hardly
pport herſelf on her ſeat.

They had already proceeded about a
ile, when a horſeman on full gallop
ame up too quick upon them to admit
f their concealing themſelves. The road
as narrow; he ſlackened his pace to
aſs them, but had no ſooner caſt his eyes
n the monk, than leaping from his ſaddle,
nd running up to him, he violently col-
ared him, crying out:

"Miſcreant!—at laſt I have found you. On this ſpot you ſhall die. No power on earth can ſave you."

"My ſon," ſaid the monk meekly, with his hands acroſs his breaſt, "your reſentment is juſt.—I ſubmit to my fate.—And oh, may I loſe in death all remembrance of the paſt!"

"This hypocritical cant has no effect on me. I know you too well. This will end it."

He then applied a piſtol to his breaſt.

"Forbear, Loiſeau!—for pity's ſake, forbear!" cried a female voice.

On looking up, a young woman, whom, on account of the cloak that concealed her, he did not immediately recogniſe, fell

o his arms, trembling, faint, and
; for breath.

joy was equal to his aſtoniſhment,
gniſing the Marchioneſs of Barfeld;
ien he beheld her ſo pale, ſo wan,
ſuch a garb, indignation at the
of her miſeries again took full
on of his ſoul. He looked for his
He beheld him kneeling on one
the road, his hands were claſped
er, his eyes raiſed to heaven in ſi-
ıtreaty, his boſom heaved, and the
ran from his brow.

earneſtneſs of the figure did not
Loiſeau. He croſſed the road
the intent of ſhooting him through
eart. Adelaide gueſſed his deſign;
ırted after him.—

ſpare, oh ſpare his life—he has
mine."

Loiſeau

Loiſeau looked at her for an explanation; but, exhauſted by the effort, ſhe could ſay no more.

"My ſon," cried the monk, ſtruggling for reſignation, "I can expect no mercy at your hands!—I deſerve none.—Yet I ſhould wiſh to ſnatch a few years from eternity.—But your will be done."

And uttering a fervent ejaculation, he remained motionleſs on his knees, prepared for the blow.

Loiſeau, now uncertain how to act, looked at him in ſilent aſtoniſhment, when the marchioneſs ſaid, ſtepping between them—

"Riſe, Shrouder, riſe. Your life is—Make hereafter a good uſe of it. I will endeavour to forget the wrongs you have done

one me, and only remember the obliga-
on I ſo lately owe you."

" And did this monſter really ſave
our life?

" Ah, Loiſeau! I will tell you all:
ut let us now proceed. I am faint
nd feveriſh.—Oh, I am ſick at heart!"

Loiſeau, now exceſſively alarmed, co-
ered her with his own cloak, and placed
er again upon the horſe.

" Eternal bleſſings attend you, lady!"
ervently uttered Albert from behind, as
hey were about to proceed.

Adelaide turned her head, and beck-
ned him to come near her.—He did
o.

" Shrouder, call on me in Switzer-
land.

land. I ſhall be happy to do every thing in my power to alleviate your ſufferings."

He replied, viſibly affected:

"Madam, your forgiveneſs perhaps may—No, no, nothing can."

And hurrying from them, he purſued his way through a foot-path that led to a wbody unfrequented part of the country, where, in the moſt retired receſs, ſtood a convent of the rigid order of the *Chartreux*. Thither he ſped, diſcovered himſelf to the aged abbot, in the fulneſs of his heart made an ample confeſſion, and requeſted that at the expiration of a ſevere probation he might be admitted as the loweſt of his monks.

The good abbot, though horror-ſtruck at the recital of enormities like theſe, was diſarmed

ned by the vehemence and apparent
ity of his contrition; perhaps like-
his vanity was not a little flattered,
ving among his monks the general
e Franciscans, the fame of whose
did talents had reached him; he,
fore, after a severe reprimand and a
ly exhortation, acceded to his re-

CHAPTER V.

Eſſe quam videri.

SALLUST.

Sweet day, ſo cool, ſo calm, ſo bright,
The bridal of the earth and ſky;
Sweet dews ſhall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou muſt die.

HERBERT.

IN cloſing the ſixth book, we mentioned that when Edmund Barclay departed for England, in the company of Daubigné, Loiſeau ſet out for the dominions of the Prince Biſhop of S . . . ., intending once more to come to an explanation with the marchioneſs.

He firſt called at her country-ſeat, where Edmund

mund had left her. But it was then to-
y uninhabited. The man who had it in
e, refuſed to anſwer his enquiries. Bap-
next repaired to S .... diſguiſed: her
nſion in that city was likewiſe ſhut up:
contrived however to learn her arreſt,
h the reaſons aſſigned for it, and that
property had been ſequeſtered; but the
:e of her confinement was kept a pro-
nd ſecret. He paſſed ſeveral weeks in
:tleſs enquiries, which, however, for fear
ttracting ſuſpicion, he was compelled to
ke with the utmoſt caution.

When the inſurrection broke out in that
, Loiſeau availed himſelf of the general
fuſion to renew his ſearch with more
ineſs. He was among the foremoſt who
ke into the biſhop's palace; but he
ged through every apartment to no
poſe, the marchioneſs was no-where to
ound. It then occurred to him, that
might be confined in the foreſt manſion,
whither,

whither, he knew, his highneſs had fled; thither he ſped at day-break, and met the object of his ſearch in the manner related in the laſt chapter.

We now attend them on their journey.

When they got to the next town, the marchioneſs was ſo weak that ſhe could not alight from her horſe, and they carried her into an apartment of the inn: ſhe refuſed every other refreſhment than a little tea; and afterwards retired to reſt, which ſhe needed ſo much, but was far from enjoying it unbroken. She aroſe at about ſix o'clock in the evening, but ſtill ſo languid, that ſhe could hardly reach the next apartment: at ſupper ſhe eat but ſparingly. When the attendants had withdrawn, Loiſeau related, with all the warm affection of friendſhip, every particular concerning her lover. The relation gave her the moſt lively emotions of delight and tenderneſs: Loiſeau,

in

in his turn, often wept at Adelaide's tale. And now that, by comparing their accounts, every treachery was expoſed, every myſtery revealed, nothing remained but to haſten their departure to England, to bring Adelaide to the arms of her lover, and to the bleſſings of her old preceptor.

The marchioneſs, however, being too weak to bear the jolting of a carriage, inſtead of travelling through France, they ſailed down the Rhine, and in a few days reached Rotterdam. But during the voyage, her languor had increaſed: ſhe was extremely feveriſh; and they remained ſix weeks in that city, in daily hopes of her amendment.

Finding herſelf ſomewhat better, ſhe entured on board a veſſel bound for England: the navigation proved very ſtormy, nd the ſailors were glad to caſt anchor in he port of Oſtend.

The

The marchioneſs was conveyed on fi viſibly the worſe. In a fortnight after, phyſicians pronounced her in a rapid decl and her life was diſpaired of.

Loiſeau, affected beyond expreſſion, an agony of grief withdrew to his ap ment. He began a letter to Edmund clay, informing him, that in a few the world would be deprived of its fa flower; and entreating him, by his for love, not to loſe a moment to come cloſe the eyes of the injured and *inno* Adelaide Volſey.

He was ſo intent upon the ſubject of letter, that he heeded not the opening his door; he then felt the gentle pref of a hand upon his ſhoulder; on turn his head, he beheld with ſurpriſe the m chioneſs ſtanding behind him, and ſupp ing herſelf on the back of his chair. cheeks were colourleſs; a faint ſmile

een playing upon them—" but it did not
arry." The meek luſtre of eye alone, gave
me animation to her almoſt deadly coun-
enance.

Loiſeau inſtantly aroſe, and handed her
o a ſeat.

" I gueſſed what you are about," ſaid
delaide ſeating herſelf. " I ſee how you
omply with my injunctions. But before
ou proceed, I ſhould wiſh to ſay a few
ords."

Loiſeau aſſured her, that hitherto he had
oſt implicitly obeyed her commands on
hat ſubject; but now that every hope was
withheld, he could not refrain from com-
municating to her love the fatal tidings.

She then went on; ſtopping at intervals
to recover breath.

" Loiſeau,

" Loiſeau, in a few—very few days, I ſhall be no more. It certainly would afford me the moſt ſoothing conſolation to breathe my laſt in the arms of Edmund; yet will I not purchaſe a momentary gratification at the expence of his repoſe hereafter. He thinks me faithleſs and guilty; and, under that perſuaſion, his conſcience acquits him for his conduct towards me.——Let us then beware of undeceiving him.——But ſhould you vindicate my innocence—ſhould he be told that this heart, which he thought perjured, only throbs for him—ſhould he witneſs the laſt moments, and hear the dying ſighs of his faithful and forſaken Adelaide——ah! Loiſeau, I know him well—the recollection of his treatment of me, at our laſt meeting, would break his repoſe to his laſt hour.——And ought we to be thus the inſtrument of his wretchedneſs?—Ought we to become thus ſelfiſh?——Forbid it, love!—Forbid it, friendſhip!——No, my friend"—[Here her features glowed

with

h the enthuſiaſm of virtue.]—" No, my nd.—In moments like theſe, the only ıſolation becoming a virtuous woman is acquittal; THAT has ſupported me ough all my diſtreſſes, and will not, I pe, forſake me at the hour of diſſolu-n."

Here ſhe ſtopped, viſibly affected; then ıtinued:

" After what I have ſaid, I may now ſume that this letter will not be ſent."

Loiſeau, too affected to anſwer, tore the er, and threw it into the fire.

The marchioneſs proceeded:

" Another requeſt I have to make;—it but a conſequence of the former one; y I hope you will conſider it as the dy-injunctions of your foſter-ſiſter."—

Here ſhe ſtopped to recal her breath; then proceeded, often wiping her eyes:

"When I am dead——let me be buried as privately as poſſible——Let no inſcription, no monumental ſtone be raiſed over my grave——Remove every memorial of me that might feed his ſorrows; keep, therefore, ſecret the place of my burial; avoid mentioning my name to him——endeavour to make him forget me.——But ſhould the memory of Adelaide at times raiſe a ſigh in your boſom, or ſtart a tear in your eye, conceal from him your emotion. Remember——oh! remember that true friendſhip ſeeks its chief gratification only in the well-being of the object of its affections."

As ſoon as his emotions could allow him utterance, he ſolemnly promiſed to obey her injunctions. She then withdrew to her apartment, her mind more at eaſe, though exhauſted by the effort ſhe had made.

Loiſeau's

Loiseau's fortitude, however, was not put to so severe a trial. The marchioness's complaint took a more favourable turn; but her amendment were slow; several months elapsed before she was permitted to set sail for England.

As the reader might feel some sort of interest in the fate of the Prince Bishop of S...., whom we left in a very awkward predicament, we here briefly inform him, that the arrival of troops from the neighbouring states succeeded at last in quelling this popular tumult; but that on the approach of the French army, then commanded by Custine, he left his *beloved* subjects to fight their, or rather his own, battles, and took refuge, first at the court of Bavaria, then at Vienna, at that time crowded by the most illustrious fugitives. He was afterwards dispatched to the court of St. James, charged with some trifling mission, concerning the secularization of

the German eccleſiaſtical ſtates, then in agitation; and from thence, on the retreat of the French, he returned to his biſhopric, where we ſhall leave him, and return to the hero of this hiſtory.

BOOK IX.

CHAPTER I.

WHO is that man, who with ſlow meaſured ſteps, and in ſad contemplation, ſtalks over the ſolitary waſte;—whoſe deeply-ſighing boſom beſpeaks a heart ſorely overcharged? Wherefore ſeeks he the ſhelter of the untenanted manſion, and mournfully treads among the graves of the departed, wiſhing to mingle his duſt with theirs? In this frivolous age, where the daſtardly ſoul impels to nothing great, either in virtue or vice; where the loſs or acquirement of wealth conſtitutes the extreme of miſery or felicity; where the

heart hardly ſhares in what is called pleaſure, and but lightly feels the poignancy of ſorrow; what complication of woes, what weight of remorſe, thus ſecludes this man from his kind, and makes him ſo heavily feel the load of exiſtence? Can the privation of what is ſweet in this life, alone plunge into ſuch deſpondency? Can periſhable matter alone bear thus deeply the inflictions of remorſe?——Oh no! I diſcover in the ſtormy paſſions that perpetrate the greateſt crimes, as well as in the noble enthuſiaſm that achieves every virtuous and heroic deed—I diſcover the effects of that inſtigating and reſtleſs ſpirit, too narrowly confined on this earth, and panting for a wider ſpace, more adequate to the ſublimity of its conceptions.——But let us not anticipate; and progreſſively proceed in our narrative.

Edmund Barclay ſafely brought over to England his old friend Daubigné, whoſe

heart

heart was ſo cheered by the ſociety and attentions of his pupil, that he bore extremely well the fatigues of the journey, notwithſtanding his advanced period of life. They immediately proceeded to Herefordſhire, where they were received by the young baronet's acquaintance with every token of regard; for the favourable impreſſion his former conduct had made was by no means obliterated, and his ſubſequent behaviour was ſuch, as to exalt almoſt to enthuſiaſm the ſentiments of love and eſteem with which he had inſpired them.

The eſtate at Bodenham bequeathed to him, having been the chief reſidence of his late uncle, was in excellent repair; and the houſe, under the care of Mrs. Kate, afforded them every convenience on their entering it.

This good woman, although glad to

behold once more the nephew of her late maſter, ſtill bewailed her loſs with abundant tears; yet, ſincere as her affection doubtleſs was, the ſmallneſs of the legacy left her tended not a little to increaſe her ſorrow: and conſidering the length of time ſhe had been to him a faithful ſervant and tender nurſe, the legacy certainly fell ſhort of what ſhe had a right to expect. Viewing it in that light, Edmund made up her income fifty pounds, with which ſhe returned to her friends and relatives, among whom ſhe afterwards lived.

The eſtate, let to tenants at will at ſomewhat more than one hundred and fifty pounds, he now took into his own hands; not that he deemed ſuch an income more than ſufficient to anſwer every purpoſe of his own, but fond of an active, rural life, he conſidered that by creating a larger ſuperfluity, he obtained more ample means of affording relief to the diſtreſſed.

This

This eſtate was compact and well diverſified with paſture, arable, and wood-lands. The houſe, extremely neat, but rather ſmall, had a couple of bow-windows, facing the ſouth. It ſtood upon a ſmall eminence, whoſe gentle declivity formed the garden, at the foot of which a neat meadow, bounded by fallys and orles, reached the river Lug, a clear trout and grayling ſtream, running upon a bed of fine gravel, till, after ſeveral windings, it ſlackened its courſe, and flowed deep and ſluggiſh. Behind the houſe grew a well-planted orchard of choſen fruit, where, as Thomſon has it,

> A various ſpirit, freſh, delicious, keen,
> Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
> The piercing cider for the thirſty tongue.

Daubigné took upon himſelf the ſuperintendance of the garden: his paſſion for horticulture was the only one he re-

tained. His ſon, for ſo he called Edmund, was always on the look-out to deck his *parterre* with the moſt beautiful flowers he could procure. Thus, between his plants, his books, and the ſociety of his ſon, the old man ſaw fulfilled the promiſe Edmund made him, to render his decline of life as happy as the happieſt days he had hitherto enjoyed.——But it might be here enquired whether Edmund himſelf was happy.

Doubtleſs a love ſo fervent as his, and, as he thought, ſo ill requited, could not but damp the enjoyment of his other purſuits: yet although the poſſeſſion of Adelaide Volſey was wanting to *complete* his felicity, we may, nevertheleſs, ſafely affirm, that few of his contemporaries were bleſſed with a larger ſhare; becauſe, deriving it from his own heart, and from his own exertions, it could not at all be affected by

the opinions of others, and very little their actions.

About that time the preſent unfortunate ar broke out. From the animoſity and ncour of all parties, Edmund, with a ophetic eye, foreſaw a part of its direful nſequences. Although remote from the ene of action, and not likely to be ma-rially involved in its effects, with the art of a true philanthropiſt, he deeply mented, that at the cloſe of the eighteenth ntury, when religious toleration, a ge-ral ſpirit of commerce, and the diffuſion knowledge, had almoſt linked the va-ous ſtates of Europe into one great na-on, this dreadful ſcourge ſhould again be newed.

He had at times indulged himſelf in a in of poetry. The preſent ſubject was orthy to be handled by the friend of

mankind. He compoſed the following French ode, not having acquired a ſufficient command over his vernacular tongue, to attempt it in Engliſh.—

ODE

SUR

LA GUERRE*.

Dans ces champs, où Ceres féconde
Répandit l'or de ſes bienfaits,
Quel Sphinx affreux, quel monſtre immonde,
Devora l'épi des guerets?
Les peuples ont fui ces rivages,
La Guerre étale ſes ravages,
Où les fruits rompaient leurs rameaux:
La terre inculte ſe crevaſſe;
Le cri de la rage remplace
Le doux bêlement des troupeaux.

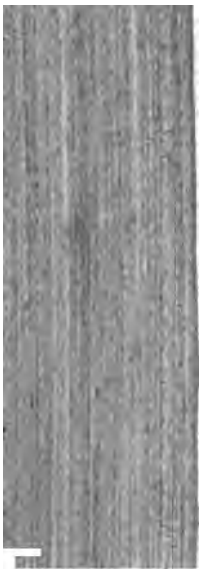
* This ode, though printed, was never diſſeminated: one hundred copies were ſtruck off, the greater part of which the author ſtill retains; the reſt he gave as preſents to his friends, and ſent one to the monthly reviewers, who noticed it with approbation, in April, 1795.

On

On voit ſous des ronces ſauvages
Des cités les débris épars :
Le Bronze, en ſes brûlans ravages,
En a fracaſſé les remparts :
Les ruiſſeaux, ſuſpendant leur courſe,
Croupiſſent non loin de leur ſource
Par des cadavres infectés ;
Un air putride s'en exhâle,
Et des vents l'haleine inégale
Souffle la mort de tous côtés.

Horreurs ſur horreurs s'amoncelent,
De Bellone exécrables fruits :
Les forfaits qui ſe renouvellent
De forfaits plus grands ſont ſuivis.
Voyez ces Soldats homicides,
Pour les ſeuls crimes intrépides,
L'un contre l'autre s'élançans.—
O rage ! O comble d'infamie !
Par milliers ils s'ôtent la vie—
Ainſi l'ordonnent leurs Tyrans.

Le ſang coule et teint le rivage ;
La fumée obſcurcit le jour ;
Le Guérrier, écumant de rage,
Combat, vainc et meurt tour-à-tour.
La mort découvre ſes abîmes ;
Le glaive égorge ſes victimes ;



D'un Pôle à l'autre que la Foudre
Tonne et fracaſſe l'Univers,
Et que ſur les Soleils en poudre,
Le Chaos maîtriſe les airs.
Oui, de l'Univers en décombres
J'aime mieux errer dans les ombre
D'une éternelle et triſte nuit,
Que de voir contre ſon Semblabl
L'Homme, armé d'un glaive coup
L'égorger pour regner ſur lui.

La Victoire enfin ſe déclare.
J'entends les tambours battre aux
Et la belliqueuſe fanfare
Exalter les vainqueurs ſanglans.
Dieux ! que la Gloire eſt enivrant
J'irais d'une voix triomphante

Soldats, sachez joindre à la Palme
Qui croît pour l'intrépidité,
La gloire plus douce et plus calme
Qui décore l'humanité.
En pitié changez la colère;
Aux blessés rendez la lumière,
Ils ne sont plus vos ennemis:
Non, non, les Vainqueurs par clémence,
Les Vaincus par reconnaissance,
De rivaux deviendront amis.

La nuit vient.—Quelle horrible scène
De morts, de mourans entassés:
Les membres meurtris, morts à peine,
Loin du tronc saignent dispersés!
Gloire, éveille-toi! Sur ces rives,
Oh! puissent tant de voix plaintives
De remords cuisans t'agiter!
Helas! s'il faut, pour te complaire,
Que tant de sang soit nécessaire;
Devrais-tu jamais exister?

Viens, quitte ton lit de molesse,
Suis moi.—Grand Dieu! ne sens-tu pas
Ce sang, qu'en marchant le pié presse,
Au front rejaillir par éclats?—
Cette scène à present contemples;
Rougis de tes indignes temples;

Change

Change tes lauriers en cyprès :
Moi, je veux envain la décrire ;
De ma main s'échappe ma lyre ;
Mon cœur se navre, et je me tais.

Oh ! si les Hommes, rendus sages
Par leurs malheurs, fruits des forfaits,
Savaient goûter les avantages
Que leur offre la douce Paix !
Si—mais, helas ! chargés d'entraves,
De citoyens rendus esclaves,
Aveuglés par leurs chefs ingrats,
La Liberté devient licence,
La Vertu se nomme insolence,
Et la Gloire n'est qu'aux combats.

Mais quelle voix épouvantable
Retentit jusqu'au fond des cœurs ?
De quelle nouvelle effroyable
Vient-elle annoncer les horreurs ?
" Il vient, ce GRAND HOMME, il arrive :
" A ses piés la Terre est captive :
" Il dispose de l'Univers.
" Mortels ! qu'on tremble et qu'on fléchisse :
" A ses loix que tout obéisse :
" Vous vivez pour trainer ses fers."

Toi, dont la Sageſſe ſuprême
Toujours veilla ſur nos deſtins;
Toi, qui veux qu'un ſecond toi-même
Diſpoſe des faibles humains;
Grand Dieu! Qu' armé de ta puiſſance,
Il poſsède auſſi ta clémence,
Qu'il ſoit comme toi bienfaiſant;
De ſon eſpèce ami ſincère,
Qu'en tout il reſſemble au bon Père,
Qui ne vit que pour ſon enfant.

Parmi les flots d'un peuple immenſe,
Ombragé de drapeaux flottans,
Le Héros cependant s'avance
Au fracas des bronzes tonnans.
Autour de lui la Troupe altière,
Formant une triple barrière,
Le défend des noirs attentats.—
Que ne le vois-je, plus tranquille,
Chez ſon peuple chercher l'aſile
Qu'il exige de ſes ſoldats?

Mais ſur le trône il va paraître.
Autour de moi j'entends frémir.
En tremblant, je cherche à connaître
Le *Mortel* qui doit nous régir.
Ciel, que vois-je! O Monſtre exécrable
Oſes-tu ſur ton front coupable

Des

Des Rois profaner le bandeau !
Va, plûtot, mort dans la torture,
Aux Tigris ſervant de pâture,
Dans leurs flancs trouver un tombeau.

Eh quoi, Peuples ſans caractère,
Hommes, Eſclaves inſenſés,
Vous baiſez la main ſanguinaire
Par qui vous êtes écraſés !
Oubliez vous ſes premiers crimes ;
Parens, ſujets, tombans victimes
De ſa féroce ambition.
Le feu, la famine, et la guerre,
Ont depuis ſur cette hémiſphère
En traits de ſang tracé ſon nom.

Levez vous, et de ſon ſupplice
Ne différez plus le moment ;
Abhorré de tous, qu'il périſſe,
Comme doit périr un Tiran.
Que ſa mort terrible et frappante,
A leurs eſprits toujours preſente,
Soit aux Monarques paliſſans,
Comme la foudre redoubtable,
Qui grondant au cœur du coupable,
Y détruit les crimes naiſſans.

Mais non, Peuple eſclave et timide,
Encenſez encor ce Boureau;
Allez ſous ſa main homicide
Tendre la gorge à ſon couteau.
Oui, qu'il triomphe : et que ſa tête
Des fleurs, que le Flatteur apréte,
S'enivre du doux odorat.
Ce Tourmenteur qu'ici j'évoque,
De tant de forfaits, ſans revoque,
Horriblement nous vengera.

De la Nature enſanglantée,
Terribles, mais juſtes vengeurs,
REMORDS! du roc de Promothée
Appellez vos vautours rongeurs.
Sur ce Barbare ſans relâche,
Que leur troupe hideuſe s'attache;
Qu'elle le pourſuive en tous lieux:
EN TOUT, dans l'horreur des ténébres,
Qu'elle joigne aux réves funébres
De l'Enfer les tourmens affreux.

Coutez donc, Rois qu'on encenſe,
Ces accens de la vérité;
Ce la gloire ſans bienfaiſance
N'eſt qu'un nom ſans réalité.
Sur vos Sujets vivez en Pères;
Ces juſtes loix, gardiens ſévères,

Faites

Faites obéir les décrets.
Mais, ſi le Fort ſous votre empire
Peut au Faible impunément nuire,
Abdiquez, Tirans — ou mourez.

O Toi, dont la main ſalutaire
De Bellone éteint les flambeaux,
Celeſte Paix ! viens ſur la Terre
Repeupler encor les hameaux,
Relève ces humbles chaumières,
Ranime les danſes legères,
Enſemence encor les guerets.
Ainſi la joyeuſe Hirondelle,
Au printems ramène après elle,
Et Flore, et Pomone, et Ceres.

Et Toi, VERTU ! divin mobile
De ce qu'en l'homme il eſt de beau ;
Sans toi la Liberté débile
En ſes excès trouve un tombeau.
PERE Eternel ! ſous ſon Egide,
Qu'en ſes devoirs l'homme intrépide
De ſes drois enfin ſache uſer :
Et ſi quelque Chef ſanguinaire
Oſe rallumer ſon tonnère,
Que le TIEN vole l'écraſer.

CHAPTER II.

Look, my lord! Here he comes.

SHAKSPEARE.

PTIST LOISEAU, a few days after his
al at the city of S. . . ., wrote to his
d informing him of the arreſt of the
:hioneſs of Barfeld, the ſequeſtration
:r property, together with the frivolous
ſation that authoriſed theſe iniquitous
eedings; he likewiſe mentioned the
ound ſecret obſerved with reſpect to
place of her detention, and concluded
etter with ſtating, as his firm belief,
foul play had been practiſed to her
udice, in this inſtance as well as in for-
ones.

This

almoſt obliterated the unfavoural
ſion of her former conduct, an
ſtored her to his tenderneſs. Ha
ed to the ſuggeſtions of his love,
have immediately haſtened to G
her aſſiſtance, but when he conſi
he muſt leave behind, and by l
old friend and benefactor, in a ſtr
try, whoſe language he had by
tirely forgotten, his inclination y
ſenſe of his duty; eſpecially as h
ſcious that every concern of th
neſs could with ſafety be confi
zeal, fidelity, and intelligence c
In the mean time, he expected to

d written to him letters upon letters: ey were all unanſwered. He then wrote Baptiſt's friends in Switzerland, and irnt by their anſwer, that their kinſman d left the city of S . . . .; but they knew t whither he had proceeded, and were l uneaſy on his account. The perplexity Edmund increaſed. At laſt he received letter from Loiſeau himſelf, dated Rotrdam, but the information it contained as little to the purpoſe; the name of the archioneſs was not even mentioned; ſuch tone of gloomy reſerve pervaded the hole, that Edmund could not account for s coming from his open-hearted friend, ut by inferring that ſome dreadful calaity had overtaken Adelaide Volſey, the articulars of which he would be moſt probably acquainted with on Loiſeau's arrival n Herefordſhire, which, according to his etter, was ſhortly to take place.

In this diſtreſſing ſuſpence he waited ſeve-

ra

ral weeks in daily expectation of his friend's arrival, but Loiſeau did not appear; and no other tidings could he receive concerning him, ſave the little information obtained from the perſon in whoſe houſe he had lodged at Rotterdam, ſtating that Loiſeau had ſailed for England about ſix weeks ago.

The ignorance in which he was thus compelled to remain on ſubjects ſo intereſting to his heart, gave him exceſſive uneaſineſs. He became thoughtful, abſent, and even ſometimes melancholic. At thoſe times he delighted to ramble by himſelf, over the moſt unfrequented part of the country; but he would ſoon exert his fortitude, in order to check the tendency of this unſocial diſpoſition, and his equanimity returned.

However, during one of theſe rambles, as his thoughts were deeply engaged in endeavour-

eavouring to pierce the myſteries that ſur-
ounded him, he found himſelf in front of
n ancient, ſpacious, but uninhabited build-
ig, known in the country by the name of
ARHOPE. This manſion, ſeven miles diſ-
nt from Hereford, is ſituated at the foot
f Dinmore-hill, and imbowered in woods
n all ſides, except on the ſouth, whence
commands one of the fineſt proſpects in
ngland. It had been the property of the
irwood family*. The younger Kirwood
as hung in chains, about forty years ago,
r the murder of his brother; ſince then,
e houſe had remained uninhabited. No
onder then that ſuch a building was
emed haunted; indeed, various wonder-
l ſtories had been propagated, and la-
urers returning home late at night, had
ard ſtrange noiſes, and ſeen ſtrange
ghts.

* The real name is purpoſely altered.

A perſon from Hereford, rather o waggiſh diſpoſition, gave out that one ev ing, having the courage to enter it, he held in one of the apartments a dag ſtuck in the ancient tapeſtry, and picked a roll of parchment, on which was writt in characters ſcarcely legible, a moſt wo ſtory of murders and apparitions; but wi interrogated upon the contents of this par ment, and why he had not ſince retur to the ſpot, he choſe to preſerve a ſolei thoughtful ſilence.

Theſe ſtories were, however, nearly f gotten, when about a month before period we ſpeak of, they were revived w more earneſtneſs than ever. Credu had now better grounds for reſting its lief. The teſtimony of ſeveral perſ agreed in ſtating, that they had ſeen tow a duſk a very tall object, clad in a lo black, ſweeping gown, ſtalk about houſe, or ſkulk in the adjacent woo

Oth

Others had beheld lights moving in various parts of the houſe, whence they heard uncouth ſounds, cries, ſcreams, and groans.

Edmund had heard theſe ſtories, without much liſtening to them; but now that he ſtood in front of the houſe, he was deſirous of exploring its interior.

With that intent he proceeded up the road, till he got to a lane leading to the court, on the back part of the building.

The month of September was nearly gone. The leaves, in their deepeſt green, ſighed ſorrowfully to the howling gale; and the dark lowering clouds, ſailing from the ſouth, gave the firſt warning of the coming rainy ſeaſon. The contemplative man, at theſe times, feels a not unpleaſing melancholy ſteal upon him: the view of a hoary pile, rearing among the wood-lands its ſolitary head, a monument of departed

ages, charms him more than the ſplendid, modern manſion, with its ſoft lawns, elegant viſtas, and gay tenants.

Edmund retreated to the oppoſite extremity of the houſe, whence with folded arms, penſive, he viewed the venerable pile. He more than once fancied that the wind bore to his ear the moanings of a perſon in diſtreſs, and they ſeemed to proceed from the interior, but they were too faint to be diſtinctly aſcertained. However, as duſk was faſt increaſing, he would have croſſed the yard to make his way into the houſe, had not the noiſe of a long, ſweeping gown, trailing over the ruſtling graſs, arreſted his attention:—he beheld moving towards him, but on the houſe ſide, a tall object, clad in a ſable garment, ſo ample, that it completely concealed his feet, hands, and face; it proceeded with ſlow, heavy ſteps, and ſeemed deeply abſorbed in meditation.

und ſuffered the object to advance
rbed, till it came on a line with

r, may I requeſt to know who you

—No anſwer.——The object
on.

young man viewed it paſs him with
horror.

humanity alone prompts me to the
?" cried he, following it ſome

—Still the object moved on ſpeech-

ound waited ſome time, then made
r attempt to attract notice.—

"As my intention is but to befriend it surely deſerves an anſwer?"

By this time, the apparition had rea the furtheſt extremity of the houſe; it ſtopped, and ſtood for a moment ſeemi irreſolute, when ſuddenly, with hu ſteps, it entered the building, and d peared.

The young man remained ſome time tionleſs, his eye rivetted on the ſpot w the apparition had vaniſhed. He at firſ tertained thoughts of following him, compelling him to declare himſelf, bu ſiſted on conſidering, that he had no to force his ſervices on him whoſe only it ſeems, was to mourn in ſolitude, whoſe ſorrows ought to be held ſacred therefore returned to Bodenham, ſo i upon what he had beheld, that he rea his habitation before he thought hi

much beyond the precincts of Barbyc-house.

After ſupper, Edmund imparted to his friend this ſtrange adventure. The night afforded full ſcope for their conjectures. Daubigné ſat up later than uſual, endeavouring to explain it. Having mentioned every other ſurmiſe—

"Suppoſe it ſhould be Shrouder?" ſaid he, rather incautiouſly.

"Impoſſible!" cried Edmund in a tone of agitation he could not repreſs.

Scarcely, however, had he pronounced the word, when they were ſtartled by a loud ſhriek, immediately after they heard the ſlamming of doors and hurried ſteps making to their apartment; ſuddenly the door of the parlour burſt open, and down fell the

maid on the floor, as ſtiff as a corpſe, and in every other reſpect apparently dead.

They haſtened to afford her every poſſible relief, yet a conſiderable time elapſed before ſhe recovered from her ſwoon, and then her anſwers were too wild and incoherent to be intelligible. However, on growing more calm, ſhe told them, that on hearing a gentle rap at the houſe-door, and thinking it was John, the gardener, ſhe went to let him in, but, when the door opened, a tall, black apparition ſtood before her; ſhe ſcreamed in horror, and fled for ſhelter to the parlour, where ſhe fainted, and of courſe could give no account of what became of the apparition.

This relation greatly diſturbed Edmund, yet he concealed from Daubigné his agitation. He comforted the poor girl as well as he could, ſat by her till the arrival of the gardener,

gardener, then retired to reſt, with the determination of viſiting, on the morrow morning, every chamber of the manſion. But early the next day Daubigné was taken very ill: during a fortnight that his life was in danger, Edmund did not once ſtray from the houſe.

In the mean time, a ſingular event occurred, that afforded ample ſcope for the laughter of the ſcoffers, and the terrors of the credulous. The reader will, we hope, forgive us for relating it here in full length.

CHAPTER III.

C'eſt aſſez qu'en courant la Fiction amuſe.*
BOILEAU.

The Author's beſt Apology for what follows.

THREE Herefordſhire bucks—a newly admitted attorney, a daſhing ſon of Mars, and a ſporting ſquire—had ſallied from the city of Hereford on a ſhooting expedition. Towards evening they called at Wellington Inn (about two miles from Barhope-houſe),

* Should Fiction lightly tell her ſportive tale,
Let o'er the critic's frown a ſmile prevail.

with

with a craving ſtomach; to allay which, every egg from the neighbouring farm, together with nearly four pounds of fried bacon, had been put in requiſition. They were now ſmoking their pipes over a bowl of punch, to which the landlord had been invited; mine hoſt obſerving the liquor at its loweſt ebb, and ſymptoms of departure from his gueſts, bethought himſelf of prolonging their ſtay, by entertaining them with a relation of the wonderful ſtories, that were ſolemnly atteſted, and as ſolemnly believed in that neighbourhood, concerning Barhope-houſe. Theſe ſtories had the deſired effect, although his hearers affected to pay to them but a ſupercilious attention:—a ſecond bowl was ordered in, and freſh coals put on the fire. The punch was found good, the fire-ſide comfortable, and the landlord handled his ſubject cleverly. In conſequence, the bowl was once more repleniſhed.

By this time the liquor had its usual effect on the trio: their valour increased, as the reasoning faculty left them. The captain, who, in his present disposition, fancied a ghost a much less formidable enemy to cope with than the French, thought this a fit opportunity to display his prowess. He started up, fiercely looking, and striking the table with his fist, swore that he did not care a fig for all the apparitions in the kingdom.

"If Tom Idle here will accompany me to Barhope, I'll be shot if I don't bring back, in a couple of hours, all the ghosts and ghostesses of the place, bound neck and heels:—say the word, Thomas, shall we march?"

"Aye, boy," cried the other, leaping from his seat, seizing his gun, and letting the rod fall in the barrel: "look here, my lads, here is full five inches for the guts of

he beſt of them.—Come, maſter *Qui Tam*, hall we have the benefit of your aſſiſt-nce?"

The lawyer was apprehenſive that againſt ghoſts no bill of indictment could be ound. He agreed however to accompany hem.

The landlord now perceiving that he ad overſhot the mark, urged ſeveral pru-ential reaſons to induce them to deſiſt; ut the oppoſition only tended the more to nflame their adventurous ſpirit. Forth hey ſallied, calling their dogs, and loudly xulting, as if to ſeek the encounter was ufficient to obtain the victory.—On their way, they overtook an old woman coming from market.

"Whither ſo late, Goody?" enquired the captain.

"I am

"I am going a little beyond Barhope, ſir."

"And do you paſs by the houſe?"

"God forbid I ſhould, ſir."

"Why ſo?—Are you afraid to paſs a night in the old manſion?"

"I would not paſs an hour in it for all the treaſures in the world."

Here the lawyer interfered.

"What do you know concerning the houſe that can thus alarm you?"

"I know more than I ſhould wiſh to behold."

"Pho! Pho! mere nonſenſe."

"Well,

"Well, gentlemen, you might make ight on it—yet I could tell you ſuch a tory—but no matter."

However, with the help of a little entrea-y, and the collection of a ſhilling, ſhe conſented to relate her tale. They then placed her betwixt them, ſlackening their pace to hers, whilſt the dogs, acting as ſcouts, paraded backwards and forwards, leſt the main body ſhould be taken by ſurpriſe.

The Old Woman's Story.

"Why, gentlemen, you muſt know, that ſome fifty years ago, this was reputed a good, hoſpitable houſe, wherein a chriſtian could live and ſleep without being diſturbed by noiſes and apparitions, though they tell me it is built upon dens and caverns, where in old times robbers concealed their plunder, and the bodies of thoſe they murdered.

How-

Howſomever, be it as it may; but ſome fifty years ago, as I was ſaying, this houſe was the property of one Squire Kirwood, who had a younger brother, who was a wicked, good-for-nothing fellow, who—"

"We know all this," interrupted the attorney; "you are going to tell us that the younger brother murdered the elder to come at the eſtate; that he was tried for the crime, convicted, and executed."

"Aye, marry, ſir, that's a part of my ſtory, but not the whole forſooth."

"What more have you then got to ſay?"

"Why, ſir, I have got to ſay, that though young Kirwood alone ſuffered for the murder, more than one was concerned in it."

"How

" How can that be, when——"

" Why, ſir, I'll tell it you, if you have he patience to hear me."

" Aye, aye, let us hear her," cried the ther two; and the woman went on.

" George Griffiths, the ſquire's butler, wrote from London, that on his return o Herefordſhire he ſhould give evidence gainſt a certain perſon who thought him- elf pretty ſecure; his friends' wits were hen ſet a-going to find out who that perſon was; at laſt they fixed their ſuſpicions on ne Thomas Wilcox, who had been valet o the young ſquire.

" One night Charles Griffiths, brother to George, dreamt that as he was coming ome through whicher lane, he ſaw in a ool of the river Lug the hind legs of a orſe; as he looked at it, it ſlowly ſunk,

and

and the head and fore part of the creature appeared out of water: it looked at Charles ſteadfaſtly and ſorrowfully, then it fixed its eye on ſomething concealed under the bank, then again it looked at Charles, then at the object, and ſo on ſeveral times, till Charles was tempted to ſee what was under the bank: he beheld, as plain as I ſee you, for the moon was then at its full—he beheld the dead body of his own brother, bleeding ſo faſt that all the water round it appeared turned into blood. Caſting his eyes about him for aſſiſtance, Charles perceived ſtalking towards him a tall man, the very picture of Thomas Wilcox, with a large knife in his hand;—the devil ſurely muſt have directed him to Charles Griffith, for it was as dark as pitch*: as this man advanced, the horſe's eyes ſwelled as big as your head, and glared like a couple of lanthorns; the

* A little before the good woman told her hearer that it was a fine moon-light.

creature

creature ſhook like a leaf, making in his throat a hoarſe kind of rumbling voice; but when Wilcox had come up to Griffiths, the horſe *ſnorted murder*, daſhed in the water, and diſappeared; and Charles awoke juſt at the moment Wilcox was going to plunge the knife in his body.—The poor man was ſo frightened, that he could not ſleep a wink the reſt of the night. His brother George, who had been at ſea, was never ſince heard of, and a drowned horſe was ſome time after dragged out of Lug."

"But all this has nothing to do with Barhope-houſe," obſerved the ſquire.

"A little patience, ſir, I'm coming to it. ——Well, gentlemen, this Wilcox never ſince could lay quiet in his bed; and ſoon after he died in ſo lamentable a manner, that the doctor could make nothing of his complaint, and all his neighbours looked upon it as a judgment of Heaven. Well,

in

in the church-yard he was interred; but even then his poor ſoul found no eaſe, for my father, who was the grave-digger of the pariſh, as he croſſed the church-yard at night, often heard him cry out in a ſlow, deep, growling, trembling voice,

I CANNOT REST IN MY GRAVE!
I CANNOT REST IN MY GRAVE!

"Then the mould would heave and ſink, heave and ſink, as if it was going to caſt him up: and truly, one day his coffin was broke open and the body taken out, yet no one knew whither it went, till diſmal groans, yells, and howlings, were heard in Barhope-houſe; and it was believed all over the pariſh, and there are perſons living to this day that can certify the fact, that the ghoſts of the ſ[illegible] George Griffiths were ſeen [illegible] under yard, and all about th[illegible] bodies of young Kirwood [illegible] Wilcox, upon a harrow with red-

l-hot ſpikes, over burning coals, at the
ne time that a multitude of devils were
gging them with fiery rods, and toſſing
em about with pitch-forks. Nay, it is
ıt twenty years ago, that a man, who,
ıring a thunder-ſtorm had the boldneſs
go near the houſe, was next morning
und dead in the court, his body as black
; coal, ſinged and burnt all over, as if he
ad been ſtruck by the lightning: and this
certainly true, for I myſelf did ſee the
ody."

By the time that the old woman had
niſhed her ſtory, they reached the lane
hat led to the houſe; ſhe would have then
aken her leave, but with much perſuaſion,
ome threats, and a further collection, ſhe
was prevailed upon to accompany them as
ar as the yard.

They now began to ſtagger ſomewhat in
their reſolution: their noiſy mirth and loud

boaſting

boaſting took a graver turn; their pace ſlackened more and more, and they proceeded in a cloſer body. When they got into the court, the woman abſolutely refuſed to proceed further.

"But how are we to gain admiſſion?" ſaid the attorney, wiſhing to raiſe difficulties.

"Why," ſaid ſhe, "when you are got to the furtheſt extremity of the court, there is concealed by yonder brambles that grow cloſe to the wall, an opening ſufficient for any of you to get through with a little ſtooping. So, gentlemen, I wiſh you a good night, and the Lord have mercy on you all."

She then departed with a wonderfully nimble ſtep, and was ſoon loſt in the increaſing darkneſs. Our three heroes followed her with their eyes as long as ſhe was

viſible,

ible, then looked at each other with a couraging aſpect.

The ſoldier's heart now beat to another ne than that of "Britons, ſtrike home." he ſquire no longer placed ſuch implicit liance on the efficacy of his gun. As for e lawyer, he could with ſafety ſwear in y court of Chriſtendom, that the mere oughts of the ghoſt did put him in bodily ar. However they muſtered ſufficient re- lution to make to the ſpot indicated by e old woman, often caſting "a longing, ngering look behind."

As it was already dark, they firſt began light a lanthorn they had borrowed from ne inn; but the horn was ſo greaſy, that gave but a faint and doubtful glimmer. On removing the brambles they perceived he aperture.—It yawned dreadfully dark, s if ready to engulph them. The captain, who

who had taken the lead, now fell back close to the attorney, leaving the ſquire to ſtand the firſt brunt of the encounter—an honour this gentleman did not much reliſh; yet, like an able and prudent general, before he made the attack, he was for ſending in his ſcouts, to give them timely notice of the enemy's approach.

"Carlo, Ponto, Venus, here;—get in, that's a good dog."

The dogs tripped up to the cavity, ſnuffed up the ſcent, made a ſtiff ſtand—then growled back in affright.

A ſecond attempt was attended with no better ſucceſs. The ſquire's courage then forſook him.

"What's to be done?" ſaid he, turning to his companions.

"Why

Vhy get in, and be d——!" cried
n with affected reſolution.

Nay," replied the other, ſtepping
" this is a ſcheme of your own; to
ppertains the honour:—march on, no-
ptain, and we will follow."

ır ſoldier however choſe to keep his
ıd.

Ah, ah," ſneered the ſquire, " a
r fellow to fight the French! afraid of
bear!

Give me the lanthorn, I ſee you are a
e of cowards:—follow me if you
"

ſpake, and with haſty reſolution
y forced his way through the gap: he

was followed by the captain; the lawyer bringing up the rear.

They found themſelves in conſequence in a ſmall cloſet, at the extremity of which was a narrow flight of ſtone ſteps, which they had at laſt the boldneſs to aſcend. Meeting nothing terrific in the firſt apartment, they muſtered ſufficient courage to enter two others; the bare walls alone remained in theſe rooms, even the doors had been carried away; but to enter the fourth chamber, it was neceſſary to open the door that concealed it.

Even this obſtruction, ſmall as it was, gave occaſion to a council of war; after ſome conſultation, more through ſhame than courage, they agreed further to try the adventure: they found themſelves in conſequence in a ſquare, lofty room, whoſe walls were covered by a dark, thick, ancient tapeſtry, and they beheld with a terror they

no

er ſtrove to conceal, a white cloth
ver one ſide of this tapeſtry: whilſt
)od at a diſtance, their eyes fixed on
ot, each in his heart reſolved to pro-
to further, a very large vivid circle of
ſuddenly ſhone and ſettled on the
——But what were their terror and
ay, when in the centre of the circle up
: the DEVIL in perſon, and in full coſ-
e——glaring eye, flaming mouth, fiery
ns, horſe's legs, eagle's talons, bat-wings,
l pitchfork!—nothing was omitted.

n his diſtemper'd mind ſuch form appears,
To ſcare the ſinner into holineſs.
Such ſooty bugbear angry nurſes ſhape,
To huſh, to peace the rebel, ſqualling brat.
With holy zeal, the preſbyterian poor
Conſigns the wealthy prelate to his gripe.
A form not more terrific conjures up
The thund'ering, lank-hair'd methodiſt, when he
Deals out damnation to the trembling crowd,
And with reluctant gifts refils the plate.
Leſs frightful e'en, the grim intruder Death;
When from the feaſt he drags the alderman,
And with his pamper'd carcaſe gluts the grave.

At

At this terrific appearance, their knees ſmote each other, their teeth chattered, and their eyes ſtared, as if contending to rival in ſize thoſe of their grim opponent. Down fell their fire-arms, which being cocked, went off with loud exploſion, and wounded ſeveral of the dogs; this circumſtance greatly added to their terror, and ſetting up at once a diſmal yell, even louder than the howlings of the wounded creatures, they flew back through the apartments, rolled down the ſteps, and in a few ſeconds were at the opening through which they had entered. Here their terrors increaſed by the difficulty of eſcape; for, as each was eager for precedence, and none willing to yield it, they naturally impeded each other.

During this contention, and amidſt the barking, yelping, howling of dogs, and their own vociferation, they were overtaken by a tall, angry apparition, clad in black garments, who with a knotty rope did not ceaſe

e ſtoutly ſcourging their backs, till they fairly ſqueezed themſelves through the ture. Even then, their alarm did not ike them: they ran, or rather flew, till reached the high-road, leaving behind n their guns, hats, and lanthorn, as tro- s to the conqueror. Here, however, were compelled to ſtop for the purpoſe ecovering breath; they then haſtened to inn, conſternation and horror in their s, and by fear impenetrably ſhielded n the ſhafts of ridicule.

hey were not however allowed to come ſo cheap.

A dreadful noiſe, like continued peals of nder, now rattled on their ears; on ning their heads, our trio, with equal ror and affright, beheld rolling towards m, a huge, ſhapeleſs monſter, at leaſt ig as an elephant, with a pair of eyes,

each of the ſize of the full moon! they ſhone not, however, with the mild luſtre of that planet, but blazed with a fierce, angry glare, well ſuited to the tremendous roarings of the enormous animal.

In their preſent diſpoſition a much leſs terrific object would have diſmayed our adventurers; they ſtopped not therefore to inveſtigate, but took to their heels with all poſſible ſpeed. Still, however, they were purſued by the monſter, who, bent on its prey, faſt gained ground upon them. They then gave themſelves up as loſt, and tumbling one over the other in a ditch, by the road's ſide, at a ſhort diſtance from the public-houſe, roared murder with Stentorian lungs.

When the apparition came up to the affrighted group, a voice was heard enquiring,

"What

"What the devil's the meaning of this? What's all this bawling for?"

And taking one of the monſter's eyes in his hand, a perſon alighted, and made to the "vocal ditch," whither the ſame ſignals of liſtreſs had ſummoned every inhabitant of the inn.

The firſt object they recogniſed was the woeful and deadly-pale countenance of the captain, with his eyes broadly ſtaring out, yet without ſpeculation in them; he laid at full length, back to back upon the attorney, who, with his noſe ſtuck in the mud, bellowed like a bull; both theſe gentlemen were kept in that poſition by the bulky carcaſe of the ſquire, thrown acroſs their bodies.

"How! is it you, captain?—in the name of wonder, what's the matter?" cried mine hoſt.

"Matter enough! Maſter Bethell," replied the other in a lamentable voice; "I am a dead man—that's all."

"I hope not.—But come, ſhall I help you out of this ditch?——Lord, what a pickle they are in!"

"Is the monſter gone?"

"What monſter?" cried a by-ſtander; there's nothing hereabouts but my coach juſt by, in the road."

Upon this aſſurance the attorney ventured to turn his head; but the firſt object that met his ſight was the ball of fire the coachman held in his hand, or, in other words, the monſter's eye, which, by the bye, was nothing more than a lamp of his carriage.

"Oh ſave me! ſave me! ſpare me this once!

'll never do a roguiſh action

s ſtrain bawled out the terrified limb
iw, to the no ſmall diverſion of the
rs.

ſquire, who now began to have a
ſuſpicion of the truth, diſencum-
iis companions of his bulk, ſhook
, and ſneaked out of the ditch,
it was no eaſy taſk to extricate the
and creſtfallen captain; but the
roared, ſtruggled, and kicked, as if
dæmons of torment were about him;
; out *retributive juſtice.*

en they arrived at the inn, and with
lp of a dram were ſomewhat reco-
the captain, who had now given up
tenſions to courage, related in a dole-
ice the terrific ſcenes they had wit-
at Barhope, to the no ſmall wonder

and entertainment of the hearers, who were all very profuſe of their comments. Our adventurers then generouſly diſcharged the bill, which by this time amounted to a pretty round ſum. The coachman in gratitude agreed, for a moderate charge, to take them to Hereford in his vehicle, whither he was travelling. The attorney, notwithſtanding his extreme repugnance, at laſt conſented to enter along with his companions into the monſter's belly; who, for all his dread-inſpiring countenance, on its reaching the aforeſaid city, faithfully, and according to agreement, caſt up, unhurt, the bodies of theſe three Jonases, who, however, in this ill-fated expedition of theirs, had proved themſelves but ſorry prophets.

CHAPTER IV.

endant devant qu'il fut nuit,
va nouvel encombre.
loup parut : tout le troupeau s'enfuit.
t pas un loup, ce n'en étoit que l'ombre.

LA FONTAINE.

T days after Daubigné's recovery, had occaſion to call at Wellington : events related in the preceding were the ſubject of converſation e people preſent : the landlord had nore urgent, than to impart to the ronet the particulars. Edmund, eader prefers it *Sir* Edmund, heard attention ; but obſerving the deep gerous impreſſion theſe tales had nade on the credulous, he forbore

to ſtrengthen their belief by relating what he himſelf had witneſſed; after a moment's reflection, during which every eye was fixed on him—

"My friends, however you may have been impoſed upon, theſe exaggerated ſtories ariſe only from fear, credulity, or ignorance; for you may reſt aſſured, that there is nothing more ſupernatural in the *real* facts, than in the legerdemain tricks of a juggler. Yet the veil that conceals theſe myſterious tranſactions ſhould be removed; whatever ſhrinks from the open eye of day, is a fit object for ſuſpicion. It is time to put an end to theſe ſtories: for who knows what effect they may hereafter have on the credulous and on the weaker ſex. I am therefore determined, with the permiſſion of the perſon to whoſe care the houſe is committed, to viſit this morning every chamber. If you can ſpare the leiſure, I ſhould be glad of the company of you

rou all, that yourſelves may hereafter bear eſtimony, among your friends and neighbours, to the ſlight and fooliſh grounds which gave riſe to theſe ridiculous tales."

Although before his arrival not one of theſe ſimple men would have dared, upon any account, to venture on the expedition, ſuch was the confidence they had in his wiſdom and courage, that they all, to the number of five, volunteered their ſervices, and boldly placed themſelves under his guidance.

Edmund immediately diſpatched one of the party, with a requeſt to viſit the houſe. As ſoon as the meſſenger returned with the keys, they ſet out.

On their reaching the manſion, Edmund could not but obſerve the alteration in the countenances and gait of his followers.

" My

"My friends," said he gaily, "we will not like fair, open enemies, we'll attack the ghost in front."

Saying this he ascended the steps, and ordered the folding doors to be thrown open. In the middle of the spacious hall, a stately staircase wound up to the first story.

"As the terrific scenes happened in a chamber on the western side, we will begin our search by ascending these stairs," said Edmund, and he was followed by the whole party. But these men, accustomed to the small, low-roofed dwelling, felt a secret awe stealing upon them, as they viewed the spacious and lofty apartments, and as they heavily trod upon the broad sounding stairs.

On reaching the landing-place, they proceeded to unlock the first chamber.

"Here

"Here they are already!" fearfully cried one of the party as ſoon as the door opened, hearing ſqueaks and rapid motions about the floor.

"Very likely," ſaid Edmund with a ſmile, as he opened the ſhutters; "but with the help of day-light all theſe ſpectres will inſtantly dwindle into mere *rats*."

The event verified the prediction, and the laugh was againſt the alarmiſt.

Meeting nothing remarkable in this and the next room, they entered a third.

"I hear a groan!" whiſpered a ſecond.

"Be it ſo," remarked Edmund; "but if you prevent this door from being a-jar, theſe groans will immediately ceaſe."

"What's

" it looks for all the world lik
of blood."

" To me," ſaid Edmund coc
appears like drops of coloured
diſtils from this decayed cieling

By this time our hero formec
ferent opinion of the courag
lowers; he perceived that th
of credulous fear are not eaſi
yet he contrived to marſhal the
chamber.

ortentous ſound, ſomething like the ſoft, ilky, flapping of wings. Our hero, who lid not immediately gueſs the cauſe of this oiſe, found great difficulty in rallying his liſmayed ſoldiers;—he, however, at laſt ucceeded in leading them to the attack.

When the door of this haunted chamber pened, forth iſſued a cloud of feathered pectres, with hideous aſpect, daſhing themelves againſt the faces of our adventurers, he whole of which, excepting their leader, led to the landing-place in the utmoſt conternation.

"Poor, ſimple men!" cried Edmund, deiberately following the panic-ſtruck crew—'Poor, ſimple men! what are ye afraid of n *owl?*" ſhewing them the one he had aught.

Even this ocular demonſtration did not entirely

entirely silence their fears; however they followed the baronet to the next apartment.

"I hear something coming up this way," said one of the men as they were about to enter it.

"So do I," said another.

They then all stopped to listen.

"This is a strange noise!" remarked a third;—"hark how it increases!"

"It is only the steps of a person coming towards us," coldly remarked Edmund.

"Oh, sir! this is not the foot of a christian!" observed a fourth.

"As I hope to be saved, it is surely a ghost!" whispered the fifth.

"Then

"Then it muſt be ghoſts; for I diſtinctly hear the ſteps of more than one perſon," replied Edmund.

By this time the objects, whatever they were, from the landing-place appeared *in ſight*.

As they drew nearer, the firſt proved the identical perſon of Ralph, the hoſtler at the inn; but Edmund had no ſooner recogniſed the ſecond, than he flew into his open arms.

What this ſtranger then ſaid, in words unintelligible to the reſt of the party, had ſuch an effect on the young man, that, forgetful of the place and the motive that led him to it, and unheeding the diſaſters likely to befal the army, when deprived of their intrepid chief, he hurried with the ſtranger down the ſteps, and departed with the utmoſt expedition.

The

[illegible] waited his return in fearful silence, looking at each other with a dismayed countenance: they were in the turn about to depart, leaving the adventure unfinished, when the door that terminated the gallery suddenly flew open——a tall object in sable attire, and, in their estimation, at least seven feet high, strode up to them, with angry looks, violent gestures, and uttering gruff, unintelligible sounds, of dreadful import! Our heroes, however, did not wait his nearer approach, but, screaming and roaring, they flew to the landing-place, rolled down the steps, fled from the house, and did not think themselves beyond the phantom's reach, till they had gained the high-road.

So indefinite are the appellations of *brave* and *coward*, that every one of these men would have most manfully withstood the encounter of the apparition, from whom they

they now ſo cowardly fled, had he but condeſcended to meet them on the turf, in a *boxing* attitude.

CHAP-

When Baptiſt got to Wellington, he called at the inn to procure a guide for Bodenham, but was there told, that the baronet was gone to Barhope, to which place he immediately proceeded with the guide, where he met his friend in the manner we have related in the preceding chapter.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

La véritable jouiſſance ne ſe décrit point.
ROUSSEAU.

How intereſting were the particulars Loiſeau had to impart to Edmund, on his return to Hereford! With what delight did the young man hear the irrefragable proofs of Adelaide's innocence! How ſwelled his boſom with indignation—how did his heart melt in tenderneſs, at the recital of her misfortunes! With what keen remorſe was he ſtung, on recollecting his injuſt and cruel behaviour to her at their laſt meeting! How affectionately warm is gratitude to Loiſeau, for the ſervices his faithful ſervant had done him!

"No," cried he with rapture, "never was man bleſſed like me with ſuch a woman, and with ſuch a friend! But, Baptiſt, when

I ſhall have preſented the angelic creature to my heart, when my ſoul ſhall have drank the firſt torrent of delight, another felicity ſtill awaits me;—that of preſenting her to Daubigné."

For the reaſon aſſigned, as a motto to this chapter *, we ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the meeting of the two lovers. No pen could do juſtice to the ſcene: the parties were overpowered by excels of delight.

When the firſt effervescence was a little abated, Edmund ordered a poſt-chaiſe, and inſiſted on Adelaide taking ſome refreſhment whilſt the horſes were getting ready.

On their arrival at Bodenham, they alighted at the garden-gate, and made directly to the parlour, where Daubigné

* True enjoyment cannot be deſcribed.

was

was ſitting with a book in his hand, wondering at Edmund's long abſence.

"My father," cried the young man, introducing Adelaide, "give me leave to preſent this young lady to you. She is deſirous of being placed among your beſt acquaintances."

Daubigné, who, on account of his weak ſight, did not immediately recogniſe his lovely pupil, aroſe with great ceremony, made a formal bow, and ſaid ſomething that ſignified nothing; but ere he could be ſeated, Adelaide was in the arms of the old man; who, when recovered from his firſt ſurpriſe, preſſed her to his boſom, and beſtowed on her the moſt endearing appellations, crying all the time like a child.

CHAPTER VII.

The wind is up—Hark, how it howls!
Methinks I never heard a ſound ſo dreary.
BLAIR.

IN the parlour were now ſitting Daubigné, Adelaide, Edmund, and Loiſeau; their mutual delight, though leſs violent than at their firſt meeting, was more grateful to their hearts, becauſe better enabled to bear its tranſports. At the ſame time, every ſervant of the houſe was buſily employed:—the cook about the ſupper; the maid in preparing apartments for the new comers; and the gardener, who had left the houſe-door open, in culling the choiceſt fruits.——Suddenly the parlour-door opened, and on the threſhold ſtood, in his ſable attire, the tall erect figure of the ſolitary tenant of Barehope-houſe.——As he eyed the amazed ſpectators, a ſmile reſulting from

from inward ſatisfaction, for the firſt time, ſhone on his *auſtere*, emaciated countenance.

Then raiſing his eyes and hands to heaven, he fervently cried out—

"Myſterious inviſible Power, that haſt impelled me hither, I thank thee—from my ſoul I thank thee, that thou haſt decreed *that event*, it had been the practice of my nefarious life to prevent!"

Then ſtepping up to Edmund, and kneeling before him—

"Your forgiveneſs, ſir, I implore. It is out of your power to grant me a greater boon.——Yet, if you were *but* juſt, I ought not to expect it. But ſhould you poſſeſs that mercy you never experienced from me; could you form an idea of the ſufferings—the torments, I have borne, and ſtill am doomed to bear; you might in pity re-

lax.——At all events," cried he vehemently, receding from him, "you cannot deprive me of the alleviation I feel from the certainty that you receive, in Adelaide Volsey, the reward of all your virtues, and the ampleſt atonement for every misfortune I have brought upon you."

Edmund, whoſe aſtoniſhment at Shrouder's unaccountable intruſion had by this time yielded to compaſſion and mercy, now aroſe, and approached the remorſeful criminal.

"Shrouder——my forgiveneſs you obtained from the moment you reſcued this lady from the ſatellites of her tyrant. I ſhall omit nothing hereafter to aſſuage your ſorrows, and to mitigate the rigours of your ſituation. And now," continued the noble-minded youth, taking him by the hand—"now, that ambition and all the black paſſions of hate and revenge are extinct,

extinct, give full ſcope to your genius; the enthuſiaſm of virtue will ennoble every conception of your mind; your talents, your energy and courage, directed to purpoſes more becoming a man, will honour your kind and dignify your character. You may then look on the paſt but as leſſons of experience, not too dearly bought."

"Yes," cried Daubigné, catching the enthuſiaſm of his pupil; "and that nothing may be wanting to complete your reformation, this houſe ſhall ever be open to you. It contemplating the felicity of its tenants, you will then learn in what true happineſs conſiſts."

During this latter ſpeech, Albert had withdrawn his hand from Edmund's. With his arms acroſs, and his head reclined on his breaſt, he ſeemed wrapt in painful

meditation, and his countenance reſumed its gloomy ſternneſs.

"No, no," cried he, in a deep, hollow tone, "talk not to me of better days, of felicity. Can all the drops of heaven reſtore to vegetation a withered tree?—Can the ſhrouded corpſe feel pride in the gay trappings of the living?——Hark!——The wind riſes!——its hollow moanings call me hence.——Night falls——Its thickeſt glooms are moſt congenial to the miſerable.——Rejoice, ye light-hearted; becauſe innocent, rejoice!——The flowery May, the ſunny path, the ſmilingly inviting perſpective, are yours——But the remorſe-ſtruck, broken-hearted criminal, can only view about him the pall, the winding-ſheet, the coffin, and the grave!"

He then ſtalked to the door, as if to depart, but, turning round, he fell on his knees, and in the moſt impaſſionate manner uttered this ejaculation:

"Almighty

"Almighty Being! who hast thus prolonged my miſerable exiſtence!—if the prayer of ſuch a wretch can aught avail—ſhower down every bleſſing on this lovely, virtuous pair! From this venerable old man ſuſpend—long ſuſpend, the ſtroke of death. I ſhall conſider the plenitude of their felicity as a ſign that thou at length withdraweſt from me thy juſtly-revengeful arm."

He ſaid, aroſe, and with hurried ſteps left the houſe. Edmund followed him, but his endeavours to detain him were ineffectual. The young man then deſiſted, rightly judging that time alone could, in ſome degree, obliterate the memory of his crimes, and leſſen the ſenſe of his ſufferings, ſo as to make him ſenſible to the ſoothing converſations and kind offices with which he intended to effect his cure.

CHAPTER VIII.

AS we conceive it would greatly add to the imperfections of this work, were we to close it without stating the motives that prompted Albert to come over to England, and to take up his residence in the solitary uninhabited mansion of Barhope, we proceed to unfold such as our enquiries have enabled us to lay before the public.

At the conclusion of the last book, we left him in the convent of the Chartreux, doing penance for his numerous offences. Indeed so severe were the rigours he inflicted on himself, that he far outdid the utmost austerities prescribed by his order; his mind became in some degree deranged, and

and his life would have been taken in sacrifice to such superstition, but for the abbot, by the most positive order, restricted his penitentiary fervour.

About that time the adjacent country was over-run by the French army. The convent became the head quarters of one of their generals, and the monks were driven from their cells, with every opprobrious insult the profane and ruthless invaders could devise.

Albert, entering a village, entered a cottage, and laid himself down. A dream that had before occurred to him, returned in his sleep. An angel, which, by his severe and stern aspect, appeared the minister of heavenly wrath, stood before him with a fiery sword in his hand, announcing that unless he obtained the forgiveness of Edmund Barclay, the man

whom he had injured the moſt, he ſhould never enjoy peace here nor hereafter. On a mind like his, weakened by auſterities, and fraught with ſuperſtition, ſuch omens could not fail of making impreſſion; he awoke with the determination of immediately obeying what he conſidered the injunctions of Heaven.

The monk, when general of the Franciſcans, had employed an agent in Switzerland for the purpoſe of watching the young Engliſhman's motions. By him he learnt, that Edmund Barclay had returned to Herefordſhire, his native county. Thither he bent his way, journeying through Flanders, till he had reached the ſea-coaſt. He ſupported his exiſtence by the alms of the charitable; and his monkiſh garb, tall emaciated figure, humble and fervent deportment, were well calculated to excite the intereſt, and obtain

tain ample relief from that ſimple and compaſſionate people.

By ſlow journeys, and after many wanderings, which, from his ignorance of the country and its language, he could not avoid, he found himſelf, towards ſunſet, in view of Barhope-houſe, wherein he took ſhelter for the night. Its gloomy, retired ſituation, which in his mind bore ſome affinity to the convent he had been compelled to quit, induced him, on finding that it was uninhabited, to reſide in it. He had paſſed ſeveral weeks in this houſe, living on the berries, and other wild fruits this country ſo plentifully produces, when Edmund one evening met him returning to his haunt. Although the Engliſh words with which the young man addreſſed him were unintelligible to Albert, yet the ſound of his voice, and his figure, as far as the crepuſcule would permit, betrayed him to the monk.

Shrouder

Shrouder had certainly come over to England for no other purpoſe than that of obtaining Edmund's forgiveneſs; yet ſo much was he now ſo diſheartened by a conſciouſneſs of his villany, a ſenſe of Edmund's virtues was ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on his mind, he ſo much dreaded that crimes of ſo heinous a nature could only draw upon him the moſt marked reprobation, that he ſhrunk from the attempt, and retired within the building, where he ſpent ſome time in prayer. He then ſallied forth in queſt of the young man, whom he followed at a diſtance till he ſaw him enter his dwelling, around which he loitered a conſiderable time, before he could bring himſelf to demand admittance. The effect his tall, dark figure, and really terrific attire, had on the maid who came to his ſummons, is already well known. Albert, ſeeing the door cloſed with violence againſt him, gave up the attempt, and retired to Barhope.

In

In the mean time, the ſeclusion of ſuch a ſtranger, in a houſe already deemed haunted, the awful ſounds which iſſued from its interior, at almoſt every hour of the night (for the monk was ſcrupulouſly punctual in performing every devotional exerciſe of his order), could not fail to excite the wonder and terror of the neighbourhood.

Albert was aware that he could not remain long the undiſturbed poſſeſſor of the caſtle, unleſs he found the means of keeping alive their ſuperſtitious fears. In ranging about the apartments of this forlorn building, he diſcovered among the lumber the broken parts of a *magic lanthorn*, together with a few of the glaſſes, upon one of which was depicted, in his uſual coſtume, the terrific figure of his Satanic majeſty. The monk, well acquainted with the mechaniſm of this dread-inſpiring engine, repaired it as well as he could,

could, and placed it in the apartment he deemed the beſt calculated to anſwer his purpoſe.—No wonder then, that, with this and other means of defence, he ſo ſucceſsfully repelled the aſſailants that marched againſt him from Wellington Inn; yet, in all probability, he would have been compelled to ſurrender at diſcretion, on the ſecond attack, headed by our hero, had not the timely arrival of Baptiſt Loiſeau, by depriving the beſieging army of their intrepid commander, expoſed it to the full fury of a ſally, which completely forced it to raiſe the ſiege with the utmoſt precipitation.

At laſt, the wretched wanderer, finding leſs and leſs repoſe from his diſtempered imagination, and again forewarned by nocturnal admonitions, made another attempt to appear before Edmund, and ſucceeded as related in the preceding chapter.

In a few days, the generous Engliſhman prevailed

prevailed upon him to forſake Barhope-houſe, and to dwell in a neat ſmall box, at the extremity of his orchard, which he had fitted up for his reception. But although every thing was employed by Edmund and his lovely bride to make him at peace with himſelf, nothing could obliterate from his mind the remembrance of his crimes. Often after a day, not wretchedly ſpent, in the innocent prattle of their children, an expreſſion would eſcape their undeſigning lips, that wounded him to the quick. At thoſe moments, tyrant recollection would invade his conſcience:—hurrying from the houſe, he would wander among the woods, and paſs the night in the open air, and in bewailing his wretchedneſs.

Even now, in this inclement, dreary ſeaſon, as the wind in hollow murmurs ſweeps down Dinmore-hill, diſmal groans, and piteous howlings, mingle with the blaſt

that

that ſhakes the humble dwelling of the affrighted cottager; and as the traveller catches the dark figure of the monk, ſliding among the trees, he quickens his pace, every moment dreading to be overtaken by the terrific apparition.

May the wretched days of this remorſe-ſtruck mourner be ſoon brought to a cloſe! May the Almighty Judge deem his preſent ſufferings, a ſufficient atonement for his paſt crimes! And may he find beyond the grave that peace, that ſerenity, which we all more hope from God's mercy, than dare to claim from his juſtice!

CHAPTER I.

——————Diffuſing light around,
The light of glad ſociety, and teach
Love, innocence, and joy, to mix again,
As in the days of Eden.

WE now turn to happier ſcenes. O for the pen of Rouſſeau, to deſcribe them! But inadequate as we feel ourſelves to the attempt, we ſhall only ſay, that cheerfulneſs, equanimity, love, and friendſhip, blend with temperance and health to complete the felicity of Edmund and Adelaide: Heaven has bleſſed their marriage. Their children, ſtrong, healthy, well formed, and brought up according to the ſuggeſtions of reaſon and nature, bid fair to equal their parents'

parents' virtues, and to find in them the ſources of their future felicity.

Daubigné, notwithſtanding his advanced period of life, is ſtill in being, conſcious of approaching diſſolution, yet enjoying each remaining day, and fearleſsly ſinking into the arms of death.—

" C'eſt le ſoir d'un beau jour;"

according to the beautiful expreſſion of La Fontaine.

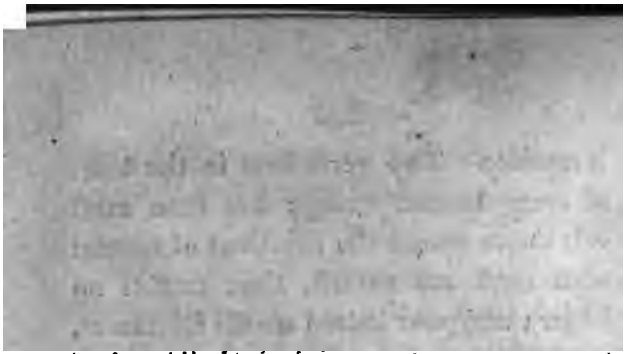
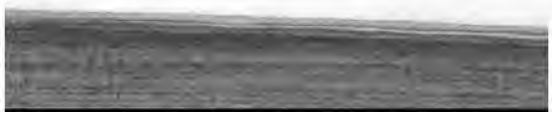
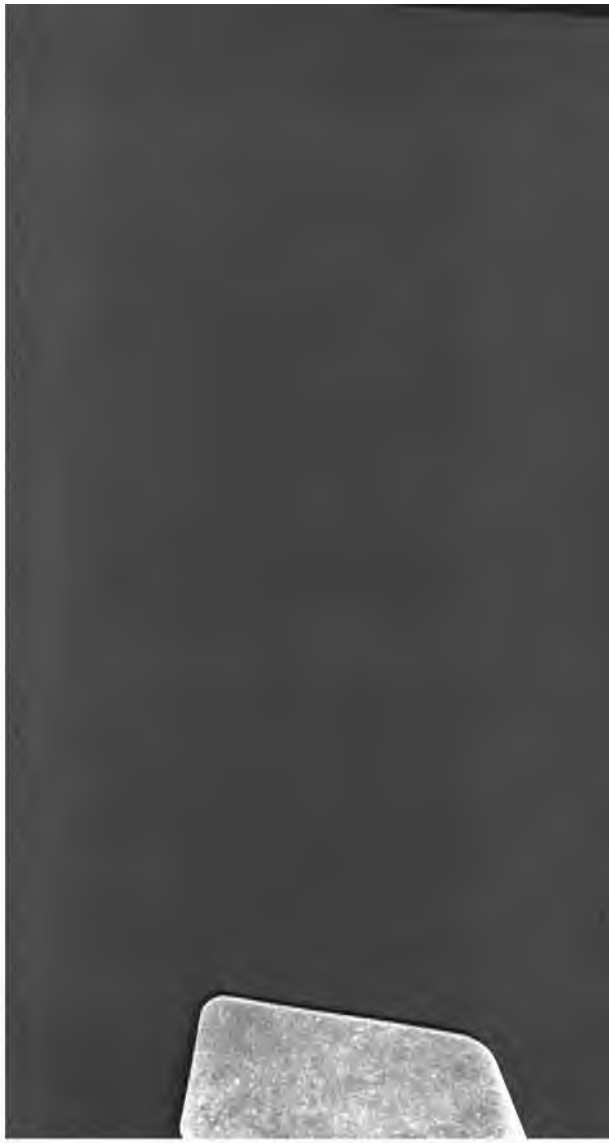
Loiſeau has married a farmer's daughter, with all the bloom of health, and the ſprightlineſs of innocence, about her. Edmund promoted the match; and Baptiſt proves himſelf as good a huſband, as he has ever been a faithful friend.

O HAPPINESS! to obtain thee, how eaſy the means! No pre-eminence of rank, no highly-ſounding title, no ſplendid fortune, is

is requiſite. Thy germ lives in the heart of every human being; but thou canſt only thrive amidſt the affections of nature: when *theſe* are extinct, thou exiſteſt no longer; and poor indeed are the ſubſtitutes, which opinion and worldly prejudices place in thy ſtead!

ALMIGHTY BESTOWER OF LIFE!

I thank thee for thy gift. I thank thee, that thou haſt given me the means of bettering it. And, although little favoured by nature and fortune, it has always been my fault, whenever I did not feel it as a bleſſing.

THE END.

T. Davison,
White-Friars.